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"BOYS WANTED"

by Eleanor Mercein (Mrs. Kelly)

A frank expression of opinion that millions of women will agree to

EASTER FASHIONS

APRIL
1930

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It seemed like Tragedy

—but it gave me extra help for life.

I KNEW something had happened, the minute the telephone rang. No one knew I was back in town, you see, except Bob and the station taxi driver. That bell had an excited, guilty sort of ring to it—even guiltier than Bob's voice when he said, "Hello, dear."

"What's the matter?" I asked. Those were the calmest words I was to utter for some time.

For Bob went on to tell me—stammeringly, eagerly, apologetically—that Mr. Winslow (the owner of the *plant*, mind you!), with Mrs. Winslow, was coming to dinner that evening, so that he could talk over some special plans he wanted Bob to work out for him. Followed a lengthy explanation of just how the invitation had come about—but I had stopped listening.

"Bob!" I wailed. "How could you—just when I've been away ten days? There's not a thing in the pantry—that doesn't matter, I could manage somehow. But the house—it's simply impossible! And I haven't a clean stitch to my name—not a single clean stitch. The children have on their last clean play suits now—that is, they were clean five minutes ago——"

I stopped, caught hold of myself. If opportunity was ringing at the Mannings' doorbell, I'd be the last one to pretend I didn't hear it.

"All right, dear," I said, in a voice to which I trust the recording angel was bending a pleased ear. "We'll be ready for them."

One look at the clock, which pointed relentlessly to ten-thirty, and I was racing up the stairs. The house could wait while I saw to my wardrobe. Thank goodness for that green crepe dress—the only *possible* thing I possessed!

Then, just as I took it from its hanger, I remembered. A big grease spot on the sleeve, another on the skirt—souvenirs of a ride back from the Daveys' the night before Bob's mother had wired for me.

No time to send it to a cleaner. Nothing else to wear. My heart sank into my shoes. Dared I—dared I wash it? The saleswoman had assured me it was washable, but it was such a delicate shade. And then—those awful grease spots! No ordinary soap would touch them.

I would. I did. Prayerfully, fairly holding my breath, I dipped that dress into the lukewarm and rich Fels-Naptha suds. The clean naptha odor reassured me, somehow. Naptha, I remembered, was what dry cleaners used on just such dainty things—and there seemed to be plenty of it in Fels-Naptha.

I didn't dare rub. But I didn't have to! The spots vanished, and the color didn't change a bit. "Hallelujah!" I sang as I rolled my precious dress in a towel; then turned to a little waiting pile of linens. Those clothes looked gorgeous in next to no time!

After I had ordered my groceries, I started in on the house—a task that would have seemed almost hopeless without Fels-Naptha's extra help. I used it on linoleum, woodwork—everything that had to have a hurried soap and water bath. More and more, as I worked, I blessed Bob's mother—and Fels-Naptha!

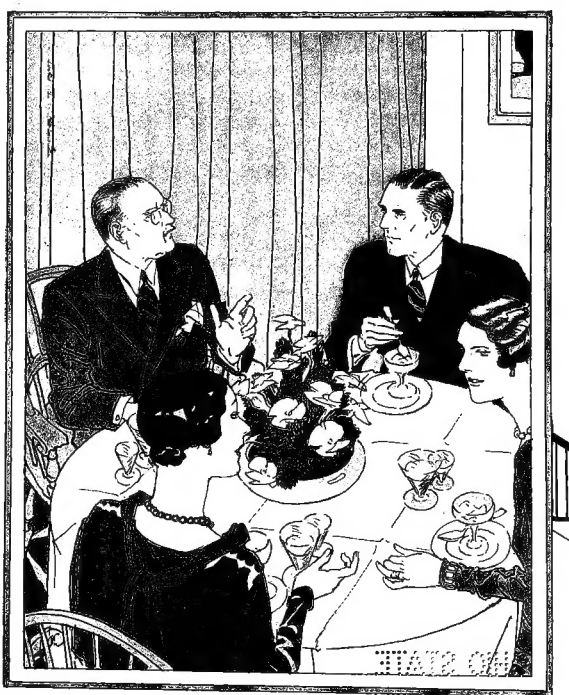
Was the evening a big success? It certainly was. The house shone; I shone; my cooking (if I do say so myself) always shines; and the babies, bless their precious hearts, were in bed. . . . Bob and Mr. Winslow just ate, in the comfortable fashion of men, and talked about the plant. Mrs. Winslow, a most charming person, talked to me graciously—but I could see her studying my face, my dress, my hands. How glad I was that they could all pass inspection! I'm sure if anyone had told that woman that I had been washing, cleaning, cooking, all day long, she would just have laughed.

Bob says that evening was the turning-point of his whole career. I'm sure it was the turning-point of mine. For if it had not been for the near-tragedy of that dress—just think! . . . I might never have known just how much Fels-Naptha's *extra* help would mean to me!

* * *

Fels-Naptha's *extra* help is due to the fact that this golden bar gives you two cleaners instead of one—good golden soap and plenty of naptha. Working together, they loosen the most stubborn dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing.

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or whether you have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon, or a postcard.



—but I could see her studying my face, my hands, my dress.

P.N. 4-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

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*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

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APRIL, 1930

LET MOTHERS LIVE

By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

IN THESE United States, known throughout the earth for a prosperity unequaled in history, 20,000 mothers die each year in childbirth. The richest country in the world, we have its highest maternity death-rate.

Following close upon this record, we are fifth in those nations claiming a high state of civilization whose infant mortality-rate has reached alarming proportions.

Each year 100,000 of our babies are born to die within their first month.

These figures are not figments. They are facts—the result of the able research and computation of the Bureau of Census of the Department of Commerce, the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, the American Child Health Association, the Maternity Associations, Incorporated, and other agencies whose faithful purpose it is to give to every child and to the mother who bears it a chance for a full and abundant life.

That we are so far from our ideal, according to constituted authorities, is due but to one cause—our inadvertency in providing proper care for mothers, before, during, and after childbirth, and for babies during their first tender weeks. And this neglect, as well as the figures quoted, applies not to any one class, but to the rich, to those of medium means, and to the poor; to the white and to the colored; to the native-born and to the alien; to those of the cities and of the rural districts alike.

Seven reasons are given for this strange passing of many mothers. Two of them, rare and apt to occur under the best of treatment, are responsible for only 7.5 per cent. of the actual mortality. The remaining five, due to incorrect diet, the failure or refusal of expectant mothers to be examined, and inexpert ministration during birth, are preventable.

Of 100 infants dying during their first year, 21 die the day they are born, 18 before the end of the first week, 14 before the end of the first month, 47, at the approximate rate of 4.5 per month, during the other eleven months of the year. The majority of these deaths are also preventable.

From responsible sources of information we glean that these preventable causes are reducible to two common denominators: the unskilled doctor or, where the former has not acted, the unskilled midwife; and the need for more and better nursing.

To-day in vast areas no doctors are available. In the mountain districts of the South, and in small towns throughout the country, where the population is either poor or scattered, a doctor can find no sustenance. Or his field of endeavor may be so extended and extensive that he can not give his patients emergency attention. With the old family physician dying out, the younger men refuse to leave the cities. Others, behind the times or the product of days when little was known about prenatal care, neglect those measures necessary to the well-being of the mother and her child.

Regarding midwives, we quote from the report of the Children's Bureau: "There are about 45,000 midwives in thirty States. Of these not more than 5,000 have had any training. And in several of these States, where the infant mortality-rate and the maternity death-rate are high, there is neither supervision of midwives, statutes for licensing them, nor for revoking of license for cause."

The nursing situation is more or less an economic one. In the cities, and in the more progressive small towns, hospitalization at childbirth is the rule. Where this is not possible there is the skilled doctor and the trained or practical nurse. But there are hundreds of fair-sized towns as well as small ones which can not afford a hospital and which are remote from cities.

Eighteen hundred counties, all told, have neither doctor nor even a public-health nurse, and thousands of expectant mothers are brought to depend upon untrained and ignorant midwives, or neighboring women who have nothing to guide them but their own experience. Until this is remedied little or no decrease in the infant and maternity death-rate can be accomplished.

The all-important and perplexing problem begging a solution is to find the remedy.

In November, 1921, through the exhortation of the Children's Bureau, other child-welfare agencies, and the large women's organizations, including the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National League of Women Voters, and the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, Congress passed a Maternity and Infancy Act known as the Sheppard-Towner Bill.

Amended in 1924 to include the Territory of Hawaii, it authorized an annual appropriation of $1,252,080, of which $50,354 was available to the Children's Bureau for Federal administration. The remainder was apportioned to the States and Hawaii, $5,000 each, an additional $5,000 granted only if matched by State appropriation. The balance was to be divided among the States in proportion to population and then only if matched by the State.

Forty-five States and Hawaii co-operated with this act until June 30, 1929, when it went out of force automatically.

During these years pamphlets and letters giving practical information on hygiene, diet, exercise, and on the clothing and feeding of babies received wide distribution. Institutes for doctors and public-health nurses, classes for midwives, clinics, and classes in mothercraft were established. Measures for the better supervision and qualification of midwives were sponsored. The work was coming to fruition by a decrease in the mortality-rate when the day of the act was done.

An attempt to reinstate it failed in last year's session of Congress. In the concurrent Congress an effort is being made to put through what is known as the Jones-Cooper Act—a bill which is the same in its provisions and effect but wider in scope than the Sheppard-Towner Bill. It has the support of the women's organizations, of the Children's Bureau, of the American Child Health Association, of which President Hoover was a founder and active supporter, and of the Maternity Associations.

It is hoped that Congress has given a heeding ear to their plea. Whether or not it has become effective there is still a duty to be done before we can clear a situation approaching a national disgrace.

In each State, in each city, in each community, man for man and woman for woman, we must work for generous and active legislation so that this stigma may be removed from our escutcheon.

If a pest threatens our cattle or our sheep or our swine; if our orchards are menaced by the Mediterranean fly, our cotton-fields by the boll-weevil, we cry out for protection, forcing by public hue the passage of laws and appropriations for emollient measures.

To the mother and her child crying out for life itself we turn an unheeding or a careless ear.

Prosperity is truly gaged only by the strength of each strand in the cable which maintains it. Without vision we shall be if we do not have a care. In the mother and the child is vested the complete character of our future civilization.

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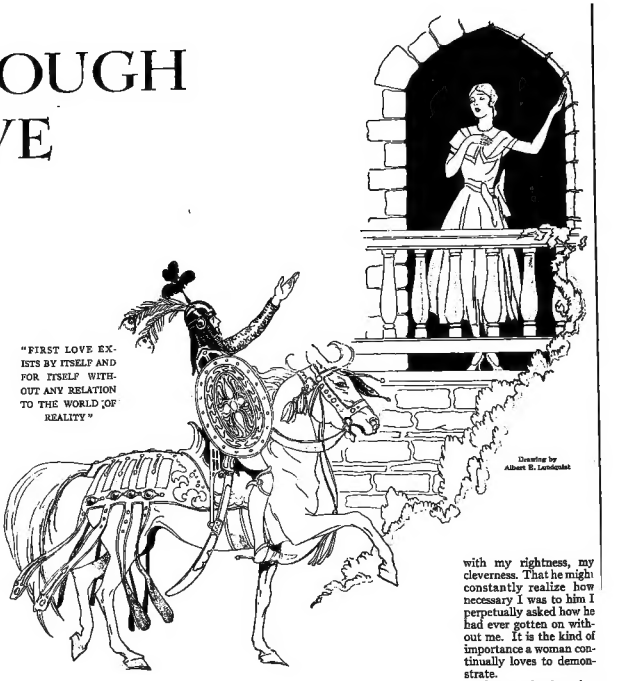
I AM THROUGH WITH LOVE



"FIRST LOVE EXISTS BY ITSELF AND FOR ITSELF WITHOUT ANY RELATION TO THE WORLD OF REALITY"

Drawing by Albert E. Levedahl

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For obvious reasons the author of this remarkable article, who is a well-known writer, wishes to remain anonymous*

I AM through with love. I am through with the necessity to please. I am fed up with the sickly ideas of love that have made my life a succession of doubts, anguish, insecurity, and fleeting ecstasies. I am fed up with the sentimentality that engulfs American women from the cradle to the grave and causes them so much unnecessary tragedy.

Revolting from the false idealism of love, I have found happiness and fulfilment and security—the things I sought for in love—in a marriage dictated by reason and need. To love, at best, is a noble slavery; at its worst it is sentimental lying.

I married for love and wasted the best years of my youth in trying to make my marriage a success. Despite my enthusiastic devotion and sacrifice it failed. I married again for convenience, and tho I brought to that marriage only tarnished illusions and the remains of my youthful intensity I have been rewarded with all the joys of life—children and natural love and honor.

From my newly-found modesty I realize how unjust and tyrannical and self-righteous I was when under the spell of sentimental love, and how I wronged and warped my nature and almost wrecked two lives while acting by what was the noblest principle in life.

Like all American girls, I was nurtured in the love-illusion from the earliest days of my infancy. Love, love, love is the burden of a parent's refrain to babies, and they, not knowing what it is all about, echo love, love, love, and so form themselves for life. I remember the love-songs I heard when I was a teeny girl.

"She was only a bird in a gilded cage!"—with what a lusty sentimentality we used to howl these pathetic words! There was another girl who had our infantile sympathies, "for she was a rabbi's daughter," and as such she could not marry a very pleasant young Gentile we would drool over. That was the beginning of my love-potion.

SOON after there came to our house seeking refuge a beautiful girl who had run away from her home down South because her father would not let her marry her love. Indeed he threatened violent measures to end the romance, and we kids thought of her father as a villain, dark, vast, threatening, and ugly—a little, round, anxious man, actually. The girl was our heroine. She was tall and of a luscious, round beauty, with the blackest hair, the whitest teeth, and the pinkest cheeks I had ever seen.

She had operatic yearnings. She would sing, "Long, long ago, when something or other—'twas then we met. Ah, what happy, peaceful hours! But love now is fled." Ah, how her voice would soar! What tremendous volumes of sound filled the big house, sound which I know now was just a bit flat when it reached the high notes. I would listen to her open-mouthed, and forever. To me it was her own, her tremendous tragedy she was singing. I was her shadow and her slave. We worshiped this victim of true love; we ran errands for her. She was the priestess of our love-cult.

I was too young then to read love-stories. But as I grew older books and magazines and stage and screen carried on this flag of noble sentiment. True love always won out against scheming villains and hard-hearted parents. Any man who threw passionate glances was *per se* a villain, altho in real life passion is part of good, healthy living.

I had the history of my own parents' failure to make me intolerant of anything but ideal love, by very contrast. My father's marriage to my mother was an arrangement between their elders. He had really loved his cousin, but the family disapproved of so close a union. Being a gentle, dreamy boy and not trained to earn his living, he acquiesced in this marriage to my mother, who was barely seventeen, and a moody, reserved little French girl.

Life was never easy between them. My first memories are memories of their bitter quarrels behind closed doors. Memories of my father's sudden exit from the house, striding away in emotion. Memories of him suddenly coming up the walk, quiet and sad, and stopping to let me search in his pockets for the invariable surprize. Finally they separated.

That had happened, I said to myself as I grew up, an unhappy, fatherless girl, because my grandfather had been inhuman and implacable. It was not the fault of my parents. They were both lovable. It was the fault of their marriage, loveless and not of their souls' making. I had lost my sweet, gentle father because they had sinned against true love.

As I grew up I therefore worshiped love—the true, the beautiful love which always made you happy and which transfigured and consumed people to their highest perfection. It was all of life—the happy beginning and the happy, sure end.

In the world I acquired through books everything was so clear, so ardent, so full of love. I thought it was personal love, not yet aware of the love that is manifest in all life—even in a pye-weed. The love I believed in was like living on a mountain-top, perpetually ecstatic with beautiful feelings, and all these feelings were to center in my true love when he appeared.

HE CAME at last, my own true love, my first love. He was just enough older than I to seem all of maturity, all of the great outside unknown world taking me to its breast. His purity, his keen sensibilities, his physical grace tore at my heart, and in wonder I loved him—it seemed almost instantly.

When we married it was like all the dreams of my youth come true. What can I say of those first days of love, of the tenderness of first love, its soft wonder? But even lovers must settle down and live. As I knew him better I realized that tho my husband was spiritually more beautiful than I he was weaker in character. In the decisions that had to be made I was more often right than he.

Instead of being modest over my triumphs I glowed with my rightness, my cleverness. That he might constantly realize how necessary I was to him I perpetually asked how he had ever gotten on without me. It is the kind of importance a woman continually loves to demonstrate.

The same instinct that made me pliant to his weakness gave me also the compensatory instinct to dominate him under the mistaken notion that I was doing so for "his good." My masterfulness was spurred on by the fact that my husband was neither financially successful nor even competent, whereas I was responsible, shrewd, and efficient in spite of my youth. He could never stay long with a job because he was always sticking out for the pure and would not be practical.

I realize now that I encouraged this attitude because he turned to me for protection and loved me the more as against the trafficking, merciless world. I wanted to be worthy of his loving trust. I could think of no more wonderful way to spend my life than to devote myself to him. Since I believed he could use leisure more beautifully than I, it seemed right that he should have it, while I did some dull work for our living, the only thing I was capable of.

I LIVED spiritually by the things he did in his leisure—his writing, his gardening, his building, his friendships, and his enthusiasms. I adored him. Compared with him I felt like a slow, colorless clod. And this worship was my answer to friends who dared to criticize him in half-said ways. But the censure I did not allow to come to their lips made me forlorn and noble, just the same, and when I didn't like my work, or when I was tired or felt neglected, I fell back on a beautiful and self-righteous case of martyrdom.

I imagine that a lot of women who work for a living give as grudgingly as I did—altho on the outside it looks very noble and self-sacrificing. With all our new freedom we are still devious and take unfair spiritual advantage of them, building up enormous egos at the expense of their weaker and more trusting natures.

I had vitality, and a certain amount of youthful charm. I met many men in the course of my work, men who became my admirers. Irritated by his failures, my husband was irritated by my men friends; he became suspicious; to me basely so. He became abusive. He sought comfort to his bruised self-respect elsewhere. Our love

Continued on Page 60

Germs Incite 80% of Dental Ills

Millions are imprisoned on your teeth by film

Free... *special film-removing tooth paste for you to try*

This special method that removes film and combats bacteria will be mailed you free to try. It will bring a great change also in your teeth's appearance

THIS advertisement is published to ask you to accept and try a tooth paste entirely different from all others on the market. (See coupon.)

By the time your free supply is gone these things will have happened to your teeth: *stains and discolorations will be gone — decay combated at the source — the incidence of pyorrhea noticeably controlled.*

That is a great deal—you may think—for a tooth paste to accomplish. But you will find by actual test that Pepsodent can do that and even more. Please write today.

The new principle of combating germs of dental ills

The great destroyers of teeth and tissues are highly active germs. Germs cause decay. Under favorable conditions they, with tartar, cause pyorrhea, too. For 80% of all dental ills germs are held primarily responsible. Many ways are known to kill bacteria. *But on the teeth bacteria cannot be reached by ordinary methods.*

A sticky, stubborn film envelops and covers them. It glues germs against the enamel and in the tiny cracks and crevices. There they breed by millions. You can brush until the gums are sore without removing film effectively. *And to fight these germs you must remove germ-laden film.*

A different way to remove film

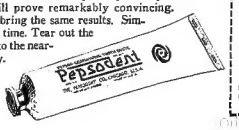
Too vigorous brushing injures gums and teeth. Dentists know that to be a fact. So under high dental supervision Pepsodent was developed to remove film by a unique scientific action. It *curdles* film so that light brushing easily removes it—gently, safely.

Pepsodent does not contain pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive. It is recommended for the soft, sensitive teeth of children. You can tell by its feel how different it is from all other methods you have ever tried.

Please accept this tube

We ask you to send a sufficient quantity of Pepsodent for a test that will prove remarkably convincing. No other way can bring the same results. Simply give it 10 days' time. Tear out the coupon and send it to the nearest address ... today.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



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MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the wife of the Governor of New York, has written this article for Pictorial Review upon educating for citizenship. For many years Mrs. Roosevelt has been interested in education, and in her position as vice-principal of the Todhunter School in New York city she is able to speak with authority on the subject.*

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

The Purpose of Education

By MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

WHAT is the purpose of education? This question agitates scholars, teachers, statesmen, every group, in fact, of thoughtful men and women. The conventional answer is the acquisition of knowledge, the reading of books, and the learning of facts. Perhaps because there are so many books and the branches of knowledge in which we can learn facts are so multitudinous to-day, we begin to hear more frequently that the function of education is to give children a desire to learn and to teach them how to use their minds and where to go to acquire facts when their curiosity is aroused. Even more all-embracing than this is the statement made not long ago, before a group of English headmasters, by the Archbishop of York, that "the true purpose of education is to produce citizens."

If this is the goal—and in a democracy it would seem at least an important part of the ultimate achievement—then we must examine our educational system from a new point of view.

I am going to ask you to go back with me for a minute some thirty years or more and think of the changes wrought by the last few years.

At that time Theodore Roosevelt's example was for the first time awakening in many young men of America the feeling that their citizenship meant a little more than the privilege of living under the Stars and Stripes, criticizing the conditions of government and the men responsible for its policies and activities, enjoying such advantages as there might be under it, and, if necessary, dying for it in a war which they had had no share in bringing on or in trying to avert.

Theodore Roosevelt was teaching by precept and example that men owed something at all times, whether in peace or in war, for the privilege of citizenship and that the burden rested equally on rich and poor. He was saying that, no matter what conditions existed, the blame lay no more heavily on the politician and his machine controlling city, State, or nation than on the shoulders of the average citizen who concerned himself so little with his government that he allowed men to stay in power in spite of his dissatisfaction because he was too indifferent to exert himself to get better men in office.

So young men of all kinds were hearing of "a service" which did not mean being a sailor or a soldier, a doctor or a minister, the only professions in which the word "service" had heretofore had a meaning! Thus began to be spread abroad the idea that "a service" was owed to the country in peace, and that this could only be rendered satisfactorily when every citizen took an interest in good government.

AS GIRLS went in those days, I suppose my own education was fairly typical, and I confess with some shame that at the age of twenty, when asked by an Englishwoman how our government functioned, I was as completely floored as if she had asked me to describe the political events on the moon! I had heard the men in the family mention political happenings, but it was not a subject of general or frequent conversation in our presence.

Women did not vote and were not expected to be interested. Besides there was something dark and sinister about politics, and it was more respectable not to know politicians or political methods too well. Business might necessitate some dealings with these rather inferior and nefarious beings, but the general attitude of the righteous was like that of a high-minded and upright citizen of New York city who once remarked to me that a certain political organization was undoubtedly corrupt, but he preferred (tho belonging to an opposite political party) to keep this wicked organization in power as "you paid for what you wanted and were sure to get it, whereas reform administrations were not so reliable in their ability to 'deliver the goods'!"

I do not think I am unfair in saying that in most secondary schools, at least, the teachers of American history in those days laid more emphasis on the battle of Bunker Hill than they did on the obligations of citizenship which the children before them would soon be assuming. And this was largely because they could not teach what they did not understand, and few of them knew or cared what these obligations might be.

Gradually a change has come about. More young men and more young women (since the latter have had the vote) are doing political work. And even if they do not hold political office they have felt the need to understand their own government. In our schools are now given courses in civics, government, economics, current events. Very few children are as ignorant as I was. But there still remains a vast amount to be done before we accomplish our first objective—informed and intelligent citizens, and, secondly, bring about the realization that we are all responsible for the trend of thought and the action of our times.

How shall we arrive at these objectives? We think of course of history as a first means of information. Not the history which is a mere recital of facts, dates, wars, and kings, but a study of the life and growth of other nations, in which we follow the general moral, intellectual, and economic development through the ages, noting what brought about the rise and fall of nations and what were the lasting contributions of peoples now passed

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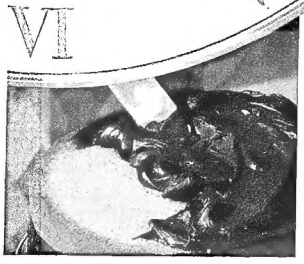
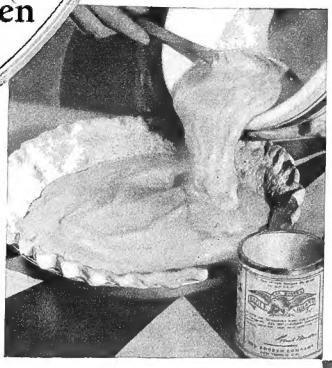
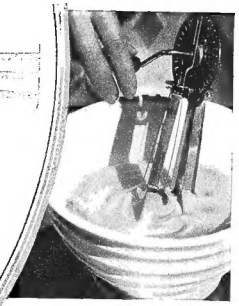
Quicker and Easier!

Old methods have changed...here are magic new recipes for busy modern women







Oh, lady, lady... don't do that!

Nobody should spend a whole afternoon beating oil into mayonnaise drop by drop. Try this recipe. *Throw* it together—you just can't *make* it fail!

MAGIC MAYONNAISE (*It never fails*)
Beat 1 egg yolk thoroughly, and add in following order ⅔ cup Eagle Brand, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup pure cider vinegar and ¼ cup salad oil. Stir with fork or beat with Dover egg beater. If oil is disliked, melted butter may be substituted.

Why cook *a pie filling?*

Here's a perfectly gorgeous Lemon Cream Filling—rich, smooth, delicious—that can be whisked together in a bowl in a jiffy without going near the stove.

LEMON CREAM PIE FILLING
Place in a bowl 1½ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Add to this ½ cup lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon, and 2 egg yolks. Blend well together. Pour into baked pie crust, cover with meringue made by beating 2 egg whites stiffly with 2 tablespoons sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until brown. Chill before serving.

Be sensible about it . . . !

Have you been putting in a half hour or so on the making of a chocolate frosting? Tut, tut! Try this 5 minute magic recipe and hear your family rejoice. It's the smoothest, creamiest, chocolate frosting you could ever imagine. It goes on the cake beautifully, with long, luscious, swirling strokes, and it stays put—perfectly.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING—Place 3 squares of unsweetened chocolate in top of double boiler. When chocolate is melted, add 1½ cups Eagle Brand and cook 5 minutes over boiling water, stirring frequently. Add 1 tablespoon of water, beat until smooth. Cool before spreading on cake.

Cocoa-makers, rejoice!

Still making cocoa by the old blend-and-boil method? Reform! Here's how to make the world's smoothest, creamiest cocoa—*right in the cup!* It takes less than two minutes—it saves using a saucepan—and it cuts the cost of your cup of cocoa almost in half! Once you've tried it, you'll never use another method.

HOT COCOA (*Made in the cup*)
Place in a cup 2½ tablespoons Eagle Brand. Add to milk 1½ level teaspoons cocoa and a few grains of salt. Add ⅔ cup boiling water and blend well before serving.

• • •

COOKING is quicker and easier when you have Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in the house. For this delicious, double-rich blend of full-cream milk and finest sugar has revolutionized many cooking methods.

Get Eagle Brand from your grocer today, and try the Magic Recipes on this page. Then send for "New Magic in the Kitchen"—a free recipe booklet containing over 200 astonishing recipes. Also tells how Eagle Brand is used to build up underweight children, because of its extra nourishment and remarkable digestibility. Mail the coupon today!

Put magic in your coffee cup! Cream-and-sugar your coffee with Eagle Brand. Half the cost of separate cream and sugar—and what mellow golden richness it gives!

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Please send me the free recipe booklet, "New Magic in the Kitchen."

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Original from

BOYS WANTED

Here is a frank opinion from a widely-read romance-writer that will find its echo in a million hearts

By ELEANOR MERCEIN (Mrs. Kelly)

"IN AFFECTION, BOYS SEEM TO GIVE A LARGER RETURN"

DISCUSSION of the relative values of sons and daughters in the home reminds one inevitably of that famous dinner-table conversation out of H. G. Wells's most delightful of novels, "Tono-Bungay":

"'I always feel,' said the pensive little woman beside me, 'that there's something about a dog— A cat hasn't got it.'

"'Yes!' I found myself admitting with great enthusiasm. 'There *is* something. And yet again——'

"'Oh, I know there's something about a cat, too. But it isn't the same.'

"'Not *quite* the same,' I admitted, 'but still it's something.'

"'More sinuous.'

"'Much more!'

"'It makes all the difference, don't you think?'

"'Yes,' I said feelingly, '*all!*'"

WRITE me as one who loves her fellow dog. Not that I subscribe at all to the French notion of the cat as merely cattish, a sort of pocket-tiger, all claws and treachery; nor yet to the Egyptian idea of a remote, mysterious, distinctly sinister deity to which any woman, even a baby woman, might well resent being likened.

I think of cat in the pleasanter Anglo-Saxon meaning: true goddess of our hearth, whose purring makes for tranquillity like the slow ticking of a clock, the bubbling of a teakettle; affectionate, wise, courageous—watch the ease with which she puts to flight any too investigative canine!—but always a complete entity, strangely sufficient unto herself; womanly, indeed, as no other female animal ever seems to be.

Therein, to my thinking, lies the explanation of the undoubted fact that the average mother still prays for boy babies rather than girl babies—the girl ones need her less.

Surely this highly progressive world we live in has outgrown the primitive fears and fetishes Professor Freud and his followers so love to credit us with!—in fact, we seem to be rather rapidly outgrowing Professor Freud himself. We lost some time since the idea that female children were a sort of racial by-product, to be got rid of as soon as feasible. The biologic demand for males only to add to the fighting strength of the family ceased with the discovery that daughters are quite as useful in the modern economic fight for existence, as well as being distinctly handier about the house.

In fact boys in the domestic circle may almost be regarded as liabilities rather than assets, where they are no longer required to hew wood and draw water and tend the stock; they eat as heartily as ever, bless them, and cost more each year to educate; and how fast they do outgrow their clothes! Still, as all honest parents will confess, no family seems quite complete without them. Why?

For one thing, every woman knows that a man child is hers to cherish and care for all his life, in one way or another; whereas the best she can do for any girl child, once she has cut her eye-teeth, or even her milk-teeth, is to impart to her as thoroughly as possible certain inherited rules and recipes for the future conduct of her household, which is the world.

To the impartial onlooker, that old proverb about a daughter being a daughter all of her life, whereas a son's a son till he gets him a wife, disproves itself more often than it proves itself. Her very marriage-vows make it imperative upon a woman who has chosen her mate to forsake earlier allegiances and "leaving all others, cleave only unto him." Only so can she become, as she must, the pivot of her own new circle of creation, the little nucleus about which shall evolve and grow new forms of life, until certain of them branch off in turn to form still other nuclei.

Young wives inevitably become self-centered, even a little selfish, in the earlier years of marriage, however conscience may endeavor to keep them from showing it; and wise parents know it should be so.

Young husbands, however, frequently turn back to their mothers during those rather difficult years—if their mothers are that sort—for sympathetic counsel and unfailing tenderness, rather bewildered by their sudden lack of importance in a scheme of things they believed themselves to have created; a little jealous, perhaps, of their own children; sorely needing to recover that old glorious "what a-big-boy-am-I!" feeling mothers know best how to encourage. It is a lucky wife whose husband remains pals with his mother during that readjustment period between the honeymoon and the far happier time of settled marriage.

A mother, by the way, has much more influence than he or she may realize in her son's choice of a life partner, who is apt to be either her counterpart or her complete antithesis. Let any woman, therefore, who instinctively dislikes her son's wife, without good reason, look to herself! The cause may lie deeper than mere sex-jealousy. His choice of a wife is frequently his judgment upon his mother.

Perhaps such broad generalizations are unjustifiable. Certainly one of the most touching relationships to be seen in life is the sacrificial devotion of daughters to their parents, for whose sake they often relinquish every other heritage to which woman-flesh is heir. Indeed, if parents like sacrifice from their children, they would better confine themselves to producing daughters, who have a long-developed flair for it. I only wish to indicate that woman's greatest need in life is the need to give, and that on the whole sons offer her a better chance of fulfilling this need than daughters do.

Perhaps, being myself of the sacrificial sex, I ought in modesty to admit that our need to give is not quite the noble thing it sounds. It is indeed rather a selfish thing: only a feminine version of the will-to-power. We wield by yielding; therefore we find it easier to wield men than women; therefore we prefer sons to daughters. Q.E.D.

Also we know that sons are better for our general morale; they keep us younger; they remind us now and then—and how pleasant for both to be so reminded!—that we are after all but fragile flowers of femininity, sheltered from the dangers of life by the strong buttress of a male presence.

For our daughters we have no such charming glamour of illusion, naturally. In the trenchant language of the moment, they are "on to us." Not that for purposes of pure friendship, camaraderie, all the requirements suggested by the phrase "good hunting," there is anything to equal a comfortable, congenial, unexacting member of one's own sex, whatever that may be. But the value of the male element in a home is that it is *not* unexacting; it requires of us the very best we have to give, all the time; and what is more, it thinks our best is rather better than we've got!—for which much thanks.

Sons are proud of their mothers, too, for the most endearing reasons; not only for their fine moral characters, if they have them; nor for their tolerant understanding of life, nor even for the excellence of the cakes and pies they so admire to provide—but for daintily kept hands, soft, graying waves of hair, even for the fact that mother is still slim enough to fox-trot with them to the voice of the family phonograph. One little chap I know, taking deep whiffs at his mother's neck, remarked, "I love to breathe my mummy; she smells so pretty!"

A WOMAN with boys around her undoubtedly finds more incentive to keep herself up to the mark than if she happens to be surrendered entirely to the mercies of dear, indulgent, oversolicitous girls, who give her, by contrast with their own fresh loveliness, a dismayed sort of what's-the-use feeling. Mothers of many girls are apt to do their fox-trotting vicariously.

For their sisters, too, boys are rather good. I shall not soon forget a scene I once happened upon: a fine boy acquaintance of mine deliberately twisting the thumbs of his adored little sister until the child writhed in agony—but silent agony; he meanwhile commenting with honest pride, "Look, she's game, now; really game! She'll never be a cry-baby any more—will you, Tissie?" Doubtless he realized, being of the newer generation,

Continued on Page 97

Will you pay half the usual price for *white, lovely* teeth?

WOULDN'T you like to have snowy, gleaming teeth that are the admiration of others?

Wouldn't you like to attain them without a lot of tiresome scrubbing and rubbing?

Wouldn't you like to experience that delightful feeling of mouth exhilaration that you associate with the use of Listerine itself?

And wouldn't it please you to know that in getting these results you cut your tooth paste bill approximately in half?

If you've been using 50¢ dentifrices—and they are all good—switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. Look for the results we have outlined above. Like thousands of others, you will be convinced you have made a wise change.

Only ultra-modern methods of production and vast buying power make possible such a dentifrice at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Your tooth paste will buy you a "wave"

Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want A wave, for example. The saving is $3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Original from

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By CORINNE LOWE

A page of informal comment on current events, worth-while books, plays, motion-pictures, and national or international happenings of general interest that will enable our readers to get a close-up view of the important world news of the day.

Marching from Georgia

ALWAYS have I envied the Southern woman. Her voice is usually so lovely and soft that I feel she ought to be maintained free of charge—just like a canary or mocking-bird. And her facility in talking to the shyest, gawkiest, most unresponsive man in the room! I have seen gentlemen whom I regarded as unfit for any occupation save bearing signs of "Selling Out at Cost" or "Opening of the Blue Parrot Tea-Room" transformed into Rudy Vallees by five minutes with a Southern charmer.

But to-day the woman below Mason and Dixon's line has more than her traditional charm—more even than the superb bravery and fortitude which marked her during the Civil War. She has emerged from her storied portico, out of the glamourous dimity frock and broad-brimmed leghorn in which Thomas Nelson Page loved to picture her, to enter fields of public service. From that new solid South typified by the novels of James Branch Cabell, Ellen Glasgow, and Dubois has come Miss Annabel Matthews, recently appointed by President Hoover to the United States Board of Tax Appeals. Her salary here is $10,000. She is the first woman to find a place on the board.

Miss Matthews is from Gainesville, Ga., where she attended Brenau College. She has since been a clerk in the Treasury Bureau of Internal Revenue, studied law, and gone abroad to several international tax conferences. Her equipment is therefore superb. One congratulates President Hoover, the South, and all interested in woman's advancement.

Shakespeare via Hollywood

I ALWAYS suspected that Shakespeare saw Hollywood in some crystal bowl when he wrote "The Taming of the Shrew." Now that I have seen Doug and Mary romping through their respective parts of *Petruchio* and *Katharina* I am convinced of it. Some people say that they overact. Not a bit of it! They do their rôles in the lusty, full-blooded Elizabethan way. After all, Shakespeare's England, with its hearty contrasts, was more in the spirit of Hollywood than of many modern areas boasting finicky artistic shadows. "The Taming of the Shrew" is a fine production, beautifully staged, and a new leaf in the talkie laurels.

Letting Down Musical Bars

TO SUBTRACT a conductor and to add seven women musicians—this has been the problem solved by America's first conductorless orchestra. It has suffered from neither process. The new orchestra's concerts have been among the most enjoyable of the season.

That seven out of the fifty women who applied were accepted by this organization is significant. It is the first time that women have played any part in our high-powered orchestras.

New Tricks with Clubs

THERE has been a persistent report that certain chain-stores in New York city pay some of their women employees as little as $6 a week. If so, they should be called the ball-and-chain stores, for such a wage represents slavery. This minimum has not been verified, but it is very close to the truth, for $7 is officially reported. It is paid by what Miss Frances Perkins, our distinguished Commissioner of Labor in New York State, calls the parasitic industries. That no girl in our metropolis can exist upon it is obvious. In fact $25 is named by some authorities as the lowest possible figure.

The fact that rooms at $4 and $5 a week are comparatively scarce offers the chief difficulty in cutting down expenses. This scarcity is combated, of course, by various girls' clubs, and one of the most interesting social experiments of the year is the opening of the Sutton apartment hotel for women at 330 East 56th Street. This is the headquarters of the New York League of Girls' Clubs, and it has a membership of 2,000 women, with an average wage of $30 a week.

A swimming-pool, a gymnasium, a theater seating 300 people, courses in art, dramatics, history, investments, and other topics—these are some of the facilities offered by this new club-house.

A Part-Time Bride of State

WE HAVE a Secretary of War and a Secretary of the Navy, but we have not a Secretary of Education. Our national education is tucked away in the portfolio of the Secretary of the Interior. In spite of the protests of educators and all far-sighted people we continue to lag behind England in our recognition of education as meriting the whole-hearted attention of a whole department of state.

It goes without saying that America suffers from the effects of making education a part-time bride of state. We have not the benefits of a consecrated central bureau, and just now—in the face of all our florid peace propaganda—the omission seems ironic. For to-day thoughtful folks cede the fact that peace begins in the school—witness a famous experiment at Geneva—and it would therefore seem more consistent if we were to rank education with—war and the navy.

Preserve Johnny's Sled

ROGER W. BABSON, famous financial expert, predicts that the next fifty years will bring forth many new inventions, including talking books, grass paper, power derived from the sun, earth, and tides, horizontal elevators, fireless cities, gearless motors with rotary engines, and flexible, unbreakable, bullet-proof glass.

Well, well, well! While our descendants are listening to their books by fireplaces blazing, not with the Yuletide log, but with the Yule tidal log, will they not look out rather wistfully through their bullet-proof windows at little Johnny, still obliged to pull his sled uphill? Yes, we hope these inventors will not tinker with Johnny's sled. For very soon it will represent the only old-fashioned fun in the world—the kind you have to work for.

A Rare Novel is "Ultima Thule"

MOST of us would go a hundred miles to avoid an introduction to the person of whom everybody says, "You must meet him." It was this same friendly propaganda that made me shun for months "Ultima Thule." I'm now sorry. This story, by the woman who writes under the name of "Henry Handel Richardson," is a great piece of fiction.

One sees "great" applied to so many books which before the close of the year sink without a bubble, that the adjective has begun to look more like a funeral-wreath than a victor's wreath. In this case, however, the sinister connotations are lost. "Ultima Thule" is so honest, so without any tricks of cleverness or sentimentality, so determined to keep its author's personality out of the picture, that it makes most of our smartly groomed, highly manicured, achingly self-conscious novels look as if they had been written in a beauty-parlor.

It is a tragic story—that of this Australian physician of forty-nine, this unheroic *Richard Mahoney*, whose mind gives way under the loss of his savings. But it is not somber. For upon that defeated and vacuous figure of the last chapters, that shell of manhood whose children are ashamed to be seen with him, play the eternal love and courage of his humdrum, unimaginative wife.

Converts to the Radio

I USED to think that people who put on radios were in the same class with men who put on spats—that their gray matter was equally in the wrong place. To-day I apologize to the radio. There was never any trouble with it. Not it, but the people I've heard use it should have been turned off long ago. For it is thanks to those who have chosen to listen in always on inferior stuff that I have so long misprized this Aladdin's lamp, this traveling carpet, this supreme wizardry of the age.

I had a good excuse to install a radio. Now I don't need the excuse. For from the moment when I turned on Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," when its celestial pattern changed my Christmas eve from drab to gold, brought back to my saddened years in higher key the lost mystery of childish holidays. I've been—yes, a radio convert.

There are more distinguished converts than I. Some of these are at the microphone itself. Among them are Madam Frances Alda, who writes an interesting article in *Musical Digest* entitled "Masses or Millions?" With the following words Madam Alda challenges opera: "The microphone is a far more ruthless critic than any of the gentlemen sent by newspapers to write about vocal defects. When you are facing the microphone there is nothing to cover up any little slips in diction. . . . A bad singer loses from the beginning over the radio, and that is what I mean when I say that there ought to be the same sort of ruthless pruning in the opera-house if it is going to hold its own against the radio."

For the Working Woman

EVERY one of us should take an interest in the Woman's Bureau of the Department of Labor, for, under the direction of that broad-visioned executive, Miss Mary Anderson, it is working hard for the working woman. The safeguarding of the woman worker's interest, an attempt to secure her maximum efficiency, a more complete investigation and publication of facts concerning her, a more earnest effort toward co-operation between employer and employee—these are a few of the tasks toward which the bureau has pledged itself this year.

Thumbs Down!

MR. HARRY B. DOUGLASS of Detroit claims to have invented something which ought to help stem the crime wave. He asserts that by a combination of prepared paper and indelible ink it is now possible to register the finger-prints of every applicant for an auto license. Such a State record would have obvious advantages in tracing all criminals who use the automobile as chief accessory. Naturally, too, the motor license is only one of many documents susceptible to the finger-registration, and if Mr. Douglass's invention proves practical it may be extended even to the 1940 census of our country.

A Significant Symposium

WITH Mrs. Woolf's book, "A Room of One's Own," as the motivation, the American Woman's Club held recently an interesting symposium. Here speakers, including Miss Frances Perkins, Miss J. A. R. Wylie, Mr. Ernest Boyd, Dr. Mary Crawford, Mr. Matthew Sloan, president of the New York Edison Co., and Mr. Howell Cheney, of the Industrial Relations of Cheney Silks, took up various phases of modern woman's position.

Among the most stimulating of the speeches was that made by Dr. Beatrice Hinkle, the famous psychologist and psychoanalyst. In the course of her talk Dr. Hinkle asserted, "Of course there is sex antagonism. Why deny it?" Dr. Hinkle then proceeded to challenge modern woman for her lack of any definite contribution to business or society in general. Discarding old outlines, we have not yet assumed new ones. The psychologist exhorts us to stand for something.

For Easter morning—Swift's Premium

TIME-honored for the Easter breakfast—a thick slice of broiled ham, and around it, delicately poached eggs. A dish whose appeal is certain if the eggs are Swift's Brookfield, and the slice of ham Swift's Premium—so tender—so appetizing—so mild.

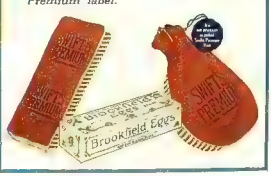
Swift & Company

Swift's Premium

Hams and Bacon

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM.

Ask for Swift's Brookfield Eggs, for Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon And look for the identifying marks on the hams and bacon—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the well-known blue Premium label.



Early every Monday morning—across the whole country—millions of spotless P AND G washes flap gaily on their lines.

"Out here the water is hard, but P AND G makes wonderful suds—even in cool water!"—Mrs. R. W. S., Idaho

Why P and G washes more clothes

When you go into your grocer's store, you see great piles of P AND G White Naphtha Soap in his windows—or on his shelves and counters.

Then you learn that this fine, *white* soap is the largest-selling soap — not only in America, but in the world.

And, since you know that P AND G is a white laundry and household soap of unsurpassed quality—giving rich suds and fine results quickly and safely—perhaps you wonder how it can be sold at prices actually lower, weight for weight, than those of other soaps. These big *white* cakes are larger than others—even those selling at higher prices.

Here is the answer: Millions upon millions of cakes of P AND G are sold every month of the year. This fact enables Procter & Gamble, its

Every year more and more women are turning to

"How do you make P AND G so firm and white? It lasts so long—and makes my clothes so clean!"—MRS. R. M., Massachusetts

White clothes, fresher colors—with less rubbing. That's why P AND G Naphtha is the favorite soap of American women.

than any other soap in the world

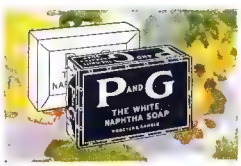
makers, to purchase in enormous quantities the superior ingredients which make it so white, safe and efficient.

Now, as you know from your own shopping experience, large quantities always cost proportionately less than small quantities. Furthermore, you can see that the cost of producing a cake of P AND G White Naphtha becomes less as more and more cakes are made and sold.

This, then, is the reason why P AND G's exceptional quality can be offered to you at such economical prices.

So—if P AND G were not the largest-selling soap, it would cost you much more than it does. It *is* the largest-selling soap because millions of practical women are like *you*—they know that P AND G really is a *better* soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



white soaps – and most of them use P and G

When men cook for 1500 women they're careful of the flavor!

Have you ever attended a real old-fashioned homecoming? I never had until last fall—and the experience was delightful.

It took place in Metcalf's Grove just outside of Bourneville, Ohio. A sort of outdoor "open house." More than 6,000 people from all over the country visited the picnic. Flocks of children, whole families—even a few great-grandmothers and great-grandfathers were there—the friendliest "home folks."

And of course they had to *eat*. The women had seen to that. They had also seen to it that their husbands shared in the responsibilities. For while they themselves were bustling about making coffee and fixing salads, the MEN were presiding over huge kettles, frying fillets of haddock.

An enormous blue-and-white Crisco can led me to ask one cheerful-looking gentleman-cook, "why do you use Crisco?"

"Well," he said with a friendly grin, "when a bunch of men are frying fish for about 1500 good home cooks—some of them our own wives—those fish just have to taste *right*."

The best *chefs* everywhere have told me that Crisco improves the flavor and delicacy of *any* fried food, but to have these *husbands* tell me the same thing!

But then, why shouldn't they? Crisco is so delicate and fresh flavored itself—(taste it some time when you're cooking)—that foods fried in it just can't help having a fresh, delicate flavor.

When I was a child I used to wipe the sweet, unsalted butter off my grandmother's churn dasher. How good it tasted! And now to have a cooking fat—Crisco—that tastes just as good!

Whether you fry in a frying pan or a deep-frying kettle, if you use Crisco, the food will be browned to a golden glow and wrapped in the most appetizing crispy crunchiness.

I've made an interesting test in my kitchen where all your Crisco recipes are tested. In the course of a few weeks, I served 117 people with potatoes fried in Crisco and potatoes fried in another good cooking fat. And 97 out of 117 chose the Crisco-fried potatoes because they had a "better flavor!" In fact they were so enthusiastic about my Crisco-fried potatoes that I thought you would like to know my frying method. I have given it to you below.

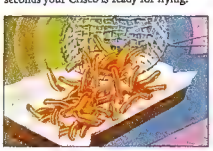
There are some wonderful frying recipes included in a little cook book I have, "12 Dozen Time-saving Recipes." It costs nothing. Just write me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XR-40, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

Whether you're frying delicate fruit fritters or hearty Irish potatoes, Crisco does full justice to the flavor of each. Fish, croquettes, pancakes, anything that can be fried can be fried better in Crisco. Crisco-fried food, like this appetizing fish, tastes just as good as it looks.

Have you ever tried this deep-frying method?

All you need is an ordinary saucepan, a strainer and a 3-pound tin of Crisco. Put Crisco into a cold saucepan and heat slowly. When a cube of bread browns in 20 seconds your Crisco is ready for frying.

Don't wait for Crisco to smoke. Fill your strainer half full of potatoes and lower it into the Crisco. Increase the heat, as the cold potatoes naturally cool the Crisco a little.



When the potatoes are a golden brown, lift strainer out of the fat, shake lightly, drain potatoes on absorbent paper and sprinkle with salt. This same method can be followed for sweet potatoes.

Now strain Crisco through cheese-cloth back into the can and set aside to cool. You can use it over and over for anything you want to fry. The taste of one food will not be carried to another.

For a flavor such as you've never known before in any fried food, make this one simple change: *fry in Crisco.* To understand why, taste Crisco itself.

"FOR A MOMENT HE WAS SHAKEN ALL OVER. HE SOBBED GOOD-BY, MY LITTLE GIRL! GOOD-BY, JULIE! GOOD-BY!"

WIFE OF A VIKING

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Illustrations by DOUGLAS DUER

A powerful story of a sailor who had the soul of a poet but no gift of expression

THEY never forgot how Swan Dragg left, how he stood in the door of the tenement, big, vehement, golden, with his hands out, crying, "I give my wife to you, old people; you keep her for me till I come back from this voyage; you understand me, you look out for her, and you look out good."

Joe and Rita Miro never forgot the glint of a viking devil that was in the little blue eyes at that, tho the large, flushed, handsome face around them was still wreathed with the glory of white whisky and husband-hood three days old. They never forgot the look of his hands, which were covered at the back with half-inch down, soft as silk and yellow as sawed pine. But Julie, their daughter, the dark, the beautiful and bewildered, saw nothing but the bright blur of a god going away. Till a week ago she had worked in a ten-cent store, wrapping parcels, and she was only seventeen years old. The picture-paper reporter in the hall was the only one who could see the comedy in it all. He laughed to himself as he followed the blond mariner down-stairs. He was still tickled as, from a dock-end in deep Brooklyn, he snapped picture after picture of the rusty six-thousand-ton freighter *Cloudrim*, Swan Dragg a golden sea-centaur on her bridge, as she edged astern into the tide and swung her head toward Panama and Singapore.

There is no man so rational as the man who is a poet, like this Dragg, and poets are amusing to ordinary men. So when the reporter had recollected, "I give my wife to you, old people," he chuckled. Two weeks back Swan Dragg had not known that any one of the three Miros existed, and the Miros had never even heard of Swan Dragg. Rolling ashore, thirteen nights back, burned clean by forty-two unbroken days at sea, Swan Dragg had come to a halt in the crowd pouring out of a movie-house in Third Avenue, removed his hard hat, passed a palm from his Swede-hay forelock down over his eyes and nose, and stared again at one girl of three. When he stepped forward then without a word and laid a hand on the girl's shoulder, if he had been any one else or if he had done it in any other fashion, either Julie or her friends would have had a cop on him in two seconds; there was one not twenty yards away. As it was, here was something bigger than policemen, something more startling than fright.

Blue eyes, brown eyes. Brown eyes and blue eyes.

Julie Miro had stopped school at the sixth grade. She did not know where Jersey City was. She thought the movies were real.

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

When the man began to swear to himself behind his white teeth she did not know it was swearing. She had never heard the oaths he used in his abstraction. They only thrilled her and thrilled her. Little by little her shoulders sank together, till the hand that covered one of them might have covered them both. She choked slightly. She had swallowed her gum.

Julie Miro had liked a kind of gum that comes in pellets with candy on the outside. When Mrs. Swan Dragg went to her bureau-drawer to get out the clippings she found half a package of it left over from other days. Idly absorbed in the treasures of print that began already to grow dog-eared, she slipped a nugget between her lovely full red lips.

VIKING SHIP AT ANCHOR IN LOVE HARBOR. . . .
MODERN CIRCE MAKES RECORD.
NORSE ULYSSES FALLS QUICKLY FOR ITALIAN BROWN EYES.

And the pictures! Snaps in profile, full-face, with hats, with no hats; only the bright crown of the sea-king's hair and the glossy black helmet of Julie's bob. Snaps of Julie reading, of Julie on the housetop shading her eyes at an unshown horizon, of Julie safe in the ring of Swan Dragg's big blue-sleeved arm.

She was beautiful. It was there in print, and you can't get around print by saying "banana-oil." You can't go behind a picture in the paper; too many people have seen it already, nodded, and so established it as true.

Julie dreamed into the mirror. It was all so beyond her, so beyond her.

Three days and three nights she had been with a god. At moments he had grown so real that she herself had been the dream one. In the strength of his flesh he had knelt at her feet, at *hers*, Julie's. He had made her the sharer of the secret of his unsuspected gentleness, and of his thoughts, impulsive, passionate, poetic. The phrases he had uttered she had seemed for a wink to understand. Even the single syllables breathed in her ear had seemed to have meanings; more than meanings, colors, opalescent air-swimming shapes. Now that he was gone, curiously without regret she gave over trying to recall them; inevitably, being part of him, they ran away after him, out across an immense strange thing called the sea.

She saw him growing smaller, smaller, till he was no more than an aureate speck. Yet the smaller he grew, it was funny, the larger he grew, till he and his ship began to fill up all the empty space east of the East River and south of the Battery. She had no idea where Singapore might be.

How long had it been since he had given her back to the old people, turned, gone downstairs, and steamed away for Singapore? It was hardly an hour. At the moment, if she had known it, he was buying cigars at a water-front store in Brooklyn. But arithmetic had always confused Julie. Idly, still dreaming into the glass, she added another candied nugget to the wad in her cheek, and with a slow, measured, circular motion she ruminated.

Her father came in. No more had he got up to his place (he ran a freight-elevator in West Thirteenth) than he had turned back home. Julie's mother began to upbraid him, swearing by a saint he would lose his job. He swore by a dozen. It was all right with women; they could have their ailments whenever they cared; once let a man feel out of sorts, tho, and look what a row they raised. Himself now; between his heart and his stomach he was almost too weak to stand. And his son-in-law had left three hundred dollars.

"But now that you are home," Rita became philosophical, "I can go out for a while; I have things to do." And throwing a shawl over her head, and with a last peep at Julie safely entranced in her room, she ran out, visions of Grand Street push-carts heaped with tencent treasures glittering in her soul. Three hundred dollars is three thousand dimes.

JULIE was dumb about the money. In her working-days she had often dreamed of what she would do if she had a fortune, but now this did not seem like money. The glamour of the hand that had left it had changed it, just as money laid in the box at church is changed. It had never occurred to Julie that coin given to God is got back eventually into the mundane circulation. She had never seen God in a store.

It is true, she put her hand once into the hoard. As March grew April she bought herself a dress, stockings, and a hat. In the very sobriety of her choice (mauve-gray, hat as simple as a nun's coif, skirt inches below the knees) there was a something of "class" that set her apart as nothing else could have done. More than ever, her eyes fixed on a distance unknown to Elizabeth Street and a slight trance-like smile hovering about her lips, she walked alone.

She went alone to the movies. It thrilled her more than ten escorts could have thrilled her, simply to hear people whispering. "That's her. Remember the viking in the papers? And Circe and everything? That's Circe." It thrilled her in a different way. There was something deep about it.

One April day she came on Slim Hatzon, standing in the shade of his hat in front of a barber-shop in the Bowery. She had not seen Slim since before her romance. Two months ago she might have flirted past him with her chin in the air and her eyes on the Elevated, but now, having no feelings of coquetry left in her, she paused with a bending grace.

"Well, Slim, I didn't see you for an awful while. How goes it?"

It was Slim that kept the eyes away. There was a line like a knife between his brows. She decided he felt outclassed and embarrassed, and she was sure she wanted none of her old friends to feel that way about her.

"You're looking good, Slim. Seen Ed or May lately? Are you still working at that garage? If they don't watch their step you'll soon be owning it."

Slim's mouth opened, but a train was rolling overhead. Julie waited patiently, always with the brooding smile, till the noise was gone.

"What's that you said, Slim?"

"I said go to——"

Julie could not believe it. The black-haired, white-skinned, razor-faced youth bent to the left, so as to miss her back, and spat for the gutter. He scowled. He yawned. "Toddle, Jane. Unless maybe you want to get pinched for s'liciting."

Julie, as she walked away, was too bewildered even to be hurt. She still carried the trance-like smile, but the trance was a real one now. All it needed to make it a bad dream was the policeman, who, when she had gone a block, put the edge of his hand against her wrist to slow her down.

"What?" she gasped. "Wha-what?" she stammered.

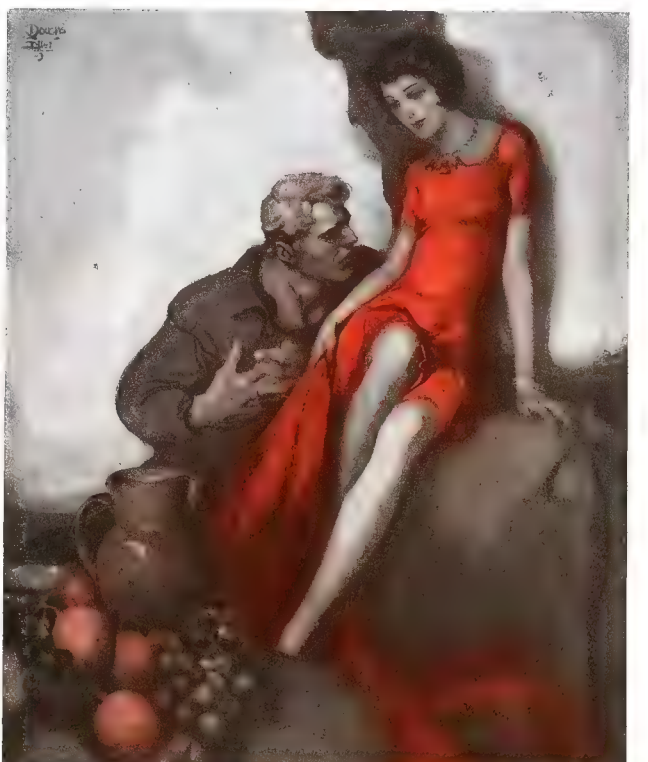
"I seen you back there. I'm just telling you—lay off that guy."

A saving indignation began to clear her head. She drew up, all shoulders, and let him have her eyes from under the chaste rim of the mauve-gray toque.

"Who you think you talking to? You know who I am?"

"Saaaay, now listen, sister——"

She could hardly get her hand-bag unclasped, her fingers flew so. But the officer waved



"HE HAD MADE HER THE SHARER OF THE SECRET OF HIS UNSUSPECTED GENTLENESS, AND OF HIS THOUGHTS. EVEN THE SINGLE SYLLABLES BREATHED IN HER EAR SEEMED TO HAVE MEANINGS"

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DAY'S END

Amos finds that habit makes a rut in his character that dreams can not erase

"FOR A MOMENT AMOS COULD NOT COMPREHEND, AND EVEN WHEN HE DID HIS HANDS KEPT ON TREMBLING"

By ISABEL STEWART WAY

Illustration by JOSEPH MATURO

USUALLY Amos came slowly up the lane from the corn-field, the reins hanging loosely behind the plodding team, and weariness bending his shoulders dejectedly and weighting his feet until they dragged little grooves in the dust. Now he walked fast, jerkily hitting the horses with the lines to hurry them along; and his head was high, with anxious eyes turned toward the house.

Martha had seemed well enough when he left her four hours ago. Or had she? At daylight, even after thirty-five years of dawn-rising, Amos was never observant. At least she had given him his breakfast and speeded him out to work with her usual efficiency.

His married daughter Annie, worried, but as calmly able as Martha's child would be, met him at the back door.

"I put a mustard plaster on and sent for doc about an hour ago. He ought to be here any time now."

"How long has she been sick?"

"She phoned me about half past eight. She didn't want you to have to come in from the field, but I thought I ought to send out for you. You can have your dinner early and get back as soon as doc says everything is all right. Wash up, Pa, before you go in where she is."

His wife's face was flushed, and her gray hair straggled in unaccustomed disarray over the pillow with its lace-edged slip.

"Coming on all right with the work?" she asked weakly.

"More than half done, counting in what I had left from yesterday. Aim to start on the upper field to-morrow."

"That's good," she commended with a tiredness that frightened Amos.

"Now, Ma, don't try to talk none till doc's been here," he advised awkwardly. "Plenty of time for all that when you're well again."

"I'm awful sick, Amos. I never had anything like this before."

"Oh, pshaw! It's just something you ate. You'll be fit as a fiddle by to-morrow."

"I hope so—but I'm awful sick."

Doc Bryce confirmed her statement.

"She's pretty bad, Amos," he told the husband as they left the bedroom together. "I don't know just what to make of it, but if it's what I'm afraid it is—I tell you, I'd like to call in that new man from Ridgeway—Robards his name is. He's up on these things, and he's a darned good surgeon."

"Surgeon?" Amos raised startled eyes of questioning. "You ain't thinking——"

"I hope not, Amos, but I can't tell. I wouldn't want to. Martha's let herself get all run down this Summer. Never would take things easy, not even when she was a girl."

While they were waiting for the other physician Annie set the early dinner on the table. She had churned that morning, as her mother had planned to do, and there was cool buttermilk in a golden-brown pitcher. There were other things, too, to all of which Doc Bryce helped himself appreciatively; but Amos, in his numbing fear, saw only the familiar stone pitcher that had served Martha and him all the days of their married life. It seemed strange, somehow, that the earthen vessel should be here, usefully ordinary, while Martha lay stricken in the other room.

"Now, Pa, you must eat something," remonstrated Annie in tones so like her mother's that Amos obediently took up his fork. "As soon as you find out how it is with ma you'll have to go to cultivatin' again. She'd feel awful if you got behind with the work on her account."

Dr. Robards came at one. While the two medical men were in with Martha, Amos sat hunched in a straight-backed chair in the dining-room. Annie hurried quietly back and forth from kitchen to bedroom, carrying basins, hot water, and towels. Despite her worry she wore an air of pleased importance.

THE house was unnaturally quiet. From behind Martha's closed door came only a mumble of masculine tones and an occasional moan. In the kitchen two neighbor women were washing dishes and conversing in whispers so sibilant that their words could not fail to etch themselves into Amos's consciousness.

"My goodness, I don't know what Amos'll ever do if Martha goes," one said.

"Me, neither. I've known 'em both since we were all in the first reader, and she certainly was the makin' of him," answered the other. "Not another one of his family ever amounted to a hill o' beans. He'll certainly be lost when she's gone."

Amos had a sudden desire to curse the two from his home. Already slipping from "if Martha goes" to "when she's gone," as tho there were not the slightest hope.

For the rest he felt no resentment. He knew as well as they that Martha had been the making of him. But for her, he fairly conceded, he might now be like his brother Obe, owning nothing but a battered, old flivver and a set of carpenter's tools, and following the weather back and forth across the land. Martha would never have stood for that.

"Where will they be when old age comes?" she used to demand whenever a bunch of picture post-cards came from Obe and Rosie, his complacent wife. "Trapesin' back and forth like a pair of Gipsies."

SOMEHOW old age had not seemed to creep up on Obe as it had on Amos. Obe was the elder by eight years, yet his shoulders were as straight as a boy's. Always was something boyish in the way he'd come whistling across the field, head up and body aswing, to where Amos would be laboring in the sun.

Just yesterday he had waited in the shade until Amos finished his dusty row.

"Well, hard at it, I see," he called cheerily. "Better chuck it all and you and Martha come along with us to California this Fall. Yeah," he nodded to Amos's unspoken query. "We're going to drive out there and look around. Always enough carpenter-work for a man to do to earn a living."

Last year it had been Florida, and before that it had been Texas. Always somewhere. As soon as the weather turned cool Obe and Rosie would start, like a couple of wild ducks; and for a week after the aged flivver had coughed jauntily away on the first leg of the journey, Amos would do his work fumblingly and abstractedly.

It was not that he envied Obe; the family shiftlessness and roving blood showed up strongly for that. Obe had not found the right kind of wife. Rosie encouraged him; was always as ready to cut loose and bolt as Obe himself was. No, Amos, from the security of his own well-being, could not envy his brother, but still— If Martha could only be willing to break free from their clutching, leeching accumulations once in a while!

Steps in the hall brought him back sharply. Had he actually been criticizing Martha—now?

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Original from

GETTING ON

An ambitious young man discovers that courses of efficiency do not always run to rule

By G. R. MALLOCH

Illustrations by HARRY BECKHOFF

THE principal of the Correspondence College was a large, benevolent-looking man, in whose presence Leonard felt insignificant and embarrassed. Leonard had been kept waiting for fifteen minutes in an anteroom, the walls of which were decorated with photographs of aggressive young men with square chins, labeled Case A, Case B, and so on; and attached to those photographs were charts in colored inks showing, by means of a red line mounting steadily toward the figure £10,000, the progress of those pupils of the school.

The waiting had cooled his ardor. He hated being kept waiting; it seemed to make your courage ooze out by your toes till there was none left.

But had Leonard only known it, this was all part of the system upon which the college prided itself. After fifteen minutes in an empty room most young men were as clay in the potter's hand or, to vary the metaphor, dry sponges avid to absorb the magnetism of the principal.

When Leonard was summoned by a smartly dressed youth (with a square chin) to the principal's room he felt like the round-shouldered, depressed individual in the lower corner of the colored picture that decorated one wall of the waiting-room, and not at all like the fiery being depicted in the upper corner with two telephones on his desk and a group of obsequious clerks at his elbow. This picture was entitled "*You* can do this." He didn't believe it.

The principal sat at a huge polished mahogany desk with a spotless blotting-pad in front of him. There were two telephones on the desk and a row of bell-pushes. He held a card in his hand.

"Sit down, Mr. Higgins, please," he said with a smile that revealed a perfect set of teeth.

Leonard perched himself on the edge of a chair, feeling very uncomfortable. He knew that every detail of his appearance was being taken in by this magnificent gentleman in the frock coat, whose gaze he could not meet. His own eyes refused to look higher than the black-silk tie in which a diamond pin sparkled.

"And so you want to get on," said the principal at last, in a smooth, clear voice. "You are dissatisfied with your present position because you feel that it is not worthy of your abilities. You feel that your proper place is in the ranks of the masters. I know the type. Nothing will keep you down, but you are seeking a little guidance as to the most fruitful method of endeavor."

Leonard nodded dumbly; he could not have put it so well himself.

"We are here," continued the mellow voice, "for the purpose of helping you, and I can see that you will be worth helping."

This was strictly true: Leonard would be worth eight guineas for his first course of instruction.

"But let me tell you, Mr. Higgins," pursued the principal, "that not every one who sits in that chair is taken on by us. No, we are out to teach efficiency, and there is no efficiency about wasting time in trying to teach men who are incapable of being taught. You, I see, from our card-index file, are Mr. L. Higgins, clerk in the employment of Messrs. Cyclops & Co.; present salary £100; object to get on. A very admirable object. And what is the obstacle in your way?"

As he paused and seemed to expect an answer, Leonard tried hard to collect his thoughts.

"Well, I don't know," he said nervously. "There are so many fellows in the office ahead of me. I'm on the A and C ledgers, and there are old fellows about sixty, who began like me, still posting alongside me. I don't want to stick at that. I've tried to attract attention, but it never comes off. They just don't take any notice of me. I don't know enough. And I haven't got cheek enough. And," he added desperately, "I dare say my appearance is against me."

The principal conceded inwardly that Leonard was not far from the truth in his last remark. He was a thin, insignificant little youth with a snub nose and an untidily sprouting mustache; his clothes were of the cheapest variety and his hair wanted cutting. But he smiled kindly at him.

"May I remind you that many of the world's greatest men have been small men? Dismiss that from your mind; it is of no importance, if you arm yourself with the specialized knowledge which our course imparts. But, first, you must rid your mind entirely of the inferiority complex. Say to yourself every day that you are as good as any man, and you will come to believe it and to act on that belief. I am imparting a priceless secret to you. Don't forget it. Shall I prove it to you? You think you are not doing well. Isn't that so?"

"That's right," said Leonard with conviction.

"Well, you are entirely wrong. I see from your application-form that you have been in your present post for a year. It was your first job?"

"That's right."

"And how much did you cost your parents previously? Have you reckoned that out? Say, a hundred a year. And now you are earning £100 a year? Very well, what do you suppose you are actually earning?"

"A hundred a year, sir."

"Actually, yes, my boy. But look at it in another way. You are keeping yourself in lodgings, you say in your supplementary remarks. You are no longer costing your father anything. That's a cool hundred saved, isn't it? And you draw another hundred. What does that make? Two hundred, doesn't it? So you are really practically earning two hundred a year. A hundred per cent. more than you had imagined."

"That's right," said Leonard again, not at all certain that it was right. But it sounded fine—a hundred per cent. more than he had reckoned. These fellows who ran this place were clever. Saw into things! He sat back in his chair and puffed out his narrow chest. A hundred per cent.!

"Ah, now you've got a juster estimate of your earning power, Mr. Higgins. You see that our promises are not just empty phrases, eh?"

"That's right."

"Then may I just ask you to append your name to our enrolment-form?" asked the principal, taking a printed sheet from a drawer and holding a pen toward Leonard. He judged this to be the psychological moment. Besides he was getting very tired of the repetition of "That's right."

Without volition of his own and with all his questions unasked, Leonard, who would have found it difficult to disobey any one so majestic as the principal, found himself taking the pen.

"Sign on the dotted line, please."

He signed.

"'SAY TO YOURSELF EVERY DAY THAT YOU ARE AS GOOD AS ANY MAN'"

"'IF I NOTICE THE SLIGHTEST ATTEMPT AT SLACKING I SHALL MAKE A REPORT OF THE OFFENDER'"

"We usually take two guineas on account and the rest by monthly instalments, as the course progresses. Would you prefer to give me a check or pay in cash?"

Leonard was subtly flattered by the assumption that he had a bank-account.

"I'll pay in cash," he said, producing two notes and two shillings. "I haven't got my check-book with me."

"I see we're teaching you something already," said the principal as he blotted the signature and took the money. "Of course you haven't got a bank-account. Ah!" he shook a finger at the discomfited youth, "you're quite right, quite right to carry it off like that. That was a little test for presence of mind in an emergency. You passed it well. Never give yourself away to the other fellow. That's one of the first maxims in business. Now, your first course will be sent on to you to-night. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

Leonard took his departure with mixed feelings. He had come for a free interview and advice which commits you to nothing, and he had committed himself to paying eight guineas for a course of instruction in business efficiency which might be of no value to him. Still, he had learned something: he was worth a hundred per cent. more than he had imagined, and he had carried that off pretty well about the check-book. He had a better idea of himself when he reached the street again.

The principal rang his bell for the typist.

"Ah, Miss Jones?" he said, handing her the form. "File this under 'H,' and send off the course, part one. And, while I think of it, take a note.

Case Number H1002. L. H. Came to consult us while earning £100 a year. Left us with the knowledge that he was a £2000-a-year man.

Thanks, Miss Jones."

Miss Jones left the room. The principal took a novel from one of the drawers of his table and settled down for a quiet read.

"Queer little squirt," he murmured as he opened the book.

When Leonard met Miss Alberta Judson that evening outside the shop in St. Paul's churchyard, where she was employed, she noticed a new dignity in his bearing and was not long in finding out the cause of it. She was a practical young woman who intended to marry Leonard as soon as he was making enough to support her, and she was unimaginative enough not to recognize the vast possibilities of the career opening out to that young man under the auspices of the college. Even the magic phrase "a hundred per cent." did not impress her.

"Seems to me," she said, as they sat over a cup of tea, "that all that's happened is that you've paid them two guineas. What's a hundred per cent. if you haven't got it?"

With great patience Leonard explained it all again; and again her reaction was disconcerting.

"Well," she said when he had finished, "if you're making the hundred a year that your father spent on you, why don't you ask him for it?"

Somehow Leonard did not think he could do that. Of course women never understood anything theoretical; they hadn't got that sort of mind. He was disappointed and a little shaken, but when he got home to his room in Brixton later, he restored and fortified his optimism by getting out a pencil and ruler and drawing a chart like the ones he had seen at the college.

Down one side of it he put a scale of percentages in figures. Then he made a nice red-ink line showing a jump of a hundred per cent. in his earning capacity that day. He hung the thing up at the foot of his bed so that he would see it first thing in the morning. He dreamed that night of the red-ink line rising to fabulous percentages.

After studying the course for a month, Leonard thought that he knew a good deal. After two months he thought that he knew a good deal more about the proper management of an office than Mr. Meredith, whose function it was. At the end of three months he was convinced that he knew a great deal more about the business than Mr. Johnson, who owned the business.

It was a fundamental maxim of the college that one must make one's presence *felt*. He certainly succeeded in that; in fact he made himself a perfect nuisance to Meredith. Scarcely a day passed without some bright suggestion from Leonard, and altho such of them as had any merit had already been tried or discussed and rejected by the manager and his employer, he refused to be discouraged. If Meredith had a poor, unimaginative type of mind, that was no reason why he, Leonard, should imitate him and acquiesce in old-fashioned, out-of-date methods.

He persevered till the manager was driven to a complaint. His manner to his fellow clerks had meantime altered: he was no longer the boon companion; he kept himself to himself and lunched alone, poring over the latest number of the course. Larking in the office when the chiefs were absent, he was looked upon with disapproval; he admonished all and sundry and made himself thoroughly disliked. "Darned little prig," they said to his face. But he merely smiled, and that made them madder.

Alberta was puzzled and annoyed by the change in her young man. He saw her less frequently because certain evenings in the week were devoted to studying the course. She would ask sarcastically how many hundred per cent. his wages had gone up; and she pointed out with asperity that the money he was squandering on new clothes and hats and ties ought to have been put in the savings-bank toward the day when they could go to Mr. Van and order the home on the fifty-pay way.

But Leonard said that he was not taking a course in efficiency for nothing. He knew what he was doing and would she kindly allow him to exercise his own judgment in matters which she could not possibly understand as well as he did? He said it with such an air of lordly superiority that she didn't know whether to laugh at him or be impressed. But in the end she was impressed. Somehow she liked Leonard to order her about; it gave him a dignity that made up for some lack of beauty.

ONE morning Mr. Johnson and his manager were discussing business in the private room. Meredith was sitting on the edge of his employer's table, smoking a cigaret. His attitude and manner would have surprized Leonard could he have witnessed them. In the outer office these two were punctilious about "Mr. Meredith" and "Sir," but in the sanctum things were different. Meredith had been Mr. Johnson's colonel in France, and many memories of tight corners endured together were not effaced by the relationship of employer and employed. They were the best of friends in private.

"Well, that's all," said Meredith, getting up and flinging the end of his cigaret into the fire. "Except about that fellow Higgins. He's getting a confounded nuisance with his suggestions about improving the office. I've rapped him over the knuckles once or twice, but it's had no effect. He'll drive me crazy."

"Funny thing you should mention it," mused his employer, tilting his chair back. "Fact is, I can't move about this building without tripping over the little blighter. Always seems to put himself in my way. What's the matter with him? He's a good enough worker, isn't he?"

"Yes," groaned Meredith, "that's the worst of it—if he'd only stick to his ledger posting. The matter is that

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"'WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?' SHE DEMANDED. 'THEY'RE LOVELY, BUT WHAT DID THEY COST?'"

What psychologists call the Napoleon complex is responsible for many weird happenings

"SHE CONVINCED THE BESIEGING REPORTERS THAT HER EMPLOYER HAD NOTHING TO SAY"

A MANHATTAN FANTASY

By W. LEE DICKSON

Illustrations by CHARLES R. GOLDEN

MR. PHLUGE slid his mail to one side and opened the morning paper. There it was! "Garment Associations Honor Phluge. . . . Testimonial Dinner Broadcast. . . . Called 'A Napoleon of Commerce.'" There it was, for all who had not "listened in," to read. The story of his rise from tailor's helper; his philanthropies; his advice to young men, "Don't watch the clock; watch the job." Then the account of his generalship in amalgamating millions of wastefully competing capital—"like a Napoleon," the speaker had said.

It must be recorded that Mr. Phluge had no exact ideas of what Napoleon did or when he did it. He would have denied this, loudly parroting, "Emperor of France—uh—great general—uh—licked at Waterloo and sent to that island somewhere!" If convincingly you had added that he was born in Spain and died in 1810, Mr. Phluge would have nodded gruffly and hastened on to a safer topic. Napoleon was simply but completely a synonym for Great Success.

He put the paper in a drawer. His hands, fatty, short-fingered, adorned with one shocking diamond, he rested plumply on his desk. He turned his head, turtle-like and slowly, and contemplated the costly bareness of his office.

The room was long and high. Great windows commanded in two directions the roofs of the city he had conquered. The demure gray walls were unadorned save for a portrait of Mr. Phluge which lied agreeably. The gray carpet was importantly deep and silent; his desk was huge and fashionably bare. Its position, at the extreme from the door and facing it, gave a fine strategic advantage over those who were admitted to the presence. Chairs which matched the desk stood solemnly in the corners, disturbed for very few people.

There were, of course, an important humidor with costly cigars and an important stand for their costly ashes. And, yes, there was a picture of Mrs. Phluge on the desk, its frame of the same burnished walnut. This picture testified that Mrs. Phluge leaned heavily on a piano, was elegantly befeathered and resplendently bejeweled.

It is doubtful if any man has ever been likened to the Little Corporal and benefited by it. "A Napoleon—" It finds the strongest man's weakness. It is the heel of Achilles. And Mr. Petersen was in the outer office.

It was not easy to see Mr. Phluge; but Mr. Petersen knew his business. A tall, keen man who wore an air, a cane, and a gray Vandyke that was a tonsorial triumph. He hinted to Mr. Phluge's secretary that it was "a matter concerning last night's banquet."

"Concerning last night?" said Phluge. "Show him in."

Mr. Petersen knew how to enter; unawed by and serenely over the deep and silent carpet, straight to Mr. Phluge. He extended his now ungloved hand.

"Sir! May I congratulate you? My family and I 'listened in' to the banquet. It was inspiring, really!"

Christopher P. rose, shook Mr. Petersen's hand, sat down again. Mr. Petersen laid his gloves and stick on that desk. So doing, he noticed the picture of this particular Napoleon's Marie Louise—Minnie Engadine Phluge. He touched the frame diffidently.

"May I—?" he asked.

Phluge nodded, and Mr. Petersen held the picture at arm's length, viewing it reverently.

"Mrs. Phluge, of course——?"

"Uh-huh," said her husband, and fidgeted.

The visitor continued to regard Mrs. Phluge and the obliging piano. Finally, "Tch-tch!" he clucked. That was all, but it clearly meant, "Ah, lucky woman!" and so Mr. Phluge translated it.

REPLACING the picture precisely, Mr. Petersen concentrated on Phluge. He cocked his head to one side, and, surveying the magnate through keen eyes, nodded gravely—profound approval by a connoisseur of the species.

"I wonder," he began, "I wonder how many men are likened to Napoleon. Very, *very* few, sir!"

"Well," modestly, "I don't exactly claim that I'm——"

"Of course you don't! That's the charm of it! But the world thinks you are! You can't escape that, can you?"

Mr. Phluge had no desire to. He began to melt, evidenced by his rising, pulling over one of those chairs, and opening the humidor.

"Sit down. Have a cigar, Mr. Uh——"

"Just Petersen. Thank you!" He lit Mr. Phluge's cigar with a significant lighter, and then his own.

Phluge swiveled to face him, and took refuge in that reliable witticism, "Well, sir, what can I do you for?"

Mr. Petersen pretended he had never heard this one. Then, gravely:

"There is little you could not do for any man. But I am here to ask only that you do something for yourself; something, rather, for future generations; for——"

Phluge leaned forward quickly, an arresting hand on his visitor's knee.

"My friend," he worried, "this isn't insurance, or books——?"

Mr. Petersen was dismayed. Then he had to laugh outright. Phluge sank back in his chair and sighed his relief.

"Yet," the visitor continued, "in a broad sense, perhaps my mission *is* insurance. Fame insurance, yes, in a sense."

"Listen," said Phluge, an apostle of directness, "we'd get on quicker if you'd just out with it. If you have a card——"

"Absolutely correct!" And the impeccable gentleman produced a slender wallet; drew forth a card and handed it to Phluge. The card:

MR. CRANDALL PETERSEN

Mausoleums Monuments

"Memento mori"

Phluge blinked and reread. "This is the right card, is it?"

Mr. Petersen smilingly nodded that it was.

"Mausoleums and monuments," Phluge troubled. "That's a strange business. What's this '*memento mori*'?"

"That," cheered Petersen, "means 'remember you must die.' Latin."

"H'm. I thought you was an interviewer or something. What's this got to do with me?"

Mr. Petersen looked squarely at his prey. "Frankly," said he, "have you arranged that your memory shall be in keeping with your present, may I say fame?"

"I—don't think I get you."

"Simply this, sir: Your contemporaries, this generation, *we* know Christopher Phluge and admire his example. But future generations? Will they? Surely, one who is called a Napoleon to-day should not be forgotten to-morrow!"

The fat little man looked uneasily out of the window. He discarded his cigar, the doctor's admonitions coming strangely to mind. Then he turned, fingers thrust stubbily in vest pockets, head drawn in defensively.

"If you think I'm sick, you're wrong. I'm just fifty-six! I was examined last week and—"

"My dear Mr. Phluge! Reference to the inevitable does not imply its proximity! You are obviously in your prime. *But*—" and Mr. Petersen freighted the little word with awful significance, stopped, shook his head mournfully.

"H'm," Phluge retreated. "Yes, we never know."

"'The doors of death are ever open,'" quoted Petersen soothingly.

PHLUGE traced circles on his desk with a melancholy forefinger. Mr. Petersen leaned toward him, his voice silken.

"The example of your success is a debt to the youth of the future. And what an inspiration is a corking mausoleum! You must arrange *now* so that all who view your final home will be inspired to live industriously; to lead, not follow. A common memorial for you, sir—? Like the *miserabile vulgus*, the rabble? Tut-tut, sir!"

Few people tut-tutted Christopher Phluge, and he was impressed, impressed no end. He was a goodly man, and religious in a busy man's casual way. But this suave reminder of his mortality assumed the uncomfortable aspect of one in direct contact with a beyond he had perhaps been neglecting. Petersen's mission smacked mercilessly of his, Christopher Phluge's, own personal and unplanned hereafter. Strangely and suddenly, this loomed as more important than any "deals" through which he had fought and bellowed.

But he was not one to be sold something quickly; not even in this new and somewhat shivery awakening.

"I want time to think this over. Suppose you stop in Friday—no, not on a Friday about this business. Give me till Saturday morning."

Mr. Petersen rose and bowed. Took his gloves and stick. Then he paused. "I wonder if I might ask a favor of you?"

"Shoot," said Phluge.

"I wonder if you'd give me your autograph? I'd like my kiddies to have it to pass on."

"You mean my plain signature—just to keep?" The fatty cockles of Phluge's heart warmed.

"Would you? For my kiddies?"

Phluge would. He reached for his pen and pad. He scrawled boldly, for posterity. Mr. Petersen breathed on the ink, gazed at it as at Mrs. Phluge's picture, and pocketed the treasure with a sigh of satisfaction. "Saturday, then," he said, bowed and softly departed.

In a rush, Phluge regretted that he hadn't risen and escorted him to the door. He even hoped he hadn't been too "businesslike." *Phluge* hoped this——

Yes, Mr. Petersen knew his business.

THAT evening Phluge sat alone in his study (the room set aside for pinocle), with the evening papers for company. They all quoted the "a Napoleon of commerce" tribute. Laboriously he read through each account; injured by the slightest omission.

His butler's black face loomed in the doorway.

"Package, suh. Come by messengah. Reckon it's a gift, yassuh."

Phluge unwrapped the parcel. It was a very fine book: "Napoleon the Man." Inside the cover was a card:

MR. CRANDALL PETERSEN

Mausoleums Monuments

"Memento mori"

He crackled the book open to its frontispiece. The Emperor stared at him gravely, through narrowed, appraising eyes. Phluge stared back at the Emperor. Then he nodded to him soberly: a deep, fraternal recognition. He flipped a few pages under his thumb, but he had never had the patience to read, so the book rested uncut on his short lap. He pondered Mr. Petersen's words about his debt to the youth of the future. Mr. Petersen was "an educated gentleman"; Phluge had seen that the moment Petersen had entered the office. He mused long, and the germs so craftily injected thrived and multiplied on that musing. Of course, he was in the best of health; then he remembered how Mr. Petersen had said "*But*——"

Distantly, vaguely, as something taking form beyond a rising mist, he saw his name above a mammoth arch: mute, triumphant reminder; enduring evidence of his Great Success.

"Chris!" The voice of his wife brought him whizzing back from a thousand-odd years in eternity. "Chris! Why don't you answer?"

"Yes, Mama——?"

"Have you taken your nervous tablet?"

"Uh-huh."

"What are you doing, dear—thinking?"

"Yes, Mama."

The following morning, Thursday, he telephoned Petersen. He was vague, but Petersen said, "Good! I congratulate you on having decided. I'll be right over!"

Had he really decided anything? Phluge wondered.

Mr. Petersen arrived, but not alone. With him came his acolyte, Mr. Butterby, a plump and rosy-cheeked young man with that healthy air of knowing just what he was doing and being quite busy about it. He was tastefully dressed, and carried a splendid brief-case. He was introduced as a graduate of the Beaux Arts, now a specialist in designing mausoleums and landscaping necropolises.

Phluge sent word to the outer of outer offices that he was not to be disturbed, and Mr. Petersen promptly got down to business. He explained that he was to retain ten per cent. of all moneys expended, compensating Mr. Butterby, "or any other experts," from this commission. Phluge nodded.

"Now, then, Butterby, my dear boy, some sites——?"

BUTTERBY opened his case, took out several large and highly glazed photographs, when his monitor had another idea. He suggested that they leave the choosing of a site until some fine day, pleasant overhead and underfoot. "Mr. Phluge will want to look the ground over first-hand. It's choosing for a long time, sir."

"Right," Phluge hastened. "We'll go in one of my cars."

"Butterby, dear boy, discuss the style and architecture with Mr. Phluge."

Other pictures were vigorously produced. Looking askance at them, Phluge glimpsed marble angels in engaging poses.

"Had you determined on any particular size?" asked Butterby.

"Well, I don't want any hut, but I won't need an office-building either. What've you got?"

"You see," said Butterby, "the architecture of a mausoleum is of the first importance. Personally, I favor one of the classic periods in building better-class mausoleums. One can feel sure that a classic will remain classic. But if we build in some modern style the future may condemn it. Then where would *you* be?"

"Exactly!" from Petersen.

Butterby expanded. "I believe in purity of design and richness of detail, but, above all, solidity. One wants to feel that such a building won't be blown down in a generation or two."

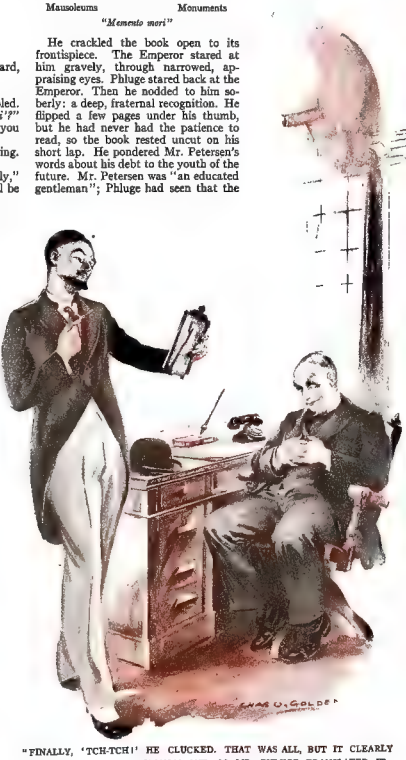
"I should say not!" Phluge exclaimed.

"Now then!" Butterby counted off on his fingers: "There is the reliable old Greek; the Etruscan, which is the basic of Roman; the Byzantine, which has given us some pippin tombs; the Italian or French Romanesque; the Gothic, if it's pure, mind you; or the Assyrian or Persian, which are mighty good if you can build in the side of a hill. I will have nothing to do with rococo designs of——"

"Whoa," Phluge interrupted. "Young man, I haven't any idea what you're talking about. Naturally, I want this thing first-class—classic and everything—but give me the ideas in plain American."

"Ronald," Mr. Petersen assisted, "suppose you explain the Greek style to Mr. Phluge."

Ronald selected a photograph and placed it in Phluge's



"FINALLY, 'TCH-TCH!' HE CLUCKED. THAT WAS ALL, BUT IT CLEARLY MEANT, 'AH, LUCKY WOMAN!' AND SO MR. PHLUGE TRANSLATED IT

Continued on Page 67

"'HAVE OUT THAT GALLANT!' YELLED RUTHVEN, POINTING WITH HIS SWORD TO THE SHUDDERING FIGURE

THE DUEL OF

By E. BARRINGTON

Third instalment of an absorbing romance based on actual facts from the most fascinating period in English history . . .

THE STORY SO FAR

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, and Queen of France for a brief interval, has decided to abandon the land of her adoption, which she loves, and return to the country of her inheritance, in which she has little faith. She must leave France to the ambitions of Catherine de Medici, Queen Mother, who tolerated her for reasons of state as long as her young husband, Francis, was alive, but now that the boy king is dead Catherine has turned a cold shoulder.

Having besought Queen Elizabeth for a safe passage back to Scotland, Mary meets only suspicion from this jealous monarch. But in spite of royal rebuffs Mary embarks for the Scottish coast with a small retinue of devoted Frenchmen and her loyal Scots—ladies in waiting—all Marys, all young, and all of them beautiful.

The English boats lie lurking to capture her bark, but a sudden fog settles on the sea, and the desolate young queen escapes the trap of English intrigue. In wind and rain she lands, unexpected by her subjects, in some little port of Scotland, and then rides on to Edinburgh, where the people swarm forth to welcome her.

Mary Stuart takes up her abode in Holyrood Castle, which she determines to make more beautiful than Queen Elizabeth's splendid courts. And there beset by the plots of politicians which are mostly inspired by her half-brother James—Lord Moray—and a direct heir to the throne should Mary be deposed, and by John Knox, whose religious fanaticism drives him to withstand his earthly ruler, and by the jealous Elizabeth, whose spies invade the land, Mary does her utmost to govern her people in all fairness.

The question of her marriage is her hardest problem, and her final choice of Lord Darnley, the "long lad," close to her in kin, upsets the plans of all her enemies. And yet he is so weak of nature and so self-engrossed that Moray sees in him a welcome source of dissaffection. David Rizzio, the little Italian secretary and faithful subject to his queen, is too much in her confidence for Moray and Darnley to endure him for long.

Thus, with the exception of her loyal Mary Seton, all those who really serve her are marked for destruction and disfavor. And so, surrounded by traitors, spies, and poltroons, the loving, lovely Mary goes out to meet her tragic destiny.

WHEN Mary Stuart's marriage to Lord Darnley was known, Elizabeth's wrath exploded in violent letters to Mary, who could afford not to heed them because she had at last gained consent to her marriage from her mother-in-law, the Queen Mother of France, and the young king. They wrote that "since it was not the will of God for her to be the consort of the Duke of Anjou, their majesties could see no objection to her matching herself with her kinsman Lord Darnley, who was much more acceptable to them than the Archduke Charles or the Prince of Spain."

And thus armed, Mary hoped she could defy Elizabeth's insolence not only by a public marriage but also by her insistence that Moray and the other traitors should not be punished for their attempt against her life. So great was her people's reaction in her favor that but for Darnley's madness she might have put even Elizabeth in fear.

But neither the Earldom of Ross nor the royal Dukedom of Albany would content him.

He entered her cabinet, before the public marriage, with a new plea.

"You can not marry less than a king, and less than a king should not dare to marry you. The title of king is my due, and my due I will have."

He stood by the carved table where she sat. He had demanded a conference alone. But the demand shook her with alarm. She looked at him as he stood above her, handsome, foolish, unprincipled, still dear to her, but a new anxiety. She caught him up sharply.

"I have created you Duke of Albany—a royal title. Will that not suffice until we can gain the consent of the estates of Scotland? I have no power to give you kingship without them. It is not legal; it is child's folly——"

He broke in:

"I am a child, am I? And a beggar that must owe all to a woman's favor? I will show you that my blood is as good as your own, and my right higher as your husband. What I demand I will have. It is that vile Italian of yours disputes my right. I know it."

"Hear reason!" she entreated. "Wait until you are twenty-one. It is not long. Wait for the consent of the estates. Wait only for the first moment of safety and it is yours."

He stood there raging—a young fool crying for the moon.

"I will have it announced before the marriage. Am I to endure flouting not only from the witch of England but from my wife, who has sworn obedience? Am I to be despised by all the world? I swear by the living God I will not bear it. I will sooner go seek my fortune in France."

The dispute raged for an hour, she holding to her resolution with failing strength, he storming with sullen obstinacy.

At last, pale and wearied, she rose:

"I can not resist you when you plead my sworn obedience, tho it is known of queens that they can not promise away their sovereignty in matters of state. Yet I will grant it if it buys your forbearance in other matters. Will you promise me obedience otherwise in matters which need state sanction?"

"I will promise anything," he said eagerly, "if only I have my heart's desire there."

"CLINGING TO MARY'S ROBE. DARNLEY MUTTERED IN HER EAR. 'LET HIM GO, MADAM; NONE WILL HARM HIM'"

THE QUEENS

Illustrations by FORTUNINO MATANIA

"Then you shall have it. But remember you compel me to a fatal wedding-gift. You arm Moray and our foes. You offend our friends. Will you still have it?"

"I will have it. You are a woman. I am a man who fears none but God Almighty."

She said no more, hoping delay might bring wisdom; but his will held, and the very day before the marriage she was compelled to proclaim him King of Scotland by her own royal right, with the addition that in future all writs and processes were to run in their joint names as King and Queen of Scotland, for that he would have also. And in signing, her hand shook so that she could scarcely hold the pen; and when Moray heard of it he struck his hand on his sword-hilt and cried aloud:

"By God, I have her!" His way lay clear before him, and he would not now have undone that marriage for all the wrath of Elizabeth and more.

Nothing now could undo the weaving of that dark web of fate, and the very next day, in the Chapel Royal of Holyrood, crowded with nobles and ladies, Mary Stuart entered, still robed in mourning-weeds for the French king, and the marriage was made fast between her and the long lad in the face of holy church and the world.

Randolph, in pursuance of Elizabeth's policy, refused to be present either then or at the festivity, or at the charming scene when Darnley, leading the men, entreated Mary in all their names "to lay aside those sorrowful garments and dispose herself to a pleasanter life," and in spite of her pretty refusals every man stole a pin from her dress until, the ladies closing round her, she was driven to her chamber laughing, and thence returned most gloriously decked as a glittering, silver bride.

But the bitter first-fruit of Darnley's folly was reaped in a tumult of the people which lasted all night, and next day the proclamation of his title as King of Scotland, made in presence of all the lords, extracted not a single cheer except from his own father.

"I warned you," said Mary, knowing in her heart that they had lost all the advantage of their former popularity. And at the look in her face and the answering frown in Darnley's, Randolph whispered with glee to the first secretary of the English embassy:

"The spiteful fool! How does she endure him? She that is a wonder of majesty and modesty! You might take him for king of the world. But happily for England she is no less than the best of wives. What he wills he takes."

The secretary shrugged his shoulders. "She will maybe get her reward in his docility later."

"Not she! He has neither sense nor manners, and so it will be seen."

It was seen soon enough in civil war, in the gathering of the rebel lords to take the field against her, with subsidies of gold from Elizabeth received and acknowledged by Lord Moray with little care for secrecy. Mary, knowing all rested on herself, redoubled her energy and courage and displayed both gallantly in the field. The gentlemen of Scotland flocked to her standard, whether Catholic or Protestant; and Moray, who had staked all on a general rising of the Protestants, was terror-stricken as the net closed in upon him. It had become painfully evident that he had struck too soon and that much spade-work remained to be done before he could attack his sister with any degree of safety. She had driven him to hold a council of war.

MORAY sat at the head of the table, sinister as his portrait still shows him—a fox-eyed man with a Tudor fairness of complexion, and swift, shifty glances to right and left as the rebel lords tramped in to hear what might be their doom. There was Argyll, husband of his sister; Ruthven, grim and ghastly; Lethington; Lindsay of the Byres; and many more who had hoped to portion Scotland among themselves—and now saw Mary more firmly seated on the throne than ever. It was a bitter, sullen gathering. With Elizabeth's powerful aid they had little expected this result, and after the manner of wolfhounds they were ready enough to turn on their master.

Lord Lindsay of the Byres, a man of iron face and purpose, rose without the courtesy of waiting Moray's word.

"And now what is our course? She has driven us from pillar to post, and the sight of her riding armed in the van of the army with pistols by her side has done her more good than crown and scepter together. The Scots love the spark of courage in man or woman. She can ask and have in Scotland this day."

"You might own," interrupted Morton, "that your follies have given her an army of twenty thousand men to back her will. Was ever such madness known in the world's history? That the lords of Scotland should lie at a girl's foot? She has shown more wisdom and courage than her brother, all said and done, and if I were not so deep in——"

"You are so deep in it that your neck is handy for a rope, or for the headsman's ax more likely," said Ruthven. "Well, my Lord Moray, how goes it? You have had your throw and lost more than your own winnings if I have my reason left me."

Argyll lifted his handsome face and looked down the long oak table to his brother-in-law Moray.

"Brother, we have not one queen but two to reckon with, and Elizabeth is one that likes ill to have her business tangled. No good to blame one another, say I! That will but deliver us all into both their hands. What way is there to save our lands and gear, and our necks, without which we shall profit little?"

A pause, and Lord Maxwell said contemptuously:

"For all she is a woman she has shown herself the better general than we. If it were not for her upstart of a husband a man might do worse than serve such a woman with heart and sword. And yet fool as he is, he has strengthened herself in England by that marriage. Carmichael writes me that her party there grows daily, and the English northern lords are stirring against their virgin. We may see our queen great in England any moment some base-born plotter makes an end of Elizabeth, which may chance any day. So let us go cautiously!"

Silence from Moray still.

Lethington, smooth as wax, took up the word.

"It is time you spoke your mind, my Lord Moray. I have secret word that to fill our places the queen has recalled Bothwell from exile and is gathering about her Sutherland and the Gordons. Strong fighting men and of power in the land, and if our places are filled and we are outlaws, what good is left to us?"

At last Moray spoke. He stood, leaning one bare hand on the table. Not a trace of emotion on his face or in his eyes.

"My lords, God Almighty has been pleased to avenge our sins upon us in the shape of defeat at my false sister's hand, and I lament this the less because contrition and humbling ourselves before His offended majesty will restore us to His grace, as may be hoped. But mark attentively what I put forward and judge if there is reason in it.

"First, I counsel that we acknowledge defeat to ourselves. Our army has melted from under us to strengthen hers. Our money is spent, our ammunition also. You acknowledge this?"

"We acknowledge," came a stern chorus.

"Then it is my counsel that we send letters to the queen offering submission and to return to our allegiance, provided she will restore our forfeit estates and places, permit us to choose her council, dismiss all foreigners, and refrain from the use of her mass."

He paused. A contemptuous neigh from Ruthven!

"And she being victorious will grant these terms! God pity the daft."

"I think it, my lords. She is the most tender-hearted woman, and would nourish the whole world at her breast-fountains if she could. Look how she forgives! To see a man suffer—especially me—is more than she can hold to, and she loves me."

"I think her no such fool after the stand you have made against her. Have sense, man, and talk no more of love when we have axes and ropes to face!" shouted Lord Lindsay. "Judge her as you would act yourself, and to business!"

"She is as I have said," Moray answered. "For she is delicate-natured, prescient. She has courage certainly and fire, but her heart governs her. A very woman. Count on it. But there is more. That mention of foreigners, I propose, aims at Rizzio. He is the mainspring of her counsel against us. We must be rid of that man and the country roused against him.

"Also the Scots people must learn the queen's qualities as *we* choose. Kindly to those she affections, subtle and cruel to those she will destroy. Also we must gain Darnley and convince him that such she is, and his best reliance to throw his lot in with us, especially to the destruction of Rizzio. For I have reason to fear that the little Italianate scoundrel is more to her than should be and rules her by means disgraceful to be spoken. Very woman, I say again. You know the sex."

A long silence. Lindsay struck his hand on the table.

"You have proof of this?"

"Proof."

"Then if it be so I say we will have no Italian bastard on the throne and will be ruled by the counsels of no queen's lover. If the sot Darnley can not oversee his wife we will oversee her for him."

THERE was not a man present who did not fully comprehend Moray's lies, but they were in a sore strait, and his subtle audacity won them. A campaign of calumny to succeed the foiled campaign of the sword. The simplicity of the scheme recommended it.

"Aye, she would learn her Italian pleasures well enough with the French!" said Ruthven with a smile. Moray went on, careless of interruption.

"But if her grace would be said by us and accept our counsels I suppose there is not a man here that would injure her by any disclosures against her honor. We are indeed the most loyal of her subjects, for we fight for good government and religion, and to save her from her own follies. And now let me hear your wills."

A stormy discussion followed, dominated all through by Moray's master mind. Finally his counsel was adopted, and the letter offering return to their allegiance sent by a sure envoy, Moray pointing out that her open refusal to relinquish her foreigners and the mass would do her more hurt in Scotland than a lost battle.

Mary replied with scorn. It was not the moment in which surrender to traitors could appeal to her, and her new ministers were not likely to show much sympathy with forgiveness. They had their own wrongs to avenge on Moray. Her direct answer was to take the field with a great army and to enter Dumfries in triumph.

Discredited, disheartened, with Scotland rising against them, the rebel lords would hear Moray no more. They fled across the English border to shelter themselves behind Elizabeth's ample petticoats. But the poison-seed was sown. Her beauty and kindliness were to be turned into swords against her.

But even across the border all was astir and thrilling with Mary's triumph. A woman, a queen, a beauty of twenty-two, leading her own troops, shielding her husband, an English prince sprung of their own blood royal, could not leave the hearts of the English noblemen in the north unmoved. Many of them belonged to great Catholic families who had viewed Elizabeth's accession with deep alarm. Mary Stuart was the drama of Europe, and the romantic passion which followed her, go where she would, was a starry presence disturbing to men's minds. As Catherine de Medici had said long since, she had but to smile or weep to turn the heads of all about her.

That was what Elizabeth's shrewd instinct dreaded in Mary as her utmost peril. She had come to the throne herself at twenty-five, handsome as queens go, keen-edged with intelligence and statecraft, a true lover of England if even she loved herself first. Surely she too might use Romance as her lady in waiting and see eyes kindle at the mention of her name. But no. The woolings which flattered her hope of Venus's empire must come as much from her as from the men she favored.

Was it her queendom which set her too high for advances? That had not protected Mary. Men needed baiting with familiarities and freedoms of which not even

Drawing by Marie Lawson

THE PATTERAN

By MINNA IRVING

The skies are gray, a chilly wind
Is tugging at my cloak,
But I have found a violet
Beneath the leafless oak;
And in the withered grass a new
And tender blade of green,
And ferns unrolling by the brook,
Where dry, dead alders lean.

Here is a shy hepatica
Just peeping from the mold
And there an emerald shoot that tells
Where daffodils unfold.
Tho birds, and bees, and butterflies
Not yet are on the wing,
Yet in the woods and fields I trace
The patteran of Spring.

her bitterest enemies had as yet accused her rival, and often the woman's instinct in Elizabeth perceived the sexual coldness underlying all the flatteries of her poets and her courtiers. It was bitter, unendurable. And this unexpected conquest was wormwood!

For at these victories France and Spain would lift rejoicing heads; their ambassadors would cloak with smooth words their glee in Elizabeth's discomfiture. How should she receive the rebel lords fleeing to her protection, her money wasted and herself exposed in Europe as the one who had fomented plots against a neighboring sovereign? The gild of kings was so close that she would be judged a traitor to that bond of royalty which held them all, for she had broken the eleventh and greatest of the commandments, "Thou shalt not be found out."

If Moray hoped for any sympathy in that high quarter, he and his confederates did not yet know their Elizabeth. It was only after repeated refusals and humble intercession that Moray could get audience at all. She received him in state, seated in a chair which reminded the beholder that its occupant filled a throne. Now thirty-two, care and an irritable temper had traced sharp lines about her mouth and lit a hard gleam in her eyes.

She looked Moray up and down as a mistress who calls a servant to task for service undone; and Kilwinning, who had entered behind him with some hint of boldness, subsided instantly as the glare of her eyes swept him. For there was a fierce majesty in her that went well with the magnificence of her dress, stiff with pearls and gold and glittering jewels, the false red hair on her head matted with rubies and emeralds in scrolls and serpents until scarcely a hair showed except about her face. She looked the royal termagant she was as the men knelt before her, Cecil and Dudley behind her with implacable faces.

"And what would you have with me, rebels to your indulgent mistress and to my good sister and cousin?" was the first question.

It was really difficult for Moray to speak his needs—the list was so long. He said, still on his knees, that what he hoped was twofold.

"I desire to justify our course by submitting to your majesty's gracious consideration the misdeeds of our queen in that she is governed by foreigners, that she made a marriage displeasing to her faithful subjects and to your majesty and——"

"What is it to me whom she marries?" shot in Elizabeth, "and wherefore should her rebels justify themselves to me that am a foreign prince to them and will so remain? And if she is governed by foreigners, which I little credit, knowing her good-will and wisdom, again what is that to me? I meddle not with her affairs."

SUCH audacities daunted even Moray. At that moment her gold was heavy in his pockets. Letters from her ministers crowded his secret repositories in Scotland. He had believed that he pulled the strings and Elizabeth and her ministers danced to gain their own ends, true, but danced! And now who was dancing? He made another attempt.

"We did not fight against our lawful queen's authority. She is under the dominion of a base Italian secretary whose will is to inspire her with hatred against your majesty; and Mr. Randolph can assure your grace how much love is left in her for you. And her passion for this secretary is what no loyal subject can bear. And if dissensions are stirred up between Scotland and England——"

"Silence, man—fool, I call you!" shouted Elizabeth. "Have I not said I will hear no word against my good sister that is of my own blood? Hold your false tongue. You disparage me in her, and by God's death I will have none of it. Know that!"

Moray played his last card.

"Madam, I say in private, what I could prove in public, that we have had your aid in all our enterprises against our sovereign—aid in money and in kind and in cheerful and comfortable letters, with which my portfolios are stuffed. And now that we have failed for the time, you disown us as right may be. But I say this—the time will come when she will not escape us, and when we hand her bound to your royal wisdom to deal with, what then?"

There was a deadly silence. A moment passed. Then Elizabeth rose tall above him on the step of her chair and addressed the two quivering on their knees.

"My men, it may be that your sovereign's mercy has spoiled you, and you think you can sow your lies where you will. I tell you this to your false faces: I never aided you with gold piece or writing. Now I know the fount of falsity that has sown suspicions and mistrusts between your queen and me. I never desired but one thing: to see her reigning in wisdom and joy as a noble and fortunate princess should. On your knees you have lied; on your knees you shall unsay your lies in the face of Europe. Have in the French and Spanish ambassadors, Cecil. Lead them in, Dudley. Tell them what has passed."

It was a moment in Moray's life that he never forgot, a lesson driven in upon him with branding-irons that seared. The slow way of calumny under Elizabeth's own guidance was the only safety. He remained kneeling, Kilwinning behind him, heads bowed.

The ambassadors entered, jeweled and perfumed. Cecil had briefly informed them of the facts. They withheld their bows from the victims in deference to the queen's wrath.

The queen, seated again, waved a peremptory hand.

"Announce to these gentlemen that I have had neither art nor part in your foul dealings with your lawful queen, and be brief."

Writhing inwardly, Moray began his abjuration in English with his broad Scots accent. She stopped him rudely.

"French is the language of the courts. Speak French that you may be clearly understood. We will have no mistakes here!"

"Madam, I speak it ill. I can be plainer in English."

"French I will have. You understand it well enough for my purpose. And the briefer the better."

No help. He staggered on in French.

"Madam, I acknowledge before these gentlemen that we, the rebel lords, have had neither aid, promise, or pay from your majesty in our rebellion, and this I swear in your presence and that of God Almighty."

She shot a glance of triumph about her.

"Now at last you have told the truth, for neither did

I nor any in my name stir you up against your queen. Reason good, it is impossible, for your abominable treason might serve for example to my own subjects against me. Therefore pack out of my presence for the unworthy traitors you are. Begone!"

They shunk out.

That night Elizabeth wrote a letter to Mary, congratulating her on her victories.

And I could have wished that your ears had been judges to hear the honor and affection I have manifested toward you, completely disproving what is stated—that I defended your rebel subjects against you.

That night Moray said to Kilwinning:

"Guile succeeds where swords shatter. Next time we will not fail, and this queen shall pay for this day while the world lasts."

Mary received that letter with joy, which doubled her victories. She saw in it the beginning of the end of the English plotting in Scotland, and copies were circulated in all parts of Scotland that reasonable men might take heed and risk themselves no further in rebellion. But Mary had a deeper and more enduring reason for joy in her own loving heart. She was with child—for Scotland and England an heir, one in whose veins the blood of Stuarts and Tudors mingled to be recognized as sovereign by both peoples. She might now have touched the summit of earthly happiness but for the "if" and "but" which dog all human effort.

Happiness could not be shared with Darnley, whose sole notions of pleasure lay in dice and drink, and there were griefs in her own inmost circle. Even among the Marys there was discord, for Mary Fleming had disappointed her by coquetries with the Englishman Killigrew, Mary Livingstone was the wife of Sempill; and between the queen and Mary Beton had sprung up a chill like the cold of sunset in the air, the nothing was known of her guilt with Randolph.

But in compensation Mary Seton grew dearer to her daily; their love ceased to be girlish and fluctuating and took on a womanly strength and depth. It was not demonstrative on either side, but a part of the deeper inner life of both; and Mary tasted at this time some moments of deep thought that ignored all grief as she sat with Mary Seton in her cabinet, thinking, planning, dreaming for the prince-to-be.

"You think deeply, Mary Stuart," Mary Seton said one day, laying down her needle and gazing at her earnestly. "Is it of the child?"

"It is of him and of all he means, Mary Seton. I will that he shall be a great king, and I join my prayers to my will. I know well I took my sovereignty too lightly. I have done little enough for it, tho I loved my people——"

"You have done much in spite of my Lord Moray's hindrance. Good roads, justice for the poor, mercy to the hard Knox and his followers. These are not small things."

"Small compared with my dreams. Hear one of them. I note them on paper that when my son is a man grown he may read and know his mother thought of something better than wars and power and riches. Where I fail he shall succeed."

"May I know also, your grace?"

"You shall know. I have written this for my son to consider, and I will enforce it if I live through childbirth. Therefore I command you, Mary Seton, that if I decease you shall set this before him patiently as I would myself."

Tears sprang in Mary Seton's eyes as the queen took a paper and read:

"What ought a monarch to do if his ancestors have ennobled a man of worth whose posterity has become degenerate? Must the king, because of the wise and valiant father, honor a son who is undeserving, selfish, and a lawbreaker? If, on the other hand, the king finds a man of low degree, poor as the world goes, but generous, faithful, and serviceable, may he not give such a one power because the nobles, having clutched all offices, desire to do so still?" She laid it down.

"FOR I would have you note, Mary Seton, that the nobles I trust, one and all, betray or break down under me. I have found them wanting. It is each for himself and the devil take the rest! But note how Signor David Rizzio is nothing in birth, but to me and to Scotland he gives of his best, and I have had much good of him, and this I note in others and in history. There is no charm in noble blood Sometimes I think a man is honest in spite of it, tho this is hard to believe, taught as I was, that only the nobles are worth a thought. Yet I do not find nobility noble."

"Nor I," said Mary Seton. "But the prince shall know, and you shall teach him yourself, your grace. And for your dream?"

"You know I have taken the empty church lands and made rents of them to pay the stipends of Knox's half-starved ministers and of my own clergy. And now my dream is to resume the church lands that Moray and the nobles have stolen, and from the rents to maintain schools and hospitals and build up the country till men talk no more of the savagery of Scotland. And this I will do for my child's sake, too, that he may have a better heritage than mine. Will they let me bear him in peace, Mary Seton? Never in my life have I had a peaceful hour to make my dreams living things."

"Yet you dream, madam, and that is well. I think you will be a great ruler." But her heart misgave her, remembering Darnley.

"They will not give me time," she said sadly, and so sat with bitter thoughts tormenting her. What a guard had she provided for her child if she should die in bearing him! The foolish, dissolute Darnley, and through and behind it all the crafty Elizabeth plotting in new directions.

But now suddenly she broke down into a great weeping, and Mary Seton put her arms about her and drew her head to her bosom.

"Cry, my heart's heart!" she said tenderly. "It will ease you. You bear too much in silence. Oh, it is a hard, hard life for the dearest and best and kindest on earth. For that you are. Sometimes I think if the witch of England could see your great eyes they would melt even her rancor."

For a while she soothed her, stroking her hair and caressing her cheek with soft fingers, burning anxiety in her heart. The queen raised her streaming eyes at last to Mary Seton with woful pallor upon her lips.

"There is more than you know, Mary Seton, and it may be you will yet have to aid me for the child's life and mine if it goes on. Therefore I tell you. The rebel lords who did not take refuge with Elizabeth have drawn in the king, being young and foolish, into a plot with them, and Morton and Ruthven are forever feeding him with tales of how David Rizzio is the true king of Scotland. And he has taken such hatred to Rizzio on this that I fear to lose my best adviser. What shall I do?"

What, indeed? Incredible madness, ruinous folly! That Darnley could turn to his wife's rebels!

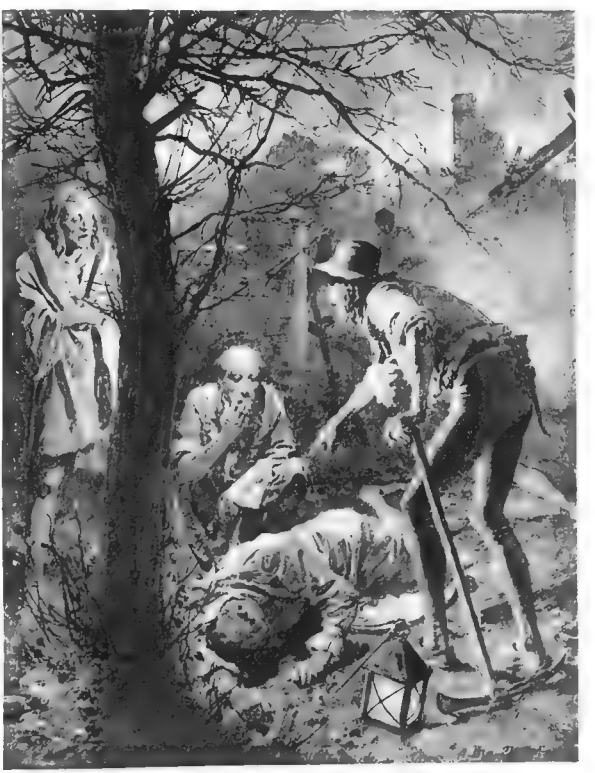
"Dear, your majesty!" she whispered. "How far has it gone? Can we know?"

"Nothing but what they tell us. But, Mary Seton, if he kills my child with fear I will leave him. A wife might endure it, a mother can not."

Mary Seton leaped at her words.

"Leave him, leave him before it is too late, my heart's beloved. Send him and his base old father back to Elizabeth. She asked for them. And be free and come with me to Stirling, and there, in the strong castle where they guarded you, a child, we will guard your prince and you."

Continued on Page 121



"THE FEBRUARY DAWN SHOWED LIKE A GRAY RIM ON THE SKY, WHEN LOUD CRIES OF TERROR BROKE FROM THE ORCHARD—THE KING! THE KING!"

Original from

"'LYDIA! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING? YOU CAN'T GO WITH HIM!'"

BIRTHDAY

Miss Charlotte Audinger makes a gesture in the face of Father Time

By STELLA RYAN

Illustrations by DECIE MERWIN

MISS CHARLOTTE AUDINGER was being conveyed down Fifth Avenue in a bus marked "Washington Square." She might have said she was riding, but you knew she was being conveyed, just as you knew she seldom wrote letters or telephoned, but rather communicated by means of those instruments. And even had you seen her with startled pretty eyes and flying color (her cheeks had still the apple rounds of a little girl's) as she dashed frantically to avoid the taxicabs of Forty-second Street, you would hardly have taxed her with running. You knew she acknowledged only the impetus to hurry.

Yet she lacked an age considerable enough to impose these watered euphuisms. Her seventeenth year had fallen only as far back as that pleasant time of Spanish flounces when Dewey was capturing Manila, and young Mr. Davis—"Richard Harding Davis" on the title-pages of his books—had come home from reporting the war in Cuba.

But as she had been then, so had she continued. She still believed in goodness and in the basic fineness of nice people. She seldom went to church, yet she obeyed the decalog to the extent of never attending a musical comedy. Yet altho she had never beheld Miss Lillian Russell or the "Florodora" sextet she always reproved at length any one suggesting that consummate beauty had not been inside those silken tights or under those nodding pompadours. And altho she never voted she observed the law to the extent that she was appalled by her inability to forget the deliciousness of cakes tinctured with rum or the satisfaction of puddings smarting with old brandy.

Now, as she rode down Fifth Avenue, she was carrying gifts to her niece, Miss Mary Anne Audinger, who on that splendid April day, at precisely six o'clock in the evening, would be two years old. In the box on Miss Audinger's knee was her own gift. In the box on her arm was something or other from her brother Robin, Mary Anne's father. She was acting as messenger between Robin and his daughter because three months previous Lydia, Mary Anne's mother, had divorced him.

Miss Audinger was alarmed over Robin. He had dropped in at her apartment the evening before, looking ill and older than his twenty-nine years, causing her to ask endless questions about the food he ate at his club and when he ate it and about the number of cigarets he smoked. He always suffered her questions because their mother had died when he was born and their father three years later, and Miss Audinger's young care had stretched with infinite love above his boyhood.

He had continued to accept the often annoying proofs of this love, and even repaid it, much after the manner of sons, allowing her to persuade him to be photographed, remembering to send her opals when he had been in Mexico, stubbornly dedicating to her his Christmas eves if he happened to be in town.

The evening before they had talked of various things, and then Miss Audinger had spoken of the divorce. She had up to this time refused to discuss it. It had taken her by surprize, and she could not regard it as other than a quarrel that would eventually be patched up.

"ROBIN," she said, "I'm thoroughly vexed with Polly Cole." Polly Cole was Lydia's mother, with whom Lydia and the baby had been living now for some weeks in the old brick house whose iron balconies hung out over Link Street. "She thinks Lydia ought to—to make her some return, money I mean, for living there with her. And she spoke of it before Alan Tressan."

"Oh, is he still around?"

"We were playing cards."

"I didn't know old Queen Cole ever gave parties."

"Oh, not a party, Robin. Just Lydia and Mrs. Cole and Alan Tressan and I. I go there still to play on Friday nights. I thought you wouldn't mind, Robin. It's really on account of Anne I go. I do love Anne so! But what I wanted to say is, Alan Tressan is almost a stranger to Polly Cole. It must be that he and Mrs. Cole became very good friends while he—while he——"

"Yes, Charlotte, don't be afraid—while he was helping Lydia get her divorce."

"Of course being a lawyer he naturally couldn't get out of helping her. But what I really wanted to say is, I've been thinking, why don't you go down there to-morrow to see Anne?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that."

"But it's Anne's birthday, Robin. That would be such an excellent excuse. You could pretend you were merely going with a gift for Anne."

"Oh, no, nothing like that."

"But even tho you don't care to see Lydia—not yet—it would seem to me a natural thing to want to see Anne. You must begin to see Anne some time, Robin."

"Oh," said Robin, "isn't Anne divorced from me, too? What a joke! I suppose cruelty and incompatibility exist only between husbands and wives."

"I DON'T believe," said Miss Audinger, "that Lydia really meant you were cruel. How could she? I dare say you quarreled and she became hysterical. Women are often hysterical, Robin. They get over it. I'm sure if Lydia hadn't gone rushing off to Paris she'd have gotten over it too. It was—well, hasty of Alan Tressan to advise Paris. I was very angry with him, but then I reasoned it out. Hysterical women always persuade a man. You know very well a man simply has to act to get rid of them. That's how hysterical women always get what they want."

Robin said, "But Lydia was never hysterical in her life."

"Inside, Robin. I mean inside."

"Why, I've never seen Lydia bat an eyelash over anything."

"Inside, Robin. Women don't always show it."

"Then how do you make out she worked so effectively on old Tressan?"

"He felt it, Robin. Hysterical women create their own atmosphere."

"Oh, come off, Charlotte! Hysterics went out with hoop-skirts."

"Nonsense, Robin. We're exactly the same as we always were. I mean inside."

Robin began to make excuses for leaving, but Miss Audinger wouldn't let him go. "Robin, I do wish you'd visit Anne to-morrow. She's such a dear."

"I hardly know her," said Robin. "Less than two years; that's not a very long acquaintance. Besides she'll never need me. There'll be a lot of money when old Queen Cole kicks the bucket. Then why should I stick around just to be a handy thing, a nice, comfortable last-minute escort, some one to dig another dress out of after she's spent a fat allowance?"

"I don't like to hear you sound—well, well, so cynical," Miss Audinger told him. "After all Anne has your eyes."

"Oh, d—— my eyes! They always got me into trouble."

"You needn't swear."

"How are old Tressan's romantic blue orbs? He must be creeping up to sixty in spite of his handball and his squash."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Miss Audinger. "He was a very young man when father died. A great many people thought father had made a mistake in having such a young man manage his affairs. He can't be any more than fifty-three or -four."

"He's a great boy. I won't look like him when I reach his age."

He looked very tired. Miss Audinger begged, "Before you go out West on this tunneling project, or whatever it is, I wish you'd have Dr. Fraser look you over."

He half promised he would visit the doctor, but he left the apartment before Miss Audinger could make him promise to visit Anne.

Miss Audinger sat up until one o'clock pondering this lack and smocking a pink dimity dress for a doll for Anne. She had already smocked an identical pink dress for Anne herself. Making the two dresses afforded her the same depth of pleasure as tho she were clothing twins.

A LITTLE after one o'clock the door-bell rang. No one ever rang Miss Audinger's bell at that time in the morning. Before drawing the chain-bolt she demanded to know who was without.

"Can't remember my name," said Robin's voice, "but you know me. Let down the portcullis."

She opened the door, and Robin sagged toward her, displaying two red rivulets on his white shirt-front. He said, "Excuse me, Charlotte, I'm drunk. Couldn't think of any other place to go. Couldn't remember the names."

Terrified, she put her arms around him and tried to draw him in. "Oh, please, Robin! Come in and sit down."

He smiled delightedly. "That's it! Robin, Rob, Bobby." He came in and sat on one of the hall chairs. "Robin Audinger. Robin Anthony Audinger. Write that down, Charlotte. I don't want to forget that again."

She was trying to get him out of his top-coat. All along the sleeve there was dirt. He must have fallen. She didn't know what to do for him. She had never seen him drunk before. She cried, "Oh, Robin, I'll have to send for a doctor!"

"No," he told her. "I'm all right. Couldn't think of any other place to go."

She took off his collar. "You're sure you're not hurt?"

He looked at the red rivulets. "Got my nose in the way. I didn't want to fight. I knew better. Not a nice thing in front of your wife's house. I told him to keep away from her. I said, 'Beat it.' Then he tried to knock me down. He couldn't. Not at first, he couldn't, but I was drunk. I'm still drunk, Charlotte."

She said, "Come into the bathroom and let me wash your face."

"I couldn't get up," he confided. "He called a taxi and they lifted me. I wanted to go a place I know. Couldn't remember the name. We drove around looking for it. Kept going through the park. Every time I passed an iron man up on a horse he made me pay the fare. I knew he was cheating. I wanted to pay when we passed the lake. He'd been in the War. Shrapnel. I let him get away with it."

"Please, Robin, come and let me wash your face."

He looked up at her. "I'm all right. Been like this lots of times. All I need is good strong coffee."

Eventually she made the coffee, and after he had drunk two cups he became argumentative. He demanded, "Charlotte, why hasn't that putrid old word-wrangler married you? What's he doing hanging around you all these years? Year in, year out, sending you ducks and prairie-chickens. What does it mean?"

"Robin, you weren't fighting with Alan Tressan?"

"He was fighting with me. He's got to keep out of Link Street. He's got to keep away from Lydia."

"That's nonsense, Robin. He goes there to see Mrs. Cole."

"Why hasn't he married you?"

She said, "Please, you ought to go to bed now."

"You answer me, Charlotte. Has he ever asked you to marry him?"

"You know very well," she told him, "that Alan Tressan is merely a friend of mine, just as he is a friend of yours. I'm sure we both owe him a huge debt of gratitude for all the assistance he's given us since father died."

"I don't know about that. His little bills came pretty regular. But that's not the question. He's mooned around you for years, and now I want to know if he's ever, in direct, deliberate speech, asked you to marry him? Has he?"

"Of course not."

"Now wait a minute. I don't want any 'of course nots.' I want plain yes or no. Once again, Charlotte!"

"No, Robin, no."

"I want to know why not. You're not fifty, are you?"

"Of course not. I'm only forty-nine."

"Then listen to me, Charlotte. You go after him. You throw the holy ropes of matrimony around him and you'll be doing me a favor."

She put her arms around him. "Come along to bed, Robin. You'll feel better after you've had some sleep."

"The trouble with you, Charlotte, is that topknot you wear. Hack it off. Don't you ever look around and see all the homely old women getting away with it? You've got a complex, one of these Dresden lavender and old-lace complexes. But you're not pulling it off. You've got to be thin to pull it off, and you're getting fat, just the least little bit fat. If I was drunker I'd say you were good and fat. You know, Charlotte, when I'm sober I pretend you're all right, but when I'm drunk I've got to acknowledge you're sailing under too many pounds."

She could not get him to bed. About three o'clock he borrowed ten dollars and prepared to leave, apologizing for the trouble he had caused. The collar and necktie she had taken off he refused to put on again and crammed them into a pocket of his coat. It was then he discovered the white pasteboard box. He said, "A gift for my daughter. I was taking it to her myself when I met Tressan. Now you better give it to her, Charlotte. You say that her father wishes her many happy returns of the day."

After he left she sat for half an hour in the hall holding the small white box and allowing her heart and her mind to ache. She wondered if Robin had been drinking when Lydia had divorced him. In the morning she would ask Lydia. Mrs. Cole had invited her to lunch. There would surely be an opportunity for talking to Lydia about Robin. She would investigate the charges of incompatibility and cruelty which Lydia had brought against him.

Then she went to bed, but before she put out the light she drew her nightgown close to investigate the truth of Robin's accusation. She was dismayed. No holding of her breath could improve her outline. She remembered hearing that flesh always crept upon a person unawares. She wondered would it be sufficient to deny herself breadstuffs and potatoes. She lay awake worrying about Robin's ability to gain his club and her ability to regain her figure. Toward morning she fell asleep, having come to the conclusion that nice, conservative people desired something more than a semblance of flesh on their bones.

Now, to Miss Audinger riding down the avenue in the brilliant April sunshine, the aspect of Robin's one-o'clock visit presented several reasons for excuse. In the first place there was the satisfying knowledge that even when drunk Robin was still a gentleman. Of course, he had quarreled with Alan Tressan, but not, she was sure, in any low or disgusting way. And Alan Tressan had knocked him down for his own good.

Naturally Alan Tressan saw the disadvantages of Robin's appearing in that condition before Lydia. It was really nice of Alan Tressan to have prevented Robin from so appearing. And even if he had been forced to knock Robin down, she had Robin's own word for it that afterward he had picked Robin up and put him in a taxi.

"'IT'S NOT FOR ANNE,' LYDIA TOLD HER, 'IT'S FOR ME'"

INDEED all the heartache of the night before had retreated, giving place to the fear that Alan Tressan might have missed the extreme niceness which the situation demanded, and might have related the escapade to Polly Cole. For between Polly Cole and Miss Audinger there existed mildly that mutual contempt which springs between two people diverging sharply in their respect for money.

Mrs. Cole was one of those women with a genius for trading in real estate who are bound to be widowed. On the first two pages of a little memorandum-book, sewed into her hand-bag, were the names of all the apartment-houses she owned on the west side of the city. On the third page was a list of the houses she owned on the east side. On the fourth page were all the loft and mercantile buildings she owned in the vicinity of Fourth Avenue and Broadway.

This little book had come into existence after her failure to remember on the day the rent was due that she owned a tenement-house on Second Avenue. She was fond of declaring that her property wore her to skin and bone. It did. She saw to all the details of landlordship herself, even collecting the rents. Only when the distance between buildings was too great to walk did she take a street-car.

When Miss Audinger left the bus and turned into Link Street she saw high on a stepladder, on the stoop of her house, no less a person than Polly Cole herself. She was vigorously polishing the panes of glass in the Queen-Anne fanlight above her door. Her dark skin, her bright, alert eyes were heritages from an Italian father, but her mouth, twisted at the corners, was the skeptical mouth of the homespun Yankee judging

Continued on Page 53

"ANNE FLAMED WITH EXCITEMENT. 'LET ME DOWN,' ~~she~~ CRIED"

Original from

THROUGH SEVEN

Wellesley's Way to Wisdom

Drawings by Philip Kappel

EDITOR'S NOTE

This is the fourth and concluding article of a novel series by Jeanette Eaton on seven leading colleges for women. Accounts of Bryn Mawr, Smith, Vassar, Radcliffe, and Barnard have already appeared.

ALTHO the tiny cell was part of the crypt it was well lighted by a high window. The small space was strewn with brushes, crayons, and diverse pots. On a table, beside a mortar filled with bright pigments for compounding, lay glittering gold-leaf for the Madonna's sure-ole. One section of the rough wall had been coated with glue and chalk, and thereon was traced the outline of a fresco.

Before this stood the artist, smocked, paint-stained, and absorbed. Yet here was no monk. No more was it the quatrocento, but only a bit of its atmosphere recreated for the needs of twentieth-century scholarship. The cell was a tiny enclosure in the basement of a modern art-building at Wellesley College. And the artist was a 1929 senior, an honors student, at work upon her theme, "Methods of Painting in the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth Century." She was following the exact processes used five hundred years ago.

That's the kind of enterprise pursued by modern undergraduates. No wonder Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, president of Wellesley, declares that a true revival of learning is taking place at the woman's college to-day. Fifteen honors students last year engaged on topics equally ambitious.

Just listen to a few thesis titles: "Trade-Unionism in Production," "Determination of the Orbits of Comets and Spectroscope," "Influence of the Fabians on British Legislation," "A Genetic Study of Children's Painting and a Consideration of the Work of the Sur-Realists." One can only venture an awed speculation as to what these young bluestockings will propose for a master's degree. Refuting the theory of relativity, perhaps?

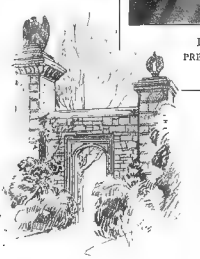
That study of children's painting, for example, meant the most patient observation of the youngsters at the Wellesley Nursery School. This delightful establishment of "progressive" type, set up just within the college gates, plays a dual rôle. It gives the right educational start to the children of the neighborhood and at the same time serves as a laboratory for several collegiate departments, such as education and psychology.

The pupils, however, are spared all knowledge that they are there to educate their betters, and nothing is permitted to disturb the rhythm of classwork. In this instance the paintings they made for pleasure served to prove that the six-year-old child and the great modernistic artist have much in common. Both look at things with fresh directness and both use immense economy of method.

Wellesley College promotes individual scholarship in four different ways. In the first place, candidates competent for college work are sifted out by personal interview whenever possible and by examinations. The latter are of two kinds. A girl may either take those given in every subject by the College Entrance Board or a comprehensive examination in four subjects. In the latter case she must submit records and recommendations from her preparatory school.

Photo by Ye Craftsman

ELLEN FITZ PENDLETON
PRESIDENT OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE



ENTRANCE TO WELLESLEY

Secondly, after matriculation a student must take certain studies considered necessary to advanced work. Next she must concentrate instead of scattering her interests. *From nine to twelve hours of work are taken in one department and from six to nine in a second department. Finally, a girl of high standing may apply either in the sophomore or junior year for "honors in subjects." This means that she will devote all her time to one chosen field and may have three hours free from classes for independent work.

"The success of the plan for 'honors work,'" said a member of the faculty noted for objective views, "depends on the professors as well as the girls. Some of the former are apt to direct a student far too closely. There must be guidance, of course, but the whole value of the plan is to develop originality and independence. It's a splendid augury that girls are so keen for this type of work now. But remember that the more individual the instruction the greater the expense to the college!"

What of that? one is tempted to reply. For at first glance Wellesley looks as if it could say, if ever an institution could, "Hang the expense!" Vast estates and luxurious buildings combine to produce that effect. A recent graduate, asked for what Wellesley was most famous, said in a tone of profound resignation, "Oh, for the campus, I suppose!" And, indeed, it is justified in achieving a prestige of its own. Winding drives, a beautiful lake, superb trees, enchanting vistas in every direction, and a landscape so varied as hardly to afford a flat spot—here are charms unequaled among the seven colleges in this group.

The girls love their campus for its gifts of beauty and complete isolation. Yet, with that candor which would have endeared this entire generation to Socrates, they admit that so extensive a territory is not an unmixed blessing.

"Those of us who haven't bikes are out of luck," they declare. "We run panting from the gym to the lab and back to class recitations and still we're always late. Every day we trot miles just in the ordinary course of appointments. If distance lends enchantment it should lend seven-league boots too."

However, if footwork as well as headwork is required for progress, the results seem of the best. Or else rosy cheeks and bright eyes are signs of breakdown. Wellesley girls have plenty of energy left for every conceivable sport and game, and are the only undergraduates in this sevenfold group to have a bona-fide rowing crew. Upper-class intelligentsia may sniff all they like at enthusiastic oarsmen, but freshmen continue to come up for tryouts in overwhelming numbers, and the place of captain remains an august office. On Float-night even seniors experience a thrill when the class crews race each other. It is the most dramatic event of the beautiful water pageant.

Only a few great celebrations draw the entire college together. The most elaborate of these is Tree-day, a lovely festival of Spring. It begins with the planting of two pine-trees and continues with an outdoor spectacle and interpretative dancing. May-day is also a colorful jubilee, initiated by a hoop-rolling contest. The participants are seniors, arrayed in cap and gown, whose difficult task is to prove fleet and sure of foot without sacrifice of dignity. Field-day represents another occasion when all classes are supposed to muster out to cheer the prowess of their athletic stars.

But where are the snows of yesteryear? Gone is the old rooting spirit from the woman's college. If a doughty Amazon makes a new record at putting the shot she must do so for the sheer joy of it, for no claque will come to bear her off the field in triumph.

Experienced observers say that Wellesley, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts. First are the students who conform to the pattern of a bygone day. These regard upper classmen with awe, think social contacts important, study just enough to "get by," and even giggle. Such miserable offenders are dominated, however, by a second group. It is constituted of responsible leaders and hard workers. Their only fault is an adolescent wish to have lessons assigned them and to work "conscientiously" for high marks.

Third and last come those undergraduates who fulfil the purpose of the founder of Wellesley. This was Henry Fowle Durant. In 1871 he set aside a tract of land and drew up a plan for the college for women which opened four years later. He wished to give "to young women opportunities for education" and "the supreme development and unfolding of every power and faculty." The mature student

FOUNDERS' HALL

Continued on Page 82

* Wellesley credits work by the year, and Mount Holyoke by the term.

CAMPUS GATES

Mt. Holyoke, the Puritans' Modern Daughter

By JEANETTE EATON

FIELD MEMORIAL GATE

THEY thought she was a little mad. Otherwise she'd have accepted the retirement imposed upon spinsters instead of knocking on strange doors. And her eternal, wild idea of educating girls! She was fantastic. She was a nuisance. That's what many good New England folk in 1836 believed of Mary Lyon. They watched her driving her white horse over hill and dale and knew not that she was a dauntless crusader engaged in making history. Scoffing, they listened to her startling doctrine. Women must be freed from the slavery of ignorance!

In 1830 a woman had to be a veritable genius to rise above domestic oblivion. A few years of conning the three R's represented all the learning acquired by an overwhelming majority of the sex. They had no hope of more. Even mothers themselves gaped at Mary Lyon in utter disbelief. Their daughters study Latin and natural philosophy? It seemed incredible.

Yet gradually conviction grew that a seminary for girls might become a fact. As housewives turned from stove and wash-tub to listen to their inspired visitor their dull eyes lighted with her vision of emancipation. That vision never failed. For Mary Lyon was made of heroic stuff and her fire for a great cause was not to be dimmed by indifference or ridicule.

Mary Lyon's purpose was to reach, not the rich, but the middle classes and the poor. Funds to buy land and erect a school-building came for the most part in pennies and silver half-dimes handed over by farmers, millers, and shopkeepers.

She asked this contribution in the name of the Lord, for she was passionately religious. And the money came. So did the pupils. Four hundred girls begged admittance, and the eighty who were chosen arrived at the school almost before the furniture and carpets.

Such was the unique and glorious beginning of Mount Holyoke. In 1937 will be celebrated the hundredth year of its existence. Altho it did not abandon the seminary until 1893 and is therefore as a college the youngest among the seven colleges for women, as an institution of learning it is the oldest among them by nearly thirty years.

Mount Holyoke was opened while the stage-coach and the kerosene-lamp were still in their heyday. From behind serene Massachusetts hills it has watched the coming of a new world created by modern invention. Indeed in that vast drama of national development the seminary played an active part, for its founder was one of the forerunners of the feminist movement, and her influence in education spread to the four corners of the country.

The very bricks of Mount Holyoke uphold this heritage of genuine piety, of courage, of the belief in a scheme of simple living and lofty thinking. Mary Lyon's dedicated spirit not only broods over the place, but is cherished as a living essence by the president. To stand within the college gates is to realize with fresh vividness all the stupendous effort which brought about women's higher education. To meet Miss Mary E. Woolley is to sense anew how nobly that tradition is carried on.

Miss Woolley is one of those personages great enough to be at once an individual and a type. She seems to embody attributes which were woven into the pioneer past in education—its dignity, force, and idealism, the pure simplicity of its goal. She has, also, the eternal youthfulness of a vigorous generation. Her hair is jet-black. Her soft laugh is a rich gush of merriment. Her vitality is ready for every test. No one is freer from the feverish and nervous tension which nowadays so frequently accompanies heavy responsibilities.

Indeed, in contrast to the pale and formless adaptability of most of her sex, Miss Woolley is rugged and colorful to a refreshing degree. She gives the impression of a character like one of those majestic New England boulders. Drizzling anxieties, icy misfortunes, the baking sun of publicity fail utterly to wear her away. Around her swirls the sparkling stream of youth. But its impetuous will, dashing continually against her conservatism, succeeds only in crumbling off its most brittle edges. Essentially unshaken remains the president. Her affection and pride in these young things, her warm wish that they may be happy, never cloud her judgment nor deflect her aim.

In Miss Woolley's spacious house live three young women of the faculty. They are noted for progressive views and for new departures in education. Such adventures elicit from their friend and leader the utmost sympathy. Likewise every student activity which means the expression of individual gift or the expansion of ideas always wins the president's support.

She is proud to have certain of the best French students spend their junior year at the Sorbonne. The new theater workshop is her boast. Nevertheless the focus of her interest remains fixed. Education may broaden with modern demands, but what it *must* do is to provide sound training for mind and for character.

MARY E. WOOLLEY
PRESIDENT OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE

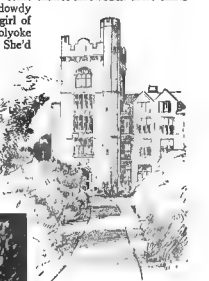
The visitor to Mount Holyoke is prepared for this clear stamp. What is puzzling is to find so little external insistence upon it. There seems at first glance an amazing discrepancy between the reputation of this institution and its actuality. The entire place is as chock-full of surprizes as a Christmas box.

To begin with, all too little has been said in praise of the extensive campus facing on the wide village street. With varied and undulating modulations, great trees, gardens, and handsome buildings, several of which are among the most luxurious possessed by any college, with a sweeping outlook on purple hills, these grounds afford a spacious and beautiful setting for academic life.

Equally unexpected is the result of contact with the student body. Rumor has it that this is a rather moneyless and God-fearing group. Yet these undergraduates prove to be as attractive, lively, and freethinking young women as you would find anywhere. So fluffy and alluring is their appearance at the formal proms and Saturday night dances as to give these affairs rather the atmosphere of a metropolitan center than of a country college. Between these entertainments, sports, concerts, dramatic events, debates, and special celebrations, life here traces a rich and colorful pattern.

The Community Government gives a fair hearing to the most violent rebels against tradition. Chapel attendance is obligatory only twice a week. In the Spring, seniors are permitted to whisk about in their own snappy roadsters. In short, if by some chance throwback there exists in the country a dowdy and sanctimonious girl of seventeen Mount Holyoke is no college for her. She'd take one look at it and run.

This air of spirited gaiety and freedom is enough to rout all misinformation. The visitor can then note at leisure that here neither frivolity nor inconsequence is to be found. In the catalog is the statement that, altho the institution is undenominational, it is "distinctly Christian." In the "Community Handbook" one finds only twelve church cuts on Sunday are permitted throughout the year. Moreover, there is a conspicuous absence of that very rich set which creates something of a problem at every other woman's college.



CLAPP LABORATORY
STUDENT TOWER

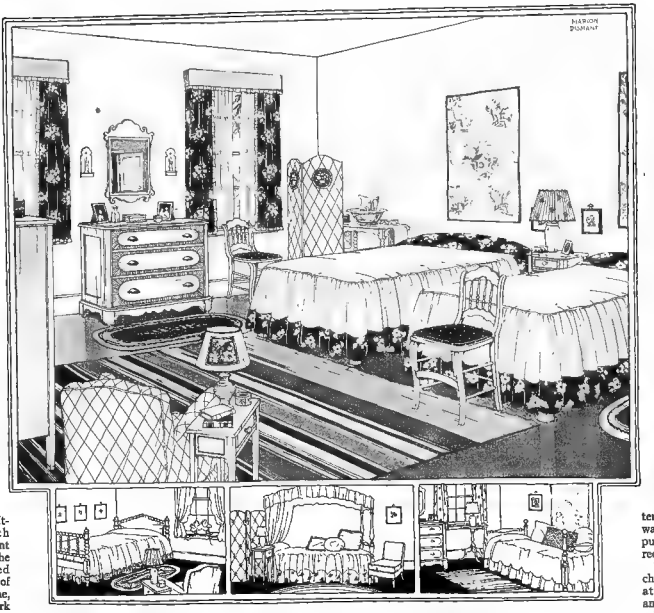
The student body represents a typical cross-section of American girlhood, but the majority of its members come from families with moderate incomes. A certain number of girls reduce the cost of their board by waiting on the tables once a day. Indeed it must be

Continued on Page 87

Original from

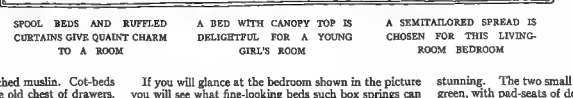
TRANSFORMING THE BEDROOM

By ETHEL DAVIS SEAL



Drawing by Marion Dismant

EVEN THE SIMPLEST BEDROOM MAY BE MADE CHEERFUL WITH GAY COLORS



SPOOL BEDS AND RUFFLED CURTAINS GIVE QUAINT CHARM TO A ROOM

A BED WITH CANOPY TOP IS DELIGHTFUL FOR A YOUNG GIRL'S ROOM

A SEMITAILORED SPREAD IS CHOSEN FOR THIS LIVING-ROOM BEDROOM

OF ALL rooms, charming bedrooms are the very easiest to achieve. Any chest or chiffonier may be painted into delightful relation to any gay scheme of color. Ruffled counterpanes are cheap, easy to make, all-enveloping, and smart. Flounces and ruffling and dear little chairs bring charm and look like a million dollars even tho they've cost only a little. Color-schemes may be bright and pretty, rugs may be informal, and beds may be transformed by draping them attractively.

How well I remember that ugliest bedroom of mine which defied any one to admire it, but which finally proved to be my most delightful one! Gray woodwork turned to sheer glory when I painted it pure bittersweet orange, which seemed especially brilliant in combination with the original cream-colored walls; window-curtains of cream-grounded cretonne, patterned with bright dark blue, orange, and yellow; pillow-throws of orange Japanese crêpe banded at each end with a wide strip of the figured cretonne.

The bedspreads were of unbleached muslin. Cot-beds were enameled black to match the old chest of drawers, which looked very smart after I had painted it black, given it knobs and line-trimmings of bright dark blue, and lined the drawers inside with orange to match the room woodwork. The mirror, hung above the chest, had a frame done in dark blue, and some attached candle-sockets held orange candles.

The small rugs on the dust-colored floor were of bright dark-blue wool. The tiny spindled wash-stand I painted bright orange so that it would especially set off the deep-blue Italian-pottery wash-bowl and pitcher, behind which I had hung on the wall a splasher of the cretonne bound in the bright-orange crêpe. Two little straight chairs were painted in orange.

Except for the dark-blue wash-bowl and pitcher, there had been nothing else blue in the room. The chest had been green, the wash-stand brown, the treatment of the cot-beds entirely lacking in color; the woodwork, as you know, was slate-gray. The room had no sun, no color, no charm; it was useless. But inspired by my ancient blue rugs and the cretonne, which had been cut down from out-of-date dining-room curtains, my scheme of bright blue and orange was born.

I could multiply this incident many times over. I might tell you how Polly furnished her completely empty bedroom entire at a ridiculously low price; how Sue coaxed her humdrum little bedroom into charm by buying only new lilac-patterned chints and pale-green wall-paper.

But what you're most interested in, I know, is what you can do with your own modest remnants. Suppose you have a pair of box springs and mattresses which are still quite good enough to make use of, even tho the original beds they completed are shabby and out of date and ready to discard.

If you will glance at the bedroom shown in the picture you will see what fine-looking beds such box springs can make, for, mounted on sturdy wooden feet, counterpaned in unbleached muslin dyed a nice color, trimmed with wide bands of harmonizing cretonne, with pillow-throws to match, they become quite smart enough to grace any room. Failing such box springs, it would be the better part of budget wisdom to purchase a good mattress and springs, which may be, covered with decorative fabric.

Many people have odd lengths of cretonne; in which case the lengths themselves determine the volume of trimming, and whether or not there may be side-drapes at the windows to match. But it is easy enough to blend several materials successfully; and the trimming used on a bedspread may be cut wide or narrow as need be, and echoed in the rest of the room-scheme by very small accents, such as a lamp-shade or a tiny pillow made of the same material; while the window-curtains may be of some gay-colored plain fabric with a bit of the cretonne as trimming, appearing either as a banding or as a valance.

THE color-scheme of such a room usually is suggested by the major material on hand, as was the case in my bedroom founded on orange and blue. In this pictured bedroom the cretonne was predominantly deep rose and green. Since the wall-paper was found to adhere very tightly to the walls, it was possible to apply two coats of a very pale apricot-pink water-tint, thus changing the walls completely at extremely low cost.

The muslin spreads were home-dyed pale pink to match, and the cretonne with its blue-green ground made an effective trimming. The wall-hangings were made of pieces of blue-green linen, much paler than the ground of the cretonne, and embroidered in wool in differing tones of green, tho little deeper than the pale background, and accented here and there by a bit of deep rose. These hangings were bound with a soft, deep cherry-rose, matching one of the tones found in the cretonne.

An old Japanese screen was found in the attic. Extra curved tops were attached strongly to the old frames. The panels were recovered with a diamond-printed linen in green, each panel accented by a tiny wool-embroidered disk in deep, gay tones of the room's colors. A shabby upholstered bedroom chair was given a slip of this same material, which, by the way, was one of the few new purchases the room had required.

The chest and the two chairs were found in the attic, dilapidated-looking and ugly; but after the mirror contraptions and the back ledge were removed from the chest, and it was painted in two tones of green, it was really quite stunning. The two small chairs looked well, too, painted green, with pad-seats of deep pink dotted percale hiding their new seats, for the original caning had disappeared years ago.

The chiffonier, to be glimpsed at the extreme left of the picture, was bought second-hand. Green paint and new knobs transformed it. The tiny tables were bought in the unfinished state, with the exception of the spindled wash-stand, which was a lowly antique. Green paint, and pink towels, and a pink-and-white wash-bowl and pitcher made this small affair seem quite too festive to have been designed primarily to help keep the guests out of the bathroom!

There are very few bedrooms which can not be turned into real beauty at small expense if some of the foregoing ideas are utilized. For even the large rag rug was a shabby and faded one until it had been dipped most successfully in green. The small oval rag rugs, in deep rosy pinks, were furnished by the piece-bag and home dye-pot. The glass-curtains were mere cheese-cloth, tho you'd never suspect it after they had been dipped in pale apricot-rose. Even the window-valances were pleasant economies—two pieces of white Canton flannel dyed a deep blue-green, effective with a denseness like velvet.

Spindle-beds, and beds with low posts, classed among cheap antiques also, need only to be fitted with new springs and mattresses. Calico canopies, old patchwork quilts, sprigged wall-paper, and hooked rugs may well be magic components of any bedroom which has cost little, but which looks as tho it had cost much.

A bed that is draped prettily, any kind of a chest painted to match, a home-made dressing-table, one or two ladder-backed chairs with ruffled pad-seats, a gay scheme, cheery paint, books, flowers, and candle-light—what more could any bedroom wish?

LENTEN CHOICES

Four delicious soups that are strictly vegetable

ALTHOUGH your choice of foods may be somewhat restricted at this season, you can enjoy these tempting and nourishing soups to your heart's content. For Campbell's Tomato, Pea, Celery and Asparagus Soups contain no meat in any form whatsoever. Instead, nutritious creamery butter further enriches them. They're wonderful, too, *creamed* according to the easy directions on the label. Enjoy them in Lent—on Fridays —all the year! 12 cents a can.

TOMATO SOUP

Favorite of the world. Renowned for its vivid, tempting color and irresistible flavor. Isn't it wonderful that the soup you like best—Campbell's Tomato Soup—can be enjoyed by you at any time, for it is strictly vegetable!

ASPARAGUS SOUP

Do you realize that asparagus makes one of the most delightful of all soups? This early spring king of the garden bestows all of its delicate flavor and nutriment to Campbell's Asparagus Soup. If you have never tasted this rich blend with its garnish of dainty asparagus tips, we advise you by all means to do so. For it is a rare treat.

CELERY SOUP

How you enjoy the crisp snowiness, the enticing aroma and the tonic refreshment of fine celery! All of these are captured for you in this Campbell's Celery Soup—a soup which should find its place on your table frequently. Do not overlook this soup, either, for the children's meals. Nothing could be more wholesome or beneficial to them than this blend of selected celery.

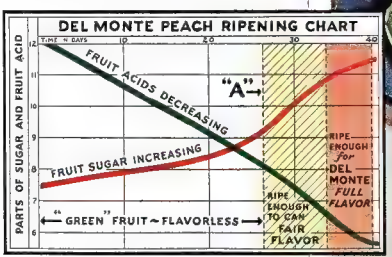
PEA SOUP

European families make pea soup one of their principal foods. It's almost an every day dish with them —a main source of the family food supply. So you see how valuable and helpful Campbell's Pea Soup can be on your table. Made from the tastiest of sweet peas, here is a soup that delightfully answers your requirements for vegetable food that builds and strengthens.

Showers in April,
Flowers in May—
Campbell's inside you,
Happy and gay!

flavor—a story written by Nature in less than 10 short days

When you know how peaches ripen—what makes flavor—you will understand why Del Monte is willing to take so much extra trouble to bring you fully tree-ripened fruit



Del Monte De Luxe Plums

How often we marvel at the wonderful progress of science—the achievements of man in creating new things for our enjoyment, new conveniences, new luxuries.

Certainly they have been great.

But man, with all his skill, has yet to equal Mother Nature. She is still the master chemist. In the ripening of every peach, she achieves a miracle no man has ever matched—a flavor appeal impossible to get in any other way.

Let us add, however—*only* if she is given *full* time to do her job!

For flavor, DEL MONTE long ago discovered, is largely a product of the *last few days on the tree.* In that brief time, Nature brings fruit acids and sugars into *just the right balance* to give you the really mellow goodness you want in fruit.

Glance for a moment at the chart above—a record, made in DEL MONTE laboratories, of how flavor develops in a ripening peach.

Where the two curved lines start, at the left, the fruit is "green"—high in acids, low in sugars. You know the tartness of unripe fruit.

Now follow these curves to the right. See how, from day to day, Nature is at work making fruit sugars, cutting down fruit acids.

At the point marked "A", the fruit has reached full size, and may be perfect in appearance. If DEL MONTE picked and canned its peaches at this stage, it could can *more* fruit, with *far less* trouble, less care in handling, less need for skill and modern equipment.

But Nature, at this point, has only *partly* done her work of creating *flavor.*

In the next few days, marked changes take place in the fruit on the tree. Sugars increase rapidly; fruit acids drop just as fast. A few more days, and they reach the perfect balance that spells supreme flavor. At the same time, delicate, fugitive esters appear—substances which give fully ripened fruit its tempting aroma and bouquet.

Picked at this stage, a peach is tender, juicy, delicious to the taste—a masterpiece of Nature!

No peach, *picked earlier*, can ever attain quite this same degree of tempting perfection and full flavor!

To make *sure* of getting peaches always at this stage of perfect ripeness, DEL MONTE is willing to go to endless added pains and trouble. For instance—DEL MONTE maintains a staff of over 50 trained fruit specialists who travel constantly during the ripening season—visiting each DEL MONTE orchard once and sometimes twice each day—watching for the hardly perceptible changes which tell them the peaches are "DEL MONTE ripe", before they give the word for picking to start.

Yet even this unusual care in picking is not enough! To retain all the goodness and flavor of fully ripened fruit, speed and care in canning are all-important. So DEL MONTE has its canneries close by the orchards, in every growing section. It uses only the best, most modern equipment. And supervising every detail of the canning process, are hundreds of trained, experienced workers—the best in human skill DEL MONTE can find.

Finally—ripened by Nature on the tree, packed in a syrup which complements but never drowns their natural goodness, DEL MONTE Peaches reach your table, the last word in quality and flavor!

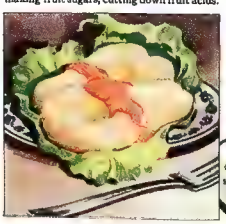
Remember, too, that peaches are only one of many DEL MONTE Foods which offer you extra flavor and enjoyment—extra value.

Under this one dependable brand you will find the widest assortment of fruits, vegetables, condiments and relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruit, raisins and other foods.

Each insures the quality you like to serve—at a price you are glad to pay!

"First aids" to easy, tempting meals

Here's just the thing for your kitchen file—7 handy DEL MONTE recipe books and folders containing over 260 fresh, attractive suggestions for salads, main course dishes and desserts—for every meal and every occasion. Why not let us send the full assortment to you—free! Write, today, to Dept. 538, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



Del Monte Bartlett Pears—famous for their delicate natural flavor. A favorite dessert fruit—a welcome addition to salads, cocktails and other fruit treats

Del Monte Apricots—the distinctive flavor of this fine fruit at its best

It pays to insist if you want the best

Food and Cooking for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

THE HOME BUREAU

CONDUCTED BY NELL HOWARD ENLOE

Modern Methods and New Devices for the Home

Photo by Mayer-Kuck

THE COOKY-JAR OF GRANDMOTHER'S DAY IS JUST AS POPULAR TO-DAY

FILLING THE COOKY-JAR

The A-B-C's of Cookery. Article VII.

By HELEN TREYZ SMITH

COOKY-MAKING need no longer include the rolling and cutting processes. These two procedures take a goodly amount of time as well as a certain degree of skill. Of course we can never completely abandon the method, for we will always need to roll and cut animal cookies for the children and make hearts and witches and other cooky characters for special occasions. But for every-day cooky-making, to keep the cooky-jar well filled, we will do well to adopt an easier method.

The simplest method of handling cooky-dough is to drop bits of it from the end of a spoon directly on a greased baking-sheet. This method eliminates not only the work of rolling and cutting the cookies, but it does away with the work and fuss of getting out, cleaning, and putting away of several utensils. Next, in point of simplicity, is the forming of dough into a long roll that is thoroughly chilled, then sliced and baked. Another simple method is to form small balls of cooky-dough in the palm of your hand, and flatten them on the baking-sheet by pressure from your hand or with a broad knife.

A pastry-bag, or cooky-cutting-machine, may be used to make cookies of a definite size and shape; and while these two methods are easier than rolling and cutting the dough, they do necessitate extra equipment, which must be washed and cared for. So if time is at a premium, choose one of the first three methods. You will sacrifice nothing in flavor, texture, and dainty appearance, and you will save a great deal of time.

Materials and Procedure

CAKES and cookies are made of the same basic ingredients, and the same general method of mixing is used. It is the difference in the proportion of the materials used and in the methods of handling and baking the dough that makes the difference in the finished product.

While substitution of one material for another is not to be recommended, it often appears to be advisable or necessary. In the making of cookies brown sugar is very often used because it gives an added flavor and makes for a rich brown color. If a recipe calls for brown sugar, well and good; use the exact amount it calls for. But if you are making a substitution, use 1¼ cupful of brown sugar for every cupful of white sugar called for. When white sugar is used it should be fine-grained. If it seems at all coarse crush it with a rolling-pin. Sift and use the finer particles for your cookies.

All old recipes for cakes and cookies call for butter as shortening, and of course it is very flavorsome and desirable. Other shortenings, less expensive, give perfect results, however, and you need not hesitate to use them. Here, again, if you are ever to make a substitution, you should know that butter contains a higher percentage of water than other shortenings and you will need to use more of it, or vice versa. Use one-fifth more butter than any other fat; and when another fat is substituted for butter, increase the amount of salt you are using by one-half, since fats other than butter and margarin are unsalted.

The proportion of fat to flour in cookies is from ¼ to ½ cupful to every cupful of flour. The richness of the cooky depends on this factor. In choosing a cooky to be made for children it is best to select one with a comparatively low proportion of shortening. It is being taken for granted that you will use a good fresh fat in cooking.

Very little baking-powder or soda is used for leavening as compared to the amount used in cakes. Sometimes, especially in very rich cookies, it is omitted entirely, and the eggs in the mixture are the only leavening agent. Lightness is a very desirable quality in cake, but it is not so necessary in cookies. Tenderness and flavor are much more important.

Pastry-flour or a general, all-purpose flour is the best choice for cooky-making. If bread-flour must be used, use 2 tablespoonfuls per cup less than the recipe calls for. It is always hard to give exact flour measurements, because the amount to use depends somewhat on the flour. When cooky-dough is rolled and cut, more flour is needed. All the time we should remember that *too much* flour makes a tough cooky.

The statement "flour to handle" for rolled and cut cookies has been the factor that has stood in the way of success for so many amateurs. "Flour to handle" may mean one thing to an expert and another to a beginner. So it happens that the newer methods of handling dough in cooky-making are less likely to fall than the older, harder, longer procedures. For the best rolled cookies, keep the dough as soft as can be handled. Save all the trimmings and roll together for the last batch. If you wish to use your old recipe and a new method, use ⅛ to ¼ cupful less of flour and drop the cookies rather than roll them.

Any cooky-dough is more easily handled if it has been chilled. This is especially important for rolled cookies, and is necessary for cookies which are sliced off and baked. When the dough is allowed to stand until it is thoroughly chilled, the moisture is absorbed and the dough will not take on so much flour during the rolling process. Then, too, the fat is hardened and the dough is not sticky. As a time-saver and a convenience the practise of forming the cooky-dough in a roll or molding it in a pan, then chilling in the ice-box, is an excellent one.

A good standard cooky recipe can be varied in a number of attractive ways. If cooky-making is a frequent occurrence at your house, these variations should be simple ones. Fortunately, you can do much in a simple way. For example, a raisin placed in the center of a cooky changes a plain cooky into a more interesting one. A candied cherry, grated chocolate, grated coconut, chopped peanuts, or whole nuts are possibilities.

If you have a supply of frosting on hand, plain cookies can be quickly changed into elaborate party-cookies. A frosted cooky always suggests festivity. If you wish, you may put fresh cookies together, sandwich fashion, using the frosting or jelly, or jam for a filling.

Flavoring and coloring also suggest simple ways to attractive variation.

RECIPES FOR COOKIES

Delicious Drop-Cookies

1 Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Cupful White Sugar
½ Cupful Shortening
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Sour Milk
3 Cupfuls (or a Bit More) Flour
1 Teaspoonful Soda
½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
¼ Teaspoonful Nutmeg

CREAM the shortening with the sugars. Add the eggs, unbeaten, and then the sour milk. Sift the soda and seasonings with the flour and add to the mixture. Drop on a greased baking-sheet and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) from 8 to 10 minutes.

Soft Molasses Drop-Cookies

2 Cupfuls Brown Sugar
1 Cupful Molasses
1 Cupful Shortening
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
1 Egg
¾ Cupful Hot Water
1 Teaspoonful Soda
½ Teaspoonful Ginger
5 Cupfuls Flour

CREAM the shortening with the sugar and molasses. Add the egg, unbeaten. Sift the seasonings with the flour and add alternately with the hot water, to which the soda has been added. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased baking-sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.).

Whole-Wheat Chocolate Drop-Cookies

1½ Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Cupful Shortening
Yolks 2 Eggs
2 Squares Melted Chocolate
2 Cupfuls Whole-wheat Flour
¾ Cupful Sour Milk
½ Teaspoonful Soda
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
1 Teaspoonful Salt

CREAM the sugar and shortening. Add the egg yolks and melted chocolate. Add the milk and dry ingredients, which have been mixed together. Beat

Orana frosting *Continued on Page 121*

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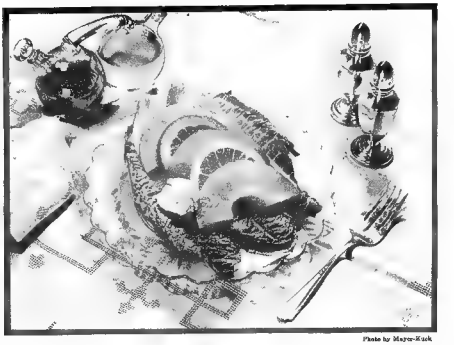

Photo by Mayer-Kirk

FRUITS OF THE TROPICS SUPPLY FLAVOR AND VITAMINS

KEEP SALADS ON THE MENU

By LOUISE WANEK

THE spice of a meal is the salad. No other dish provides the zestful flavor that comes with fruits or vegetables deliciously dressed with a good mayonnaise or a peppy French dressing. And no other dish affords so good an opportunity to get into our meals the uncooked foods so necessary to a well-balanced diet.

Following are a few salads that are extremely easy to prepare. The molded salads are especially welcome to the busy hostess, as they can be prepared the day before and not touched until the hour of serving. And for a short-notice dinner or luncheon what could be easier and quicker than the pear salad? Tuna-fish and shrimp salads, given below, are most desirable substitutes for meat-dishes at luncheon-time.

Tropical Salad

9 Slices Canned Pineapple
1 Large Orange with Peel Left On
1 Package of Cream Cheese
1 Head Romaine
French Dressing

LAY half slices of the pineapple and orange alternately on a bed of the romaine until you have used 3 sections of the pineapple and 2 of the orange. Garnish with a ball of the cream cheese and serve with the French dressing.

Pear Salad

6 Halves of Pears, Fresh or Canned
½ Cupful Chopped Walnut-meats
4 Tablespoonfuls Grated Yellow Cheese
1 Cupful Celery, Diced
1 Cupful Cooked Salad Dressing or Mayonnaise
1 Cupful Whipped Cream
Lettuce

BLEND the salad dressing and whipped cream; add the walnuts and celery. Arrange the lettuce-leaves on salad-plates. Place a pear half, cavity side up, on each plate, and fill generously with the salad-dressing mixture. Sprinkle with the grated yellow cheese.

Vegetable Salad (Hearty)

2 Cupfuls Cooked Dried Lima Beans
1 Package Cream Cheese, Diced
Lettuce
1 Bottle Stuffed Olives, Chopped
½ Teaspoonful Onion-juice
Mayonnaise

DRAIN the beans and season to taste. Mix with the cheese, onion-juice, and chopped olives. Blend with the mayonnaise and serve on lettuce-leaves.

Cherry Salad

2 Cupfuls Canned Sweetened Cherries
1 Cupful Diced Bananas
¾ Cupful Chopped Nuts
1 Cupful Diced Marshmallows
½ Cupful Mayonnaise
½ Cupful Whipped Cream
Lettuce

DRAIN the cherries well and mix with the other ingredients except the lettuce-leaves and chopped nuts. Heap on the lettuce-leaves and garnish with the chopped nuts. Care must be taken to have the cherries well drained and the cream stiffly whipped. Add the dressing a little at a time, taking care not to use too much, so that the salad will not be too moist.

Cabbage, Apple, and Walnut Salad

1 Cupful Chopped Tart Apple
1 Cupful Shredded Cabbage
Mayonnaise
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Walnut-meats, Broken

TOSS the apple, nuts, and cabbage together. Add the salt, and lightly coat with the mayonnaise. Serve on tender cabbage-leaves. Garnish with a whole walnut, additional mayonnaise, and a dash of paprika. Serve for luncheon with baked potatoes and creamed dried beef.

Date Salad

1½ Cupful Grapefruit Sections
¾ Cupful Dates
4 Tablespoonfuls Mayonnaise
½ Cupful Nut-meats

CHOP the dates and nuts. Mix lightly with the grapefruit. Just before serving blend with the mayonnaise and place on lettuce-leaves. Garnish with a dash of paprika and a whole nut.

Grapefruit Salad

1½ Cupful Grapefruit Sections
½ Cupful Blanched Almonds
French Dressing
Pimiento
¾ Cupful of Celery, Cubed

REMOVE the skin and pulp from the grapefruit, or use canned. Mix with the celery and almonds. Marinate with the French dressing, and serve on lettuce-hearts garnished with narrow strips of the pimiento.

Stuffed Celery Salad

¼ Pound Sharp Cheese
6 Tablespoonfuls Sandwich-relish
Celery-stalks

MASH the cheese with a fork and mix to a smooth paste with the sandwich-relish. Wash the celery, and crisp in ice-water or on ice. Dry, and fill with the cheese mixture. Serve on crisp lettuce-leaves. Garnish with paprika.

Head-Lettuce Salad

1 Can Pimientoes, Chopped Fine
1 Cupful Chopped Walnuts
Cooked Salad Dressing or Mayonnaise
Head Lettuce

REMOVE all large or loose leaves from the head of lettuce and save for another meal. Cut the firm heart in quarters and serve with the dressing, to which have been added the pimientoes and walnuts.

Cranberry Salad

1 Quart Cranberries
1 Cupful Water
2 Cupfuls Sugar
1 Package Prepared Lemon Gelatin
2 Cupfuls Diced Celery
1 Cupful Chopped Walnuts
1½ Cupful Boiling Water

BOIL the cranberries in the cupful of water for 10 minutes. Add the sugar and allow to boil for 2 minutes longer. Dissolve the gelatin in the 1½ cupful of boiling water. When the gelatin has set, but before it is hard, beat in the cranberries, which have been pressed through a colander. Add the diced celery and chopped nuts and allow to harden. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce-leaves. Garnish with mayonnaise. This is nice with roast chicken.

Tuna-Fish Salad

1 Small Can Tuna Fish
1 Cupful Diced Celery
2 or 3 Hard-boiled Eggs, Sliced
3 or 4 Sweet Pickles, Diced
Mayonnaise
Paprika
Lettuce-leaves

BLEND the tuna fish, celery, and pickles with the mayonnaise. Heap on the lettuce-leaves and garnish with the sliced hard-boiled eggs and a dash of the paprika.

Shrimp Salad

1 Can Dry Shrimps
3 Hard-boiled Eggs, Chopped
½ Cupful Swiss Cheese, Cubed
1 Bottle Stuffed Olives
1 Cupful Cooked Peas
French Dressing, Extra Tart
Lettuce-leaves

MIX the shrimps, olives, eggs, peas, and cheese cubes. Place on the lettuce-leaves and serve with tart French dressing. This salad is hearty enough for a main dish at luncheon.

Molded Vegetable Salad

1 Package Prepared Lemon Gelatin
2 Cupfuls Boiling Water
½ Cupful Diced Sweet Pickle
1 Cupful Diced Celery
1 Cupful Small Canned Peas
1 Small Can Red Kidney-beans.

DISSOLVE the gelatin in the boiling water and set aside to chill. Just before it hardens add the other ingredients, and place in a large mold or 6 individual molds which have been rinsed with cold water. When firm, cut in squares (if not molded in individual molds). Place on lettuce-leaves and garnish with mayonnaise and a dash of paprika.

Potato Salad

Sharp French Dressing
1 Quart Potatoes, Boiled
1 Onion, Medium, Chopped
3 Hard-boiled Eggs
½ Cupful Sweet Pickle, Finely Diced
½ Cupful Diced Celery

CUBE the potatoes when still warm and marinate with the sharp French dressing (see recipe below). Let stand until cool. Then add the pickle, onion, celery, eggs, and salt to taste. Blend with mayonnaise. Garnish with egg-rings.

Sharp French Dressing

6 Tablespoonfuls Oil
2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice or Vinegar
Clove Garlic
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
1 Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Sugar

RUB a bowl with the clove of garlic. Chill the other ingredients, place in the bowl, and beat until creamy.

Round red cheeks and bright blue eyes for little

CHARLES VAN RENSSELAER, III

His mother starts his daily schedule in a way that specialists advise

Charles A. Van Rensselaer, III, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Van Rensselaer, of Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York. The family was among the first Dutch settlers of Nieuw Amsterdam and Albany, and is one of the oldest in New York

Though so young, Charles is already an excellent swimmer. Mrs. Van Rensselaer wants him to be adept at every outdoor sport

He's very gay . . . and not awfully far removed from roly poly—this little chap with the fine old Dutch name, Charles Van Rensselaer, III. He lives in a hundred year old white clapboard house –with Dutch tendencies—at Oyster Bay, Long Island.

There's everything to interest a little boy—coasting on the hills near home in winter, swimming at the Piping Rock Beach in the summer. And, always, his wise little Sealyham, Nellie. Charles' duties are light—as a four year old's should be—but he loves to help his mother pick flowers for the house. There's a beautiful formal garden and one with informal planting . . . old fashioned climbing roses . . . and all sorts of old timey perennials.

It's an outdoor life to keep a little boy stalwart, and Charles' high spirits and perfect health promise well for his future well being.

He lives with simple, pre-school child routine in charge of an excellent nurse, and supervised by a pretty young mother whom he thinks of as a very charming playmate.

Quite regularly, for breakfast and supper, Charles eats with gusto the cereal mothers look upon as the children's own—Cream of Wheat. The famous child specialist who advises the boy's parents prescribed it for him when he was only three months old—and Charles loves it. "I try to pay attention to every health habit," says Mrs. Van Rensselaer. "Cream of Wheat has always been part of our program and I think it has a lot to do with keeping Charles so sturdy and well."

For breakfast and for supper Charles eats hot, cooked cereal and is especially fond of Cream of Wheat

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You'll be delightfully surprised at how much easier housecleaning proceeds under the magical influence of Old Dutch, how quickly it can all be accomplished, and how much cleaner everything looks, so bright and fresh, no indication of dirt anywhere. But, of still greater importance, is the absolute assurance of Healthful Cleanliness so essential to the well-being of your family.

Old Dutch is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. It is perfect for sinks and bath tubs of snow-white or gayly colored porcelain or enamel; painted walls or woodwork; pots, pans and cooking utensils of all kinds. Tile; floors; nickelplate; windows and mirrors; refrigerators; enameled or painted furniture, etc. The fact that Old Dutch does not harm the hands is convincing proof of its purity and safety.

Old Dutch is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh, scratchy sand or grit . . . no caustic or acid. It doesn't scratch or injure the finest surfaces. This exclusive Old Dutch feature is worthy of consideration because it assures protection to the beauty of the home in addition to the safeguard of Healthful Cleanliness, easier, quicker and better cleaning.

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1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

SPRING LUNCHEONS

By BERTHA N. BALDWIN

Table accessories, courtesy Stern Bros. Photo by Mayer-Kurt

FRUIT-CUP MAKES A DELIGHTFUL FIRST COURSE FOR THE SPRING LUNCHEON

THE urge of Spring being what it is, no chance remains of combating it. We might as well succumb and revel in all the good things that come along—flowers, and green leaves, and fresh foods on the market-stand.

Revel with a clear mind and heart, but discreetly, too. Oh, yes, it can always be done. By inviting some kindred soul to partake of these luxuries the conscience is cleared. By thinking and planning, the food-purse is saved. So we entertain at luncheon.

Luncheon in the Springtime means strawberries, asparagus, peas, mushrooms, shad-roe, rhubarb, lamb, veal, sweetbreads, watercress. Tonics they are, all of them—tonics for mind and spirits as well as body. They breathe and smell and taste of Spring, making us realize that Spring is really here and that nature is on her job again.

Not all at once are they served—fortunately. One or two of these Spring-flaunting foods suffice to create the proper atmosphere and flavor. By skilfully making a few into a dish that serves several guests, the expense of the luncheon is kept within the proper limits.

The menus for such luncheons may be simple, but very delicious at the same time. Perfection does not lie in expensive foods, numerous dishes, or elaborate cooking. Far from it. It lies in the sympathetic combinations, subtle seasoning, and graceful serving. Each bit of food and garnish should fit into the general ensemble.

For perfect luncheons in the Spring these menus are arranged with all the details. To make them simpler some of the accessories may be omitted, or the introductory course dispensed with altogether.

MENUS

1

Mushroom Consommé or Cream Soup, Bread-Sticks
Grilled Fish-Roe with Anchovy Butter and Bacon
Thin Corn-Bread Squares
Creamed Potato-Balls Greens au Gratin
Watercress and Pimiento Salad Cheese Wafers
Cream-Cake with Strawberry Sauce
Coffee

2

Canapé or Tomato-Juice Cocktail
Sweetbreads with Ripe Olives and White-Grape Jelly
Asparagus-Tips, Puréed Shoestring Potatoes
Tiny Feathery Muffins
Spring Radish Salad Anchovy Sandwiches
Strawberry and Rhubarb Tarts
Coffee

3

Spring Cocktail
Veal-Rolls with Mushroom Sauce
Brown Rice Green Peas
Clover-Leaf Raised Rolls
Green Salad with Roquefort Dressing Pastry-Sticks
Rhubarb Cream
Coffee

4

Sardines in Jelly or Clam Velouté
Eggs au Printemps with Bacon Tiny Baking-Powder Biscuit
Strawberry and Celery Salad
Maple Cream Pecan Waffles
Coffee

MENU 1

ALTHO mushrooms are in season almost all the year—fresh and canned—they still belong to Spring. The consommé for the first menu may be made from either fresh mushrooms or from the very satisfactory canned mushroom broth combined with consommé or chicken bouillon tablets. For cream soup the mushroom broth is used with rich milk to make the thin white sauce. With 1½ tablespoonful of butter and 1 tablespoonful of flour to each cupful of liquid the consistency will be velvety and the flavor rich. A suspicion of onion gives background with, of course, salt and pepper.

Grilled Fish-Roe with Anchovy Butter and Bacon

FISH-ROE is such a general favorite that, as a rule, it is easily obtained separately. That from the shad is considered the best, but those from mackerel, salmon, herring, haddock, and cod are very good. Lacking these, the fish-packers offer roe in cans, which makes this delicacy available everywhere.

In cooking the fresh roe it is best parboiled for 10 minutes in slightly salted water, with 1 tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon-juice to each quart. This parboiling cooks it without making it hard and dry—the whole point in cooking this delicate food.

Brush the parboiled or canned roe with butter, and broil quickly. Spread with 4 tablespoonfuls of butter creamed with ½ teaspoonful of anchovy-paste (or more to taste), 2 tablespoonfuls of shredded parsley, 1 tablespoonful of chilli sauce, and ¼ teaspoonful paprika. Garnish with crisp bacon-curls and peeled sections of grapefruit.

Greens au Gratin

SPRING greens are famous, and happy is she who can gather cowslip- and dandelion-greens from the pastures and brooks. Cowslip-greens bring up fond memories of a Spring in Vermont—there are no greens better. Turnip- and beet-greens from the gardens are succulent too. And the faithful spinach—fresh and in cans—is not to be forgotten

Cook all greens with as little water as possible. Drain them well (saving the liquid for soup another day). Arrange the leaves and stems together like asparagus and cut into rolls 2½ inches long. Lay on oblong pieces of toast, and pour over them enough browned butter (seasoned with salt and paprika) to butter the toast as well as the greens. Cover with buttered bread-crums and keep hot in the oven. If cheese wafers are not served with the salad use grated cheese instead of bread-crums.

Watercress and Pimiento Salad

THIS salad is served with a snappy, highly seasoned French dressing. The pimientoes are cut in strips and in fancy shapes with small cutters. Cheese wafers may be crackers freshly toasted with grated cheese, sandwiches toasted in finger shapes, or the small square biscuits that come in packages.

Cream-Cake with Strawberry Sauce

1 Cupful Thick Cream	1½ Cupful Flour
2 Eggs	2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Cupful Sugar	¼ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla	

WHIP the cream until firm. Add the eggs, and continue beating with a rotary beater until very light. Add the sugar gradually, beating with a wire whip. Add the vanilla, and then whip in the dry ingredients, well sifted together. Bake in a spring form-cake pan or angel-cake pan in a quick oven (400 to 450 degrees F.) for 25 minutes. When cool fill the center with crushed, sweetened strawberries folded into whipped cream. The strawberry sauce may be stiffened slightly with gelatin—2 teaspoonfuls to 1 pint of liquid and beaten well—and less cream used. Any cake recipe will serve for the base if it is delicate and feathery. Preserved or canned fruit may be used.

MENU 2

FOR a canapé to introduce the second menu the choice at this season is egg savory. Spread rounds of soft toast with butter seasoned slightly with mustard and then with minced or deviled ham. On this lay smaller rounds of pimiento. Around the edges arrange chopped egg whites, making a substantial border. In the centers put a pile of egg yolk which has been mashed and combined with mayonnaise and minced chives.

Baked Sweetbreads with Olives and White-Grape Jelly

PARBOIL the sweetbreads and cut in half lengthwise. Let stand in white-grape juice for several hours until ready to cook. Arrange on a lightly greased baking-pan, spread with butter, and bake in a hot oven (450 to 500 degrees F.) for about 25 minutes, basting with butter and white-grape juice. Serve with some of this sauce. On the platter make piles of ripe olives that have been heated in their own liquor.

White-grape jelly is made with white-grape juice and commercial pectin. Lacking this, serve apple jelly.

Asparagus-Tips, Puréed

CUT the tips from a bunch of asparagus, and break the rest of the stalks as far as they are tender, paring off any tough outside skin. Chop or cut these pieces into fine bits. Cook the tips and stalks separately. Mash the stalks, season, and combine with melted butter or Hollandaise sauce. Spread thickly on hot slices of buttered toast. Arrange the asparagus-tips on this, and dress with melted butter or sauce. Canned asparagus is also delicious served this way.

Spring Radish Salad

SLICE radishes in very thin slices, and marinate in French dressing together with the small white ends of scallions. Remove the scallions (if deemed necessary) and arrange the radish-slices on hearts of lettuce. Use French dressing generously to dress the lettuce.

Continued on Page 108

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DESSERTS GO MODERN

By MRS. PENROSE LYLY

FOR A NOVELTY TRY A DESSERT OF PINEAPPLE RINGED WITH MARSHMALLOW

THE choice of a dessert depends on the nature of the dinner. When there has been a soup, a roast, vegetables, and salad, then chilled fruit or some other light sweet, with small cakes and coffee, will end the meal with the necessary grace. On the other hand, for a lighter dinner, where a fruit-cup, fowl, rice, and a green salad lead up to a dessert, a hot pudding made of eggs, flour, milk, sugar, chocolate, ginger, or other piquant ingredients increases the food value of the menu.

The distinguishing marks of a dessert are sweetness and flavor. Sugar, of course, is a wholesome food when wisely used, and several flavorful ingredients, such as chocolate, fruit, coconut, flavored gelatins, nuts, cake-crums, and jams, have food value also. Therefore a dessert can supply many of the requirements of the rounded-out diet. The well-chosen dessert is always the complement to the luncheon or dinner—never something extra. Many a meal has been rescued from dulness and insufficiency by a glorious pudding and strong, clear coffee.

Modern grocery-shelves quickly inspire the hostess to invent bright, new desserts as easy to prepare as they are delightful to taste. Perfect fruit, in glasses or tins, flavored or plain gelatins quickly changed into sparkling molds of translucent color, exotic spices, figs and ginger, dates and figs, candied orange-, lemon-, and grapefruit-peel, assorted jams, some familiar, others not so well known, such as red or white Bar-le-Duc; tangerine, wild strawberry, mango—all these delicacies, as well as prepared powders for puddings that require only 10 minutes to make, and a wide assortment of cakes, wrapped to protect against dust, release the modern young woman from the work and worry her grandmother knew in preparing a dessert to please the family and guests.

Peaches à la Princesse

6 Firm Halves of Peaches, Canned or Fresh
¼ Cupful Chopped Walnuts
8 Stale Macaroons, Pulverized
Cooking-sherry or Lemon-juice
Powdered Sugar

PLACE the peaches in a baking-dish, rounded side down. Stuff the centers with the walnuts and macaroons. Sprinkle with the cooking-sherry or lemon-juice and dust lightly with the powdered sugar. Bake in a moderate oven (275 degrees F.) for 10 minutes.

On jade-green glass plates, peaches à la princesse combine the gaiety of French cuisine with the direct practicality of American domestic economy. Recipe serves 6.

Serve each peach on a large dessert-plate, and cover with cold custard or whipped cream, flavored delicately with vanilla or almond. Pears, fresh or canned, or large canned apricots make an equally delicious quick dessert.

Omelet Soufflé

TO SURPRIZE guests who have surprized you by dropping in unexpectedly to dinner I can think of no more excellent quick dessert than an omelet soufflé with its hidden brilliance of preserved strawberries. Bake on a flat silver dish or fireproof Dresden, or a cooking-glass pie-plate. Recipe for 6:

3 Egg Yolks
3 Tablespoonfuls Powdered Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
3 Egg Whites
Strawberry Preserves

BEAT together in a bowl for 5 minutes the egg yolks and powdered sugar. Use a wire whip. Add the vanilla. Almond extract or any other flavoring may be used. Beat the egg whites vigorously with a Dover beater until a stiff froth. The success of this dessert depends on the beating. Carefully fold in the beaten egg whites into the egg yolks and sugar mixture. Use a flat wooden spoon if possible.

Grease slightly a flat baking-plate. Dot with large, whole preserved strawberries. Pile the egg mixture over the plate and smooth with a knife, making it dome-shape.

Bake in a slow oven (250 degrees F.) for 15 minutes. Serve immediately on warm plates.

Chocolate-Frosted Apricot Tartlets

Sponge-cake
Chocolate Frosting
Apricot Jam

USE sponge-cake purchased from the grocer or baker. Prepare 2 slices about 2 inches square and ½ inch thick. Make into sandwiches, spreading the apricot jam between the slices. Frost over all with the quick chocolate frosting. Most grocers sell a prepared frosting in glass jars. Garnish each tartlet with either a maraschino or candied cherry.

These tartlets are shockingly deceptive. Any woman can make them in 15 minutes, yet they look and taste like the product of some noted confectioner.

Pineapple-Circles

6 Slices Canned Pineapple
Marshmallows, Cut in Bits
Mint-jelly Cubes or Stuffed Dates

PLACE the pineapple-slices on glass plates. Outline with the cut-up marshmallows. Fill the pineapple centers with the mint-jelly cubes or with stuffed dates, and garnish with cherries, walnuts, or marshmallow.

Orange-Basket Compotes

3 Large Perfect Oranges
1 Small Bottle Preserved Figs
½ Cupful Finely Chopped Candied Ginger
½ Package Lemon Gelatin
¼ Cupful Finely Chopped Grapefruit-peel
Shredded Coconut, Packaged

STRAIN the syrup off the figs. Add enough water to make a cupful of liquid. Bring to the boiling-point, and pour over the package of lemon gelatin. When the gelatin mixture begins to set, beat vigorously, adding the chopped ginger and chopped grapefruit-peel. Set in the freezing-tray of a mechanical refrigerator. Cut the oranges into even halves. With a grapefruit-knife carefully remove the sections of orange-meat. Then scrape out all fiber, leaving a clean orange-shell. Before serving, place a preserved fig on the bottom of each orange-basket. Then pile in the lemon-gelatin whip. Pile orange-meat over the top and sprinkle with powdered sugar or the packaged shredded coconut.

Orange-basket compotes are rich in surprize of flavors. Simple to prepare, refreshing after a heavy meal, they belong in the repertory of every independent hostess—independent of long hours in the kitchen.

Apple Float

1 Cupful Cooked Dried Apples or Fresh Apple Sauce
2 Egg Whites, Beaten
Sugar
Nuts
Nutmeg
Coconut or Whipped Cream

PUT the cooked dried apples or apple-sauce through a sieve. Heat with the sugar to sweeten. While hot add the beaten egg whites, and beat together until fluffy. Add the chopped nuts. Chill and serve very cold, topped with the whipped cream or coconut. Sprinkle with the nutmeg, and garnish with candied cherry.

HOT puddings of simply prepared ingredients can be baking during the meal. Therefore they too belong in the category of quick desserts, since they combine food value and delicate sweetness.

Chocolate Macaroon Pudding

4 Cupfuls Scalded Evaporated Milk and Water in Equal Parts
1¾ Cupful Bread-crums
¾ Cupful Pulverized Dry Macaroons
3 Squares Unsweetened Chocolate
1 Cupful Sugar
2 Eggs
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Shredded Coconut
½ Cupful Diced Candied Orange-peel
¼ Teaspoonful Almond Extract

SCALD the milk. Add the bread-crums and macaroon-crums, and soak for 20 minutes. Melt the chocolate over the hot water. Add ¼ cupful of the sugar and half the milk and crum mixture. Mix thoroughly. To the other half of the milk and crum mixture add remaining ½ cupful of the sugar, salt, almond extract, and eggs, slightly beaten. Pour the chocolate mixture into this. Add the coconut and orange-peel. Stir well. Bake in a buttered baking-dish for 1 hour at 350 degrees F. Serve with whipped or plain cream or hard sauce.

Fig and Ginger Pudding

1 Small Jar Preserved Figs
1 Small Can Apricots
1 Tablespoonful Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls Brown Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful Salt

MELT the sugar and butter in a saucepan. Add the drained figs and apricots. Simmer for 10 minutes. Add the salt and ½ cupful of blended fig-sirup and apricot-juice. Keep warm. Make cake-batter, using:

¼ Cupful Shortening
1½ Cupful Flour
2½ Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
⅛ Teaspoonful Baking-soda
½ Teaspoonful Ground Ginger
1 Teaspoonful Grated Lemon-peel
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
½ Cupful Sour Milk
} Sifted Together

GREASE a glass baking-dish. Pour in the caramelized fruit mixture. Pour cake-batter over the top. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) for 20 minutes, then turn down oven to 300 degrees, and bake another 20 minutes. Serve hot with whipped cream or hard sauce.

Note: Other fruit combinations, caramelized in butter and brown sugar, make unusual hot puddings. Canned pineapple, apricots, peaches, and other delicacies from your grocers' shelves, combined with a cake-batter flavored with grated, fresh fruit-peel, can always be relied on to produce a delicate yet wholesome dessert.

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.

and her debutante daughter Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel

Beautiful Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., of Philadelphia, New York, and Biarritz, is the former Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. Her daughter, Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel, is a brilliant favorite among this season's débutantes. (Above, left) Miss Marjorie Gould at her début at the Plaza in 1909. (Right) Miss Drexel at her début at the Ritz-Carlton, December, 1929.

LOVELY DAUGHTER of a brilliant alliance between two famous American families—Drexels and Goulds! Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel's recent début at the Ritz-Carlton recalls the lavish magnificence of her mother's coming out ball at the Plaza, when as Marjorie Gould she reigned as New York's most charming débutante.

Pretty and popular, this season's fortunate young favorite inherits her mother's distinguished charm and sweetness of manner, as well as her dark vivacious beauty, her blue-black curls and lovely wide eyes, her clear pale olive skin.

Mother and daughter, as débutantes and always, have counted on Pond's to keep their skin at its best. "In the old days," says Mrs. Drexel, "I used the Two Creams faithfully . . . Now I delight in all four preparations."

"When I was just a little girl," Miss Drexel adds, "mother taught me to cleanse my face and neck with the delicious Cold Cream every night before I went to bed . . . to smooth in a film of Vanishing Cream to protect my skin from sun and wind. So naturally, now that Pond's has given us the silky Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream and the jolly Skin Freshener to tone and firm the skin, I use them, too—and like them just as much!"

KEEP YOUR SKIN EXQUISITE by Pond's Method:

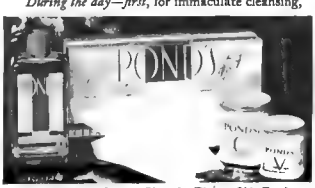
During the day—first, for immaculate cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical.

Third—dab face and neck with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—always cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.



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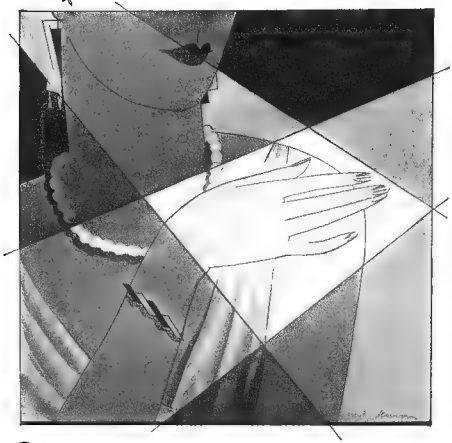
GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED TO LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN ELECTRIC LIGHT, SUNLIGHT OR CANDLELIGHT



Glazo's lovely color is constant .. never deceiving its users

WITH its delicate sheen and lovely, modish color, Glazo has a gift for flattering slender fingers. And the beauty it brings is constant, under all lights!—with never a change in tone or texture.

With many nail polishes evening light, especially, brings a disappointing difference. A dashing color fades to insignificance and dullness replaces a soft glow. Your fingertips, charming by sunlight, lose every claim to beauty.

Correct Nail Color is Vital to Chic

Varying lighting conditions have an unflattering effect upon most nail polishes. Electric light can cause a soft lustre to appear flat and dull, or change the color of your nails to a yellowish tinge or an unpleasant purple-pink. Glazo alone remains unaffected. Glazo alone guards its modish tone under every changing condition of light.

With Glazo polish on your nails, your fingertips are always lovely—indoors and outdoors, under the dazzle of party lights or the glow of candles, just as in broad daylight.

Would you like to prove for yourself the constancy of Glazo color?

First, do your nails exactly as you want them under daylight. Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine carefully. Glazo will have the same tone in the closet as it had in the sun!

Try this test—and we believe you will become a devotee of Glazo for life!

* * *

A good polish like Glazo lasts longer than a week. It never peels, it never cracks, and gives a soft, lively sheen that never verges on artificiality. For its covering film is so smooth and thin that you will delight in its effect and you can scarcely detect its presence.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its constant color is to you a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under all sorts of conditions of light. With Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

The smart twin bottles of Glazo (Glazo Polish and Polish Remover) may be found at all toilet goods counters and the price is 50¢.

If you would like samples of Glazo, send six cents with the coupon below.

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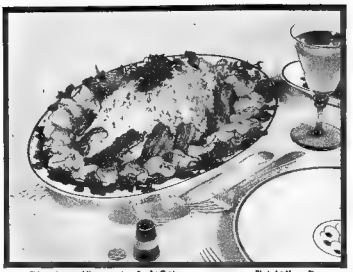


China, glass, and linen, courtesy Lord & Taylor — Photo by Mayer-Kuss

FOR JADED APPETITES

By Mary Hamilton Talbott

THE savory sourness and crisp freshness of sauerkraut make it an ideal accompaniment for meats in these days before the Spring vegetables are everywhere available. Besides, we are told that sauerkraut contains vitamins A and B. The other recipes were also chosen for their unusual flavor.

Savory Oysters

SAUERKRAUT and oysters is a very flavorful dish. Wash and clean 4 dozen oysters and put on the stove to warm, but do not cook them. Have ready 1 quart of sauerkraut cooked for 1 hour in enough water to cover, with 1 chopped onion and 1 tablespoonful of fat added for seasoning. Prepare a thickening for it by rubbing 2 teaspoonfuls of flour into 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. Add 2 chopped onions, 1 cupful of clear stock or 1 bouillon cube dissolved in 1 cupful of hot water, and cook for ½ hour; then blend with it 1 cupful of sweet cream, bring to a boil, and add 2 egg yolks. Stir well, pass through a fine sieve, and season with a little lemon-juice, salt, and pepper. Finish cooking the oysters with the sauerkraut and serve together garnished with watercress, parsley, and strips of bacon.

Jellied Salad

JELLIED sauerkraut salad is especially delicious. Dissolve ½ package of gelatin in 1½ cupful of boiling water. Add ½ cupful of cold water and set aside to cool. Mix 3 cupfuls of chopped raw sauerkraut which has been drained and put through several cold waters, 2 chopped green peppers, ¼ cupful of lemon-juice, and ½ cupful of vinegar. Add the gelatin and pour into individual molds. Serve with mayonnaise dressing. To serve this as a *hors-d'œuvre* make ½ the quantity and substitute chopped celery for the green peppers, fill seeded green peppers with the mixture, and slice when cold. Serve on thin rounds of toast with a whirl of mayonnaise.

Stuffed Noodles

LET the noodle dough dry for only 30 minutes. To make the stuffing put 1½ cupful of cooked spinach through the food-chopper, add ½ pound of sausage-meat, ½ teaspoonful of sage, and 2 eggs, and beat thoroughly. Cut the noodle dough into pieces 3 inches wide and 4 inches long. Spread ¼ of each with the filling, press together, and cook for about 10 minutes in salted water.

An Old-Time Dish

A GOOD old-time dish is made as follows: Partly boil 2½ pounds of pig's knuckles. Wash 1 quart of sauerkraut unless you are using canned; put ½ of it into an iron pot, lay on it a piece of pork drained from water in which it was cooking, and cover with the remainder of the kraut. Add 1 quart of water in which the pork was cooking, cover closely, and simmer about 1 hour or until well cooked. Ten minutes before serving-time drop in small dumplings—made after any good recipe—and see that they rest on top of the meat and sauerkraut or they will be heavy. Cover and cook for 10 minutes. If you do not make dumplings add 1 glassful of sweet cider just before the time to "dish up."

Pork and Veal

PORK and veal is a very savory dish. Cut 1 pound of lean veal and 2 pound of knuckles in pieces and fry in fat seasoned with onion, Cayenne, and mixed herbs. Place the whole in a cooking-pot, cover with 3 cupfuls of clear stock, and stew for 1 hour. Serve with a border of any vegetables which are in season, and a tart sauce such as apple or cranberry.

Sauerkraut Variations

FRIED sauerkraut invariably accompanies liver in an Old World home. Heat 1 tablespoonful of fat in a shallow pan and put in previously boiled or canned kraut and cook slowly. As a variation sauerkraut may be served with turkey, fresh ham, or goose.

Winter Salad

KRAUT slaw is a popular European dish. Wash the raw sauerkraut through several waters, soak it for 1 hour in ice-water, drain, and serve with French dressing to which a few drops of onion-juice have been added.

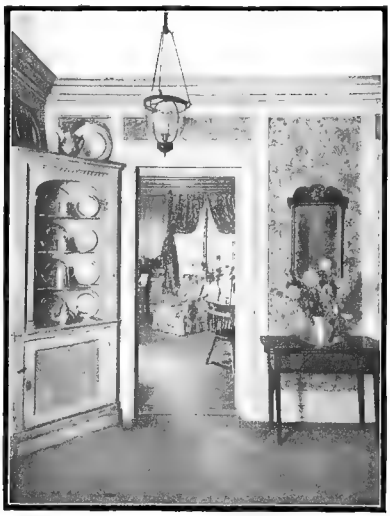
Almond-Cakes

TO MAKE the famed almond-cakes cream ½ cupful of shortening and gradually add ½ cupful of sugar, then 3 well-beaten egg yolks and 3 whites, ½ pound of flour, pinch each of cinnamon and ground ginger, 3 ground cloves, and 10 ounces of sweet almonds. Mix well and place in little heaps on a greased cooky-sheet and bake to a golden brown in a quick oven.

Cheese-Cakes

TO MAKE cheese-cakes beat the yolks of 4 eggs with 1 pound of cottage cheese and 8 tablespoonfuls each of flour and sugar. When well blended add a little salt, a pinch of ground mace or nutmeg, then the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and enough milk to make a batter about the consistency of that of griddle-cakes. Spread the mixture uniformly on a greased baking-tin and sprinkle over it some chopped citron or raisins, and ground cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven.

CUPBOARDS WILL IMPROVE ANY ROOM



Photos by Gottlieb-Schwarz-Maxwell

Upper Left—A wall-cupboard with doors, reminiscent of the early *beau-fait* (meaning "beautifully made"), here provides a place for a treasured tea-set, and is a reminder of our ancestors' love of exquisite things. The room shown here is homey and cheerfully livable, the greatest compliment that can be paid to any room.

Lower Left—The small paned glass doors and square lines of this sturdy cupboard for china are in keeping with the quaint chair and old side-table. Early American feeling is consistently carried out in the braided rug, the paneled walls of pine, the old-fashioned oval picture and holder for flowers, and the simply hung curtains of sheer dimity.

Upper Right—This beautiful cupboard, with its reproduction of old hand-wrought H-hinges and its exquisite shell or "sunburst" top, is especially lovely against the simple yet sophisticated white-paneled walls. If you have a choice collection of old or modern glass it may be shown most advantageously in a cupboard of this type.

Lower Right—The subdued luster of this corner cupboard of mellow pine, with open shelves for pewterware, is in striking contrast to the rich dark color of the mahogany furnishings and the plain-carpeted floors. If you have old or new pewter, there is no more effective and dignified way to display it than in a choice cupboard.

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Why there are 3 kinds of **CLICQUOT**

BECAUSE different people have different tastes and different moods—that is why there are three entirely different Clicquot flavors. Unless you have tried them all, you cannot be sure just how each one suits a particular taste or a particular occasion.

GOLDEN is full-flavored and intriguing to the appetite, with the spirited tang of ginger that pleases so many people. It is a true ginger ale. Children love it, too, and it is good for them.

PALE DRY is a bit milder with the fruit flavorings more apparent. It is a smooth and delicate blend especially suited for recipe drinks and, of course, delicious alone.

SEC is dry, very dry, with a distinctive flavor quite unlike the others. It is a ginger ale supreme . . . a perfect blender . . . a delightful dinner beverage that wins approval everywhere.

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CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALES

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GRAY STONE WALLS, BLACK SLATE ROOF, AND WHITE-PAINTED WOODWORK ARE PLEASANTLY COMBINED

A FARMHOUSE TYPE

By COLLIER STEVENSON

CHARLES M. TALLEY, Architect

ONCE again Colonial architecture proves its versatility, this time by an attractive design derived from the quaint stone farmhouses built long ago by early Pennsylvania colonists.

For further information, without charge, regarding this house, send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Collier Stevenson, House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

The design in general form and detail is marked by a ruggedness and a simplicity that vividly reflect the outstanding qualities of its Pennsylvania prototype. Even in the combination of colors and of structural materials there is a reflection of the pleasant influence which precedent has exerted in the exterior development of an invitingly homelike house.

The outside walls are built of stone, laid with wide, raked-out, white mortar-joints, which accent the size and shape of the individual stones. The gable-ends of the main body of the house are sheathed with white-painted clapboards to conform to historical practise, and all the exterior wood-trim is finished in white to match the clapboarding. The solid shutters used at the lower windows repeat this pure-white finish, but a rather bright blue-green adorns the slatted blinds at the upper windows. The roof, made picturesque by a decided variation in height, is of slate, bluish black in hue, and very irregular in size and thickness.

Altho the roof is high-ridged and sharply pitched, the eaves are sufficiently low to emphasize breadth instead of height. Indeed, it is due in a large measure to this lowering of the eaves that the house owes its appearance of hospitable width and its genuinely homelike atmosphere. There is, however, even a more definite suggestion of hospitality in the wide, side-lighted entrance, which is marked by a gracefully proportioned, square-columned, white portico.

The entrance opens to a central hall, 6′ 6″ wide by 20′ 0″ long, running back to a window-lighted coat-closet, which in turn is connected with a well-ventilated, tile-floored, two-fixture lavatory. Incidentally, the coat-closet and the lavatory are so located that they can be easily reached from any part of the lower floor. A Colonial staircase, consistently finished in ivory-white and mahogany, adds to the charm and dignity of the hall.

The entire first floor of a long wing at the left of the hall is given over to the living-room. Through this advantageous position the living-room has the benefit of windows facing in three different directions, there being no fewer than four-windows, in addition to two French doors, to assure a maximum amount of light, air, and sunshine at all seasons of the year. The French doors flank the broad chimney-breast of a fireplace that is beautifully representative of the Colonial period.

The living-room is appropriately companioned by a large living-porch, open on three sides to promote free circulation of air. This porch, of course, could be transformed into a sunroom by the addition of a glass enclosure, which would pave the way to comfortable year-around use.

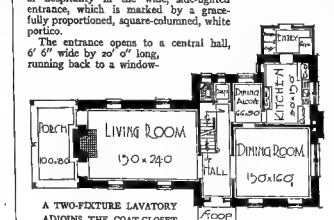
The cased openings which connect the hall with both the living-room and dining-room give to this house the virtue of pleasant views from one room to another. The living-room fireplace, for instance, is clearly visible from the dining-room, as is the ornate staircase that features the hall. The dining-room, tho, is attractive in itself, quite apart from the interior views it has to offer. It is a spacious room, nearly square in outline, with suitable accommodation for furniture, and well-placed windows for lighting and ventilation.

The dining-room is supplemented at the rear by a little breakfast-room, conveniently tucked in between the kitchen and the hall. The breakfast-room, tho small, is accurately spaced to hold either a movable set of chairs and table or the more conventional built-in table and benches.

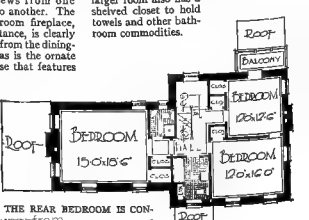
The cross-ventilated kitchen shows an array of both built-in and movable equipment, with one entire wall occupied by the range, the ever-useful kitchen-cabinet, and a window-topped sink with double drainboard. Beside the built-in cupboard, which centers the opposite wall, there is room for a movable work-table beneath the window. Cupboards line one side of the adjoining rear entry, in which one corner is reserved for the refrigerator.

Considering the size of this house, the space allotted to a hall on the second floor is remarkably small, and, naturally, the bedrooms are all the more roomy on that account. Windows are generously featured in the sleeping-rooms, as evidenced by the presence of five windows in the master-room above the living-room, three in another room, and two in the remaining bedroom. Closets, too, are freely introduced.

Two bathrooms, one equipped with a tub and the other with a shower, add immeasurably to the comfort of this house. Both have tile wainscots and tile floors, and the larger room also has a sheived closet to hold towels and other bath-room commodities.



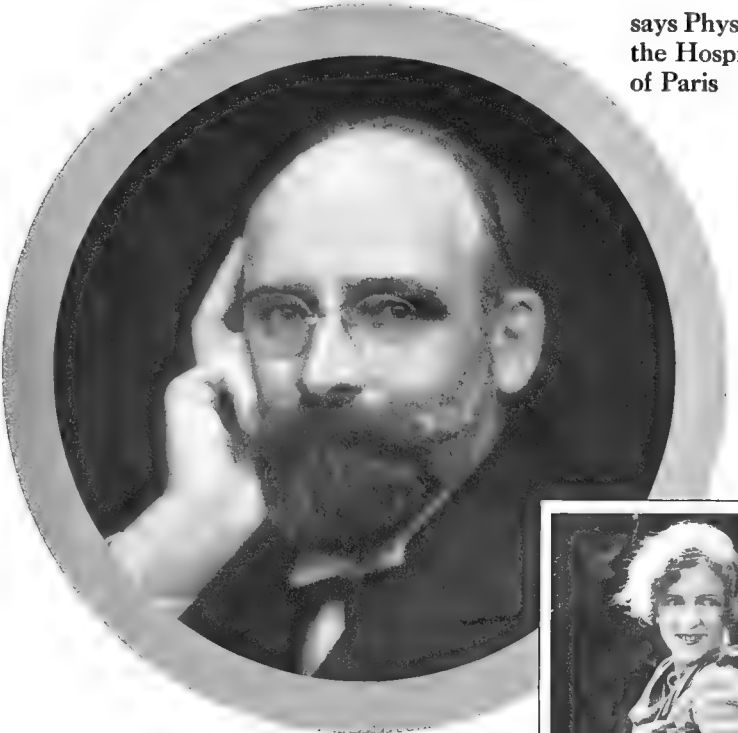
A TWO-FIXTURE LAVATORY ADJOINS THE COAT-CLOSET



THE REAR BEDROOM IS CONVENIENTLY EQUIPPED WITH A BALCONY

People who are under par need this *living food* . . .

says Physician of the Hospitals of Paris



DOCTOR GEORGES FAROY . . . specialist in diseases of the digestive tract . . . Physician of the Paris Hospitals . . . author of the famous "Digestive Therapeutics"... This great physician says:—

"Fresh yeast is a food—a living food. It increases gastric and intestinal secretions. It aids digestion. It overcomes constipation. By checking intestinal poisons it is useful in treating furunculosis (boils), pimples, etc.

"Yeast is very rich in vitamin B, which nourishes the body cells. Irradiated, it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D, so important in building strong bones and teeth.

"Yeast is valuable for people who are under par."

Make this remarkable stimulating food *your* spring tonic! Benefit from the *two* precious vitamins (B and D) in which every cake abounds. Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily and know the thrill of sparkling health. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on the label.

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DR. JULIUS CITRON, noted Berlin metabolism expert, says, "Run-down people often become completely changed after yeast has been added to their diet."

DR. PITTALUGA, physician to the aristocracy of Spain, declares, "Yeast will banish constipation, renew appetite, aid digestion."

"My doctor advised yeast when I was run-down"

"I was very weak following an operation," writes MISS ALICE ELSON of Chicago. "My digestion was miserable. My doctor advised me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. After a month there was marked improvement in my appetite and digestion and I again slept soundly. I continued eating yeast during my year at normal school. It gave me the energy I needed."

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The WORLD OVER·

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Brillo routs grease, stain or rust . . . puts a gleaming, glistening finish on china, glassware, stoves, iceboxes, mirrors, linoleum, sinks, tubs . . . almost any surface that needs washing, scouring or polishing. Try Brillo today! Let *your* kitchen radiate the cleanliness that Brillo insures.

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Generous trial package . . . 10¢
. . . write for it!

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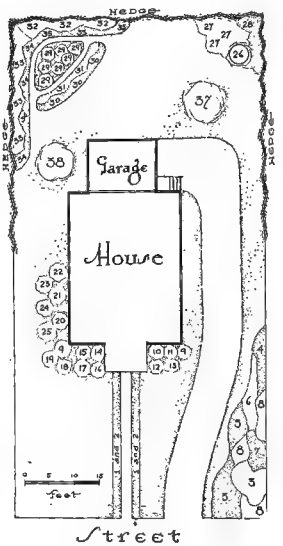
IT'S NEW—the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In a separate package with Brillo Pad and Brillo Soap. Send for it—10¢.

4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap

A SIMPLE PLANTING-PLAN

By Helen Holt Jameson



SOME of the loveliest and most tasteful of planting is to be found surrounding homes of modest size, and more than any other one thing such planting converts houses into homes.

On such a plot as that illustrated in the diagram on this page, 50 by 100 feet in size, one may have a nice selection of evergreens for a foundation-planting that will furnish a bit of green the year round, a modest selection of perennials and annual flowers that will provide blossoms from Spring to Autumn, a tiny water-garden with lovely lilies and lotus-flowers, bordered with a rock-garden; a hedge that will not annoy you or your neighbors, a tree or two, a hardy shrub that will grow in magnificence with the years and still not unduly crowd your lot. All this is possible in addition to some stretches of lawn to serve as a proper background.

Such a plan is predicated on a house not more than 25 by 50 feet in size, probably of the bungalow type, with a garage attached. The plan offered need not be followed literally. As a matter of fact I hope you will make a little sketch-plan of your own, with the exact size of house and lot made to scale. Do it with a pencil and on a large sheet of paper. It is easy to make changes with an eraser. Incorporate your own ideas, but follow the general outline. Above all do not crowd either the lot or the flower-beds. Remember, plants need room to grow. This will be found especially true of the evergreens for the foundation-planting near the house.

First thought must be given to the lawn. Try to have as much open grass-plot as possible. It need not be perfectly level; in fact if it is on a gentle slope the final results will be better from the standpoint of drainage and from the feeling of expanse.

If you are planning a new lawn and the house also is new, be sure that the subsoil from the cellar is not made the basis of the lawn. A better way is to remove, when excavating, all the top-soil for a depth of four to twelve inches, stack it in piles, so that after the subsoil has been used for grading the top-soil may be spread over it.

BUY only the best grass-seed. In the seed-catalogs you will find the various grass-mixtures classified for use in various places and on different soils. Be generous in seeding. One quart to a hundred square feet is about right. If your soil is very clayey it would be well to mix in some sand to lighten it.

Many sorts of plant-foods are available. Nowadays most gardeners do not use barnyard manure, because it introduces too many weed-seeds. You will find many commercial fertilizers listed in the seed-catalogs. After the soil has been dug up and fertilized it should be gone over with an iron-toothed rake and all sizable stones removed. It should then be rolled and raked until the surface is firm and fine.

Choose a calm day for sowing the seed, so that it will not blow about and make uneven patches. After sowing, the seed should be raked lightly so that it is covered to the depth of a quarter inch. It is wise to keep a newly made lawn moist for at least three weeks after sowing. When the grass is two inches high it should be rolled. The best months for making a lawn are April and September.

The walk to the front door from the street and the driveway to the garage can be constructed by a handy man about the house without much trouble and at a fairly modest cost these days. The manufacturers and dealers in cement all have booklets which describe in simple terms how to do it. A scheme that is naturalistic and picturesque for the walk is a "stepping-stone" pathway of flat stones. These may be available in your own neighborhood. The grass should be allowed to grow between them. The stones should be laid about twenty inches apart; the measurement to be from center to center of each stone. The stones should be not less than eighteen inches wide. If flat stones are not available, pieces of flat stones such as are used in city sidewalks may be substituted, or, better still, slate slabs. The latter are being sold in many sections of the country for this purpose. They come in a variety of pleasing colors and are very serviceable. And of course brick, crushed stone, or even rolled steam-ashes can be used with a well-prepared foundation.

FOR the driveway, if concrete — for any reason is not desired, crushed trap-rock or any other crushed dark-gray stone is desirable. Steam-ashes, with the clinkers raked out and the ashes well rolled, are an acceptable substitute. Please do not follow the example of a few home-owners and use crushed white rock. It detracts immeasurably from your planting-scheme.

The hedge has been provided for only the rear half of the plot. It can, of course, be extended to the street-line if you desire to consider it a fence. If you do so it will be at the cost of making your plot seem narrow and cramped. For such a hedge but two kinds of plants need be considered: California privet and Japanese barberry.

Privet is the most generally used hedge-plant, altho I personally prefer barberry. Privet is easily trimmed and is generally hardy, altho it will need some protection the first Winter or two, especially in far northern latitudes. The plants should be set six inches apart and cut back to within six inches of the ground immediately after planting, in order to insure a stocky, thrifty hedge.

Barberry is also easily trimmed and generally hardy. A hedge of Japanese barberry, with its brilliant foliage and bright-red berries, is one of the most enjoyable sights you can imagine in Autumn and Winter. The rest of the year the foliage is green, with tiny white flowers that attract butterflies and bees. The birds love the red berries in Winter. Barberry requires more room than privet. In making the hedge the plants should be at least eighteen inches apart.

The diagram and its attendant key give in detail the planting-scheme. On each side of the walk are Darwin tulips for Fall planting and Spring blooming and sweet alyssum for Spring planting and Summer and Autumn blooming.

For the garden in the rear are planned beds of annuals and perennials, including a tiny rose-garden. In one corner is a small water-lily garden made of a barrel. This little water-garden will serve also as a bird-bath. It is bordered by a miniature rock-garden. Thus with a choice of one or two shade-trees and a flowering shrub in addition, is provided, in the rear of the house, an outdoor living-room that will grow in beauty with the years.

A leaflet giving planting directions for the various annual and perennial flowers, for bulbs, shrubs, trees, and evergreens, and for making the water-lily pool and rock-garden shown on this planting-plan, will be sent free on request. Send a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Garden Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

KEY TO DIAGRAM

Along the Walk
1 and 2 Darwin tulips and sweet alyssum

Perennials Along Driveway
3 Hardy chrysanthemums
4 Hardy phlox
5 Sweet-william
6 Iris
7 Foxglove
8 Columbine

Foundation-Planting of Evergreens
9 Austrian pine
10 Yellow-column arbor-vitæ
11 Red cedar
12 American globe arbor-vitæ
13 Mugho pine
14 Yellow-column arbor-vitæ
15 Red cedar
16 Mugho pine
17 Upright Japanese yew
18 American globe arbor-vitæ
19 Mugho pine
20 Red cedar
21 Pfitzer juniper
22 Yellow-column arbor-vitæ
23 Mugho pine
24 American globe arbor-vitæ
25 Spreading English yew

The Water-Garden
26 Water-lily garden (made of a half barrel sunk in the ground)
27 Rock-garden
28 Perennial sweet peas

The Rose-Garden and Flower-Bed
29 Hybrid perpetual roses
30 Mixed petunias
31 Gladioli
32 Hollyhocks
33 Dahlias
34 Stocks
35 Snapdragon

Trees and Shrubs
37 Pin-oak or weeping birch-tree
38 Mock-orange or bridal-wreath

Original from

Will you pay 50¢ *to get rid of* dandruff?

It isn't at all surprising that many thousands of women—and men—have found the solution to the troubling dandruff problem, in a 50¢ bottle of Listerine.

Dandruff, many authorities contend, is a germ disease. Full strength Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), the stubborn germs used by the U. S. Government to test germicidal power, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000.

Listerine first dislodges and dissolves the tiny scales which are the outward evidence of dandruff, then it soothes, cools, and heals the troubled scalp. If infection is present Listerine attacks it. The flesh tingles and glows with new health and invigoration.

If you have any evidence of humiliating dandruff, begin with Listerine at once. Remember that it is entirely safe, and douse it *full strength* on the scalp. Then massage the latter vigorously with the finger tips. Keep the treatment up as a part of the regular soap and water shampoo, or independent of it. If your hair or scalp is exceptionally dry, use a little olive oil in conjunction with the treatment.

You will be delighted to find how quickly Listerine overcomes ordinary cases of loose dandruff. When dandruff persists, consult your physician as the condition may require expert attention.

LISTERINE for dandruff

the safe antiseptic

kills 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds*

Today's Quickest aid

to sparkling cleanness of TEETH

Automatically provided by the correct design and small size of this famous toothbrush

HERE are three facts of real value, if you realize the importance of clean, white teeth. Because these simple rules make it easy to care for your teeth *properly*.

One: Brush your teeth always away from the gums towards the cutting edges—always *with*, never across, the crevices. Dentists advise this. DR. WEST'S Toothbrush makes it easy to brush teeth this correct way, because specially designed for it.

Two: Be sure you have a small brush, properly shaped to clean inside, outside, and between. On these points DR. WEST'S is the brush selected by millions, including dentists.

Three: Each 90 days get a new brush. Because after that much service the polishing and cleansing qualities begin to decrease.

It cleans teeth better

Careful tests have demonstrated that DR. WEST'S Toothbrush accurately fits into every part of the dental arch, and cleans teeth with utmost thoroughness.

This famous toothbrush is small—15% to 50% smaller than the awkward old-style brushes. It is correct in shape. It cleans behind the teeth far back, or on the inside curve, as easily and thoroughly as in front.

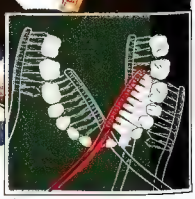
Bristles are set in wide, open rows—and are extra-pointed. They penetrate every crevice, and sweep it thoroughly clean. These snowy bristles are the costliest in the world. They are used only in DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes.

It is fully guaranteed

Your favorite store has DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes for every member of your family. Adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "professional", 50c. Six beautiful gem-like colors. Each DR. WEST'S Toothbrush is sterilized, sealed, and fully guaranteed. *Your dealer is authorized to replace any* DR. WEST'S *brush that proves defective in workmanship or materials.*

Today get some of these modern aids to white teeth. Use them as suggested above. You'll be pleasantly surprised by the results.

Wide-spaced rows of extra-pointed bristle-bodies penetrate crevices, sweep them clean



Cleans behind teeth far back, or the inner curve, as easily and thoroughly as in front

Have you tried the delightful DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste? Its double polishing whitens teeth quickly and safely*

© W. B. M. Co., 1930

THE MOTHER'S CHILD WELFARE CLUB

Conducted by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE PRESENT-DAY BABY—HIS BATHS

A VERY important requirement in our baby's hygienic surroundings is his undisputed right to a daily bath. This not only insures cleanliness, but opens the pores of the skin so that impurities may pass off, and refreshes and to some degree stimulates the baby. During the first week or ten days of life a sponge-bath is usually given the young infant, but after that time every healthy baby should have a full tub-bath.

The morning is considered the best time for this tub-bath—between the first and second feedings if possible. After his bath the baby feels so comfortable that he will take his food well and then have his long morning nap. One should never bathe a baby directly after a meal; at least an hour should elapse.

An ideal way to give a baby his bath is before an open fire or heater of some kind. Great care must be taken not to chill the young infant. The room should be about 70 degrees F. and all drafts avoided while he is exposed in his tub. The temperature of the water should be 98 to 99 degrees F. As the child grows older it may be lowered to about 95 degrees F.

Cold showers may be advocated by some, but while the baby is under a year old at least, I have seen more harm than good result from these. When given, a nurse should show the mother just how to proceed at first, and unless the child is in a rosy glow after the showers, it is wiser to discontinue them until older. Blue lips or a blue circle around the mouth, blue, cold hands and feet, are signs that the cold shower is doing harm rather than good.

The baby should have his own little bath-tub. If it has no stand of its own it should be placed on a table. The floor is too drafty. A wash-cloth and only very pure soap should be used to bathe the infant. It is wiser to go over the little body, while it is partly covered on the lap or a table, with a soaped wash-cloth; then give the rinsing off in the tub of clear, warm water. Soap is not needed on the infant's face.

After all the soap has been rinsed off, the baby should be lifted onto a warm, soft towel and carefully dried by patting, not hard rubbing. All moisture should be dried from the creases and the folds of the flesh. The baby will be chafed and uncomfortable if this is not done.

Either a little pure oil or else pure toilet-powder should be applied in the folds of the flesh and on the buttocks. Each method has its advocates. The nurse or doctor who has charge of the baby will usually advise the young mother which will be best for the particular baby.

Only warmed clothing should be put on the new baby. If very cold clothes are put on after the warm bath, or if he is kept waiting until his clothes are warmed up, the baby will often become chilled. The details of the baby's bath and also the care of his eyes, nose, mouth, ears, hair, and nails are fully given in our leaflet "Baths for Babies and Children." We have not space to go into detail here, but will mail one of these leaflets to any mother who will enclose a stamped envelop, addressed to herself, with her request.

Premature and very delicate babies are usually bathed in oil in place of water until they approach a normal condition.

Of almost equal importance to the water-bath is the daily sun-bath. By April in most climates it is possible to begin the sun-bath outdoors. This does not mean that the baby should be fully stripped at first. To begin with, only his hands, face, and arms may be exposed, and as it grows warmer his legs and feet may be bared for a few minutes to the direct rays of the sun, until little by little the skin takes on a light tan.

Common sense must govern the mother as to how fast she can proceed in giving the out-of-door sun-bath. Climates differ so much that it is not possible to lay down hard and fast rules for the sun-bath. Our leaflet "Sun-Baths" will help many in a general way, as it contains full details. Please remember to enclose the stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, when asking for this leaflet.

Other baths often used for babies are salt-, soda-, bran-, and sometimes mustard-baths for sick babies. These are usually prescribed by the family doctor to correct some abnormality. Every baby, child, and adult needs some kind of bath every day of his life if he is to remain in the best of health and well groomed.

FREE CHILD HEALTH SERVICE

If your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

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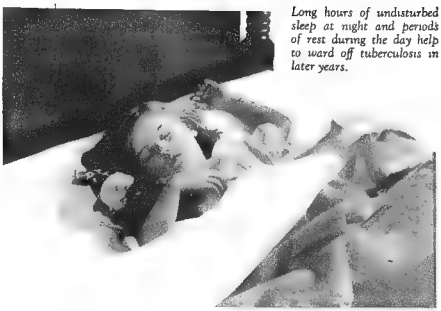
Prevent in time



Long hours of undisturbed sleep at night and periods of rest during the day help to ward off tuberculosis in later years.

© 1930 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

THE tuberculosis deathrate has been cut in half in the last twenty years largely by better living conditions among the working population and the successful treatment of active cases. Now medical science has an even more brilliant victory in its grasp—the checking of the disease in children before it develops.

Children who come in frequent contact with anyone who has active tuberculosis are in grave danger, though they may look the picture of health and have none of the familiar warning signs—underweight, a cough, fatigue and poor digestion.

A large number of deaths from tuberculosis occur between the ages of 25 and 45. Yet in most of these cases the disease began in childhood, though there may have been a re-infection at some later time.

Contrary to the old-time belief, heredity does not plant the germs. Close contact with the disease in active form is usually responsible. The disease may lie dormant for many years and then flare up and become active following physical or mental strain, too heavy or too prolonged.

But there is no need to guess whether or not a child who has been exposed has picked up the germs. Modern science can now discover whether any damage has been caused by them. No longer are doctors compelled to rely merely upon such tests as tapping the chest, listening to the breathing, examining the sputum. They can be reasonably sure of correct diagnoses by including X-ray and tuberculin tests. Results from tuberculin tests are especially significant in children.

All children should be kept away from people who have tuberculosis. They should have regular, thorough physical examinations. If tuberculosis is discovered, modern restorative methods should be applied immediately.

Every child, no matter how healthy or sturdy, needs plenty of sleep, plenty of proper food, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. But the child who has picked up the germs of tuberculosis and is beginning to react to them needs additional care and a scientific health-building program under wise medical direction.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, without charge, its booklet, "The Care and Prevention of Tuberculosis", to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet 430-P.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT 1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

APRIL COMPLEXIONS

Corrective treatments gradually banish blemishes

By DORIS LEE ASHLEY

SHAMPOO OILY SKIN MARRED WITH BLACKHEADS

LAST Sunday, as I sat listening to the sermon, the sun broke through the clouds and a shaft of light streamed through one of the beautiful stained-glass windows directly across my face. I was startled to see the millions and millions of particles of dust milling around as my eyes followed the broad ray of sunlight to the window.

I suddenly began to feel stifled, conscious that I was breathing into my lungs that mass of active dust, and drew back into the shadow in true ostrich style, as if not seeing the dust would help. I felt the urge to get home as soon as possible to spray my nose and wash my face, for it must be literally caked with dust.

Until recently I never realized, and I do not suppose you have either, just what our complexions are subjected to in these modern days, and this particularly applies to those of us who live in cities. The soft-coal smoke and motor-exhausts give off into the air greasy, sooty, black particles that provide the cleaners of clothes such a profitable livelihood. Now, if our clothes become soiled so quickly, it can be readily imagined what a large quantity of dust and dirt our exposed skin collects in a day's shopping.

This was brought forcibly to my attention the other day when a chemist, who had been engaged in some special research work connected with a liquid cleanser, came to call on me. He brought with him a sizable bottle filled with dust drawn from the air by the ventilator system installed in the New York Public Library. He had appalling statistics of the pounds of dust that fall each day on a given out-of-door surface.

Cleanliness by All Means

IN ANOTHER bottle he showed me the oily substance extracted from the same amount of dust as was exhibited in the first bottle. This brownish-black grease covered the inside of the glass bottle. It smelled for all the world like the grease used to lubricate machinery.

Now, the healthy skin, as you know, exudes through the sebaceous glands a constant altho almost invisible amount of moisture. This moisture attracts and holds on the surface of the skin the dust and dirt of the air; so you can well understand why the beauty specialists are so insistent that the first important step in the intelligent care of the skin is cleanliness.

That is why, at least once a day, if not more frequently, the skin should be cleansed as thoroughly as possible. Cleanliness is, if possible, of more importance when the skin is of an oily nature or coarse in texture, and of paramount importance when it is troubled with blackheads or acne.

Rarely is there a skin so sensitive as to be irritated by the use of a good bland, neutral soap and warm, soft water. There are many such soaps on the cosmetic-counters of department stores and drug-stores; and in districts where the water is "hard" it should be softened.

Cleansing creams or the new cleansing oils may be used either before or after the soap-and-water cleansing, and this also applies to the various cleansing lotions on the market. Use any or all of these agents if necessary, but be religiously meticulous in cleansing your skin at night before retiring, if not more frequently, especially if you are a city dweller. In the country, where the dust and dirt conditions are not such a problem, the skin should be cleansed at least once a day and preferably before retiring.

Some women write that soap irritates their skin, leaves it taut and dry. I write to them recommending neutral, bland soaps and suggest cleansing cream, oil, or lotion before or after the soap-and-water cleansing, and if, after such a treatment, the skin still shows irritation, they should consult a physician or a dermatologist, as something may be wrong with it.

Bestir the Circulation

FOR the skin that is exceedingly oily or troubled with blackheads one should literally scrub or shampoo it with a soapy lather, for it must be not only cleansed but stimulated at least twice each day. Just as the clouds are dispersed by the April sun, just so may blackheads be banished by daily corrective treatments. To achieve this clear, unblemished skin it is necessary, as I have said many times before, to keep the skin affected with blackheads immaculately clean, antiseptically clean, to stimulate the action of the sebaceous glands, and to activate the flow of the blood so as to aid the clogged pores to throw off, instead of to retain, the natural secretion.

The use of a stimulating preparation is recommended after cleansing. There are creams, ointments, oils, and liquids which, when applied, will bring the blood quickly to the surface of the skin, leaving it so soft after the removal of such a preparation that it will be found an easy matter to gently express the offending blackheads.

There are two cautions to mention about this part of the treatment. When pressing out the blackheads the fingers should be covered with soft, cleansing tissues and the pressure should be very gentle indeed, so as not to bruise the skin. Leave stubborn blackheads for another time, as this treatment will soften the deepest-seated blackhead in a day or so. When blackheads become irritated and infected, pimples form, and in time show a yellow head. Such pimples may be opened with a sterilized needle. Dip it in alcohol, or an antiseptic lotion before and after opening each pimple. After opening and removing with sterilized absorbent cotton the bit of pus found in each pimple, cover the fingers with tissues and gently press out the embedded blackhead and immediately anoint the spot with an antiseptic lotion so as to prevent further infection, and heal the irritated spot. There are healing, soothing creams to be patted into the skin and left on overnight. In the morning the use of an ice-cold astringent acne-lotion will help to contract enlarged pores, refine the texture of the skin, and prevent the discoloration that so frequently mars the skin which has been affected with these ugly blemishes.

There are packs and little bags of herbs which, when heated and applied to the skin, will soften it so that it will be found a simple matter to remove deep-seated blackheads. These remedies are especially recommended for treating the dry skin affected with blackheads, and should be used two or three times a week in aggravated cases.

Manipulate the Scalp Daily

DERMATOLOGISTS tell me that blackheads and acne are usually accompanied by dandruff, as the same sluggish condition of the pores prevails on the scalp as on the face and frequently chest and back. Constipation and digestive troubles are to be corrected and guarded against, as anything that prevents the daily disposal of the waste of the body will surely be reflected on the complexion and aggravate even a slight disturbance of the skin.

While the skin is undergoing corrective treatment it would be wise to discontinue the use of powder and rouge, for unless they contain the purest ingredients they may help to spread the infection. You can have a softly powdered skin and at the same time fear no further infection by using one of the several liquid antiseptic acne-lotions which contain a pinkish sediment. Such a lotion should be applied to the skin with a pad of absorbent cotton and patted into it until it is dry. You will notice that a soft powder remains on the skin, which will be sufficient for the short time it is undergoing treatment necessary to clear up this troublesome condition.

However, if the occasion demands more powder this same lotion will form an excellent protective base for additional powder; but please be sure you use a complexion-powder known to be free from injurious ingredients. During the corrective treatments it is considered wise never to use the usual powder-puffs, but to substitute absorbent cotton instead, and never use a pad of absorbent cotton a second time.

Corrective scalp treatments are naturally in order when dandruff is discovered.

FRESH, FRAGRANT BEAUTY IS DEPENDENT UPON DAILY BASIC CLEANLINESS

When your complexion is not as clear as it should be, you will want the latest scientific aids; so write for the free leaflet "Banishing Blemishes," sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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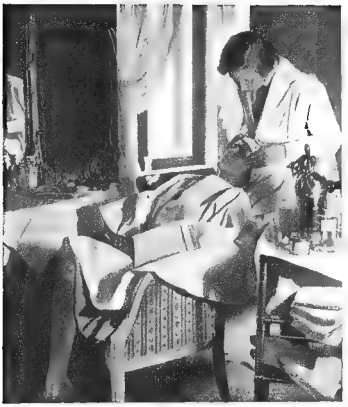


The woman of today values expert beauty care

Why every woman who values beauty needs the services and advice of a Professional Beauty Expert

DURING recent years, beauty science has been so highly developed by the experts in this comparatively new profession that every woman can now make the most of her natural loveliness.

Laboratories are workrooms for research. Schools of beauty culture have been developed to teach workers not only the methods of perfecting external beauty but also laws affecting good health.

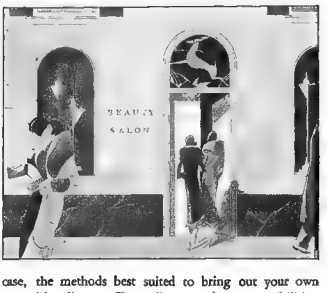
Today—to add that finish, that perfection of grooming which distinguishes the truly fastidious woman from her less particular sisters—a certain professional touch is needed. The deft, well trained, skilful touch of the beauty expert.

Since Cleopatra's time

The quest for beauty is not new. Neither is the science of beauty culture. Both began when history began. But in more recent years we have had greater leisure, more time for perfecting ourselves, less need for the crude, hearty makeshifts of pioneer days. And we have turned, naturally enough, to those whose experience qualifies them to help us—the beauty specialists.

Your beauty expert applies, to your individual case, the methods best suited to bring out your own natural loveliness. She realizes your beauty possibilities.

Modern beauty culture has been making tremendous strides—today, it has become a science practiced by specialists whose sole task is to safeguard and heighten beauty.



Go to Paris, home of beauty in all its forms; or to Rome, Madrid, London, Berlin, Budapest, Vienna! Wherever you travel—either here in the United States or abroad—you will seek out experts to help protect and revitalize your good looks.

Throughout the world

And it is therefore particularly interesting that more than 18,000 of these experts today recommend Palmolive Soap. What a remarkable tribute to the purity, the blandness, the delicacy of this vegetable oil soap . . . which is based on an age-old formula combining palm and olive oils for beauty cleansing!

Palmolive does not—nor would anyone claim that it did—make all other beauty care unnecessary. It aids your beauty specialist by providing the finest natural skin cleanser, the greatest day-in-and-day-out safeguard for facial beauty.

And it is, for the same reason, an ideal bath soap. That is one of many reasons why 18,900 world-famous beauty experts recommend it . . why they unite to urge "foundation cleansing by one means and one only—the twice daily use of Palmolive Soap."

This advertisement is published in the interests of lovelier complexions and the furtherance of the beauty profession by the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

On Nose.. Chin..

Forehead...

These are the three places you must watch constantly for conspicuous face pores

Shrink Large Pores

to fineness with this wonderful soap

IT'S the close-ups of life that count! Don't let big pores on your nose, chin, forehead, make your skin unattractive at close range! *You* may forget that they are there—but you may be sure that others see them.

You can keep your face pores small and fine by daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap, for Woodbury's actually *shrinks large pores to fineness.*

The first time you use Woodbury's you will notice its astringent action on your skin; you will feel how much finer and smoother it is than ordinary soaps, how much more penetratingly it cleanses

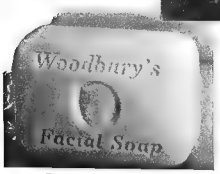
Formulated by a skin specialist who spent a lifetime studying the skin and its needs—Woodbury's makes lovely skin texture. It gradually reduces the size of the pores by freeing them of the hardened fatty substance that has caused them to enlarge. It contracts them to natural size and keeps them clean and active.

Begin using Woodbury's today! See what new fineness of texture it will give your skin! Around each cake you will find the booklet of Woodbury treatments, which have helped literally millions of women to overcome blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, and to build up a clear, beautiful complexion.

To meet a skin specialist's exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use. Get Woodbury's today, and let it help you, too, to have a beautiful skin!

Keep lovely skin texture by keeping your face pores small and fine!

WOODBURY'S *is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.*



. . . Formulated by a skin specialist, WOODBURY'S *makes lovely skin texture*

Send for the large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2207 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.

For the enclosed 10¢—please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Col l Cream, treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

© 1930, The A. J. Co.

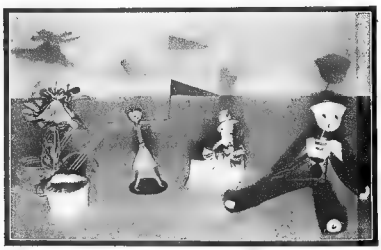
HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Aids for the Party

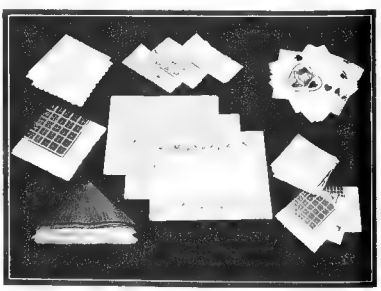
REALLY to enjoy entertaining, attempt nothing difficult. Keep your ideas simple. Let your menu, place-cards, and table-setting show that you have thought of your particular friends and of what they like and enjoy. Some simple articles that "come to the aid of the party" are given you this month. --N. H. E.

China and glass, courtesy B. H. Macy & Co.

THE discriminating hostess chooses her after-dinner coffee-cups as carefully as she does her rarest household linens, for she knows the gracious custom of serving after-dinner coffee in the living-room gives a most delightful note to her dinner-parties. Plates with indentations and cups for after-bridge refreshments are convenient. The glass plate of lustrous black, with its silver paper doily and a black-footed fruit-cup, is smart and different.



THE vivacious little miss with the pennant or the saucy "pipe-cleaner" lady perched on the place-card will enliven the high-school banquet. The lollypop sailor-boy with life-saver hands and feet is jolly for the children's party; and for the Spring shower for the bride there is this dainty parasol nut-cup. Directions for making these favors will be supplied upon request.



Photos by Meyer-Kock

THE busy hostess will appreciate the convenience of these paper napkins, place-doilies, and table-covers in quaint floral patterns, bright plaids, and pastel effects. And they are especially nice to have on hand for the impromptu party when a few friends drop in unexpectedly. For the inveterate bridge-players there are hearts, queens, kings, spades in gay black, red, and gold.

For further information about any of these articles send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Household Hints, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

A STORY IN PICTURES

–for the woman who wants asparagus–at its best

"Where is DEL MONTE Asparagus grown?"

Only in the heart of the Sacramento River delta—in age-old deposits of rich, fertile silt—unsurpassed in the whole world for growing straight, perfect asparagus stock.

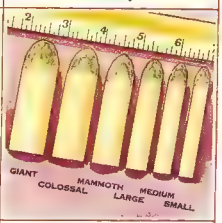
"What makes it so delicate and tender?"

Long before sun-up, on our own ranches alone, more than a thousand workers are busy cutting the tender spears as they break through their blanket of powdery soil.

"What keeps it so fresh?"

DEL MONTE Asparagus reaches our canneries, close to the fields, long before it could reach you raw. Sealed in cans and cooked at once, its fine freshness and flavor are held intact.

"What sizes of spears can I buy?"



Six—Giant, Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium and Small—shown here greatly reduced. All plainly marked on the label. Makes possible just the size of spear you need.

"What length of spears?"

Two—long spears in the tall square can; and tips, about half the length of longer spears, in the two smaller cans shown here. But DEL MONTE Quality in every can.

"What are some good salad combinations?"

Asparagus alone, with lettuce and mayonnaise. With peas or tomatoes, with cream cheese or potato salad. Adds delicacy and charm to almost any vegetable combination.

"Why do good cooks use it in so many other ways?"

Because of the touch of distinction it adds to even the simplest meal. Delicious as a vegetable—plain, creamed or baked. Fine with omelets, meat loaf and many other everyday foods

"Why should I insist on DEL MONTE?"

It offers a guarantee of quality, not only on asparagus, but a wide line of other vegetables, fruits, condiments, salmon and sardines, dried fruits, raisins and prepared foods.

Just be sure you say **DEL MONTE ASPARAGUS**

It's a new Hurry-up Dessert For Busy Women

A Quick-Setting Gelatin ... 1 HOUR *from package to Table*

Prepare it with the rest of the meal
At dessert time it's ready to serve

Five o'clock Follow directions on package. Pour in metal mould. Set mould on bottom of electric refrigerator. Or set mould in pan and surround with cracked ice.

Six o'clock An hour later it's ready to serve—firmly set, yet tender and quivery. (If chilled in the freezing tray of electric refrigerator, it will set in 20 minutes or less.)

THOUSANDS of women are welcoming this new quick setting gelatin dessert. It's so much faster ... so much more convenient.

Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert is an entirely new formula recently developed in the laboratories of the Royal Baking Powder Company.

It actually is ready to unmould in half the usual time ... in some cases taking but 45 minutes—depending, of course, upon the chilling method used. With modern electric refrigeration, the time can be shortened to an hour, or much less.

You prepare it in three minutes ... along with the rest of the meal. It's ready when you want it—at dessert time ... firmly set, yet tender and quivery.

This new Royal Gelatin Dessert is more than quick setting. It's smoother ... and far more delicious.

You taste the piquant flavor of strawberries ... the sharp tang of lemon ... the succulent orange.

There it is ... fresh, sun-ripened ... the natural taste of real fruit to add zest and health to your menu.

The flavors are always full strength ... true-to-the-fruit. For Royal Gelatin Dessert is always fresh on your grocer's shelf. It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by the nation-wide delivery system of Standard Brands Incorporated.

Doctors say gelatin is one of the most easily digested proteins. For children, it is especially healthful ... for it contains an element essential to normal growth.

Serve Royal Gelatin Dessert frequently ... at least once a week. As a salad ... as a dessert.

There are dozens of ways to vary it. A fluff of whipped cream. A maraschino cherry. Perhaps a garnish of sliced fruit, or nuts.

Try it tonight. Get a package or two at your grocer's. But be sure to ask for Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert. In the red box. Otherwise you may not get the quick setting kind.

Five delicious flavors: Raspberry, Cherry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange.

Royal Fruit Dessert

1 package Royal Strawberry Dessert	2 cups boiling water
1 package Royal Lemon Dessert	2 cups finely crushed ice
	Canned strawberries and peaches

Put Royal Gelatin Desserts in a bowl. Add boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add crushed ice. Stir thoroughly until ice melts. Pour into mould and chill. Serve garnished with whole strawberries and peaches.

Other combinations of two or more flavors of Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin make delicious and attractive desserts.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

BIRTHDAY

Continued from Page 25

shrewdly all of life from the knowledge gleaned in a village of forty people.

To-day Mrs. Cole's face looked younger than usual because of the white cloth folded above it to protect her hair during this house-cleaning. The white turban gave her an ecclesiastical aspect, lent her something of the commanding air of an old abbess in a nunnery of the Renaissance.

She leaned down from the ladder to say, "Well, Charlotte, I suppose you're scandalized to see me perched up here. No matter, I'm doing my own work again. I let the second girl go yesterday and the cook went of her own accord this morning. It's a relief. The more you have the less they do. The cook won't make salads and the waitress won't wash windows. Besides it's enough paying a nurse for Anne."

Miss Audinger wanted to say, "Surely Robin makes ample provision for a nurse," but the matter could not be discussed on a doorstep with a person on a ladder half a mile away. She said merely, "I hope Anne is well."

"She's fine," said Mrs. Cole. "She drinks enough milk! She's over there in the square, but the girl'll bring her any minute now for her dinner. I'll be finished here in a second. Just go in and take your things off, unless you're superstitious about walking under a ladder."

Miss Audinger was not superstitious about anything. She ducked under the ladder and went in. The house had the peculiar, awesome chill of April interiors where there are no fires. She thought angrily, "The baby will take cold. Why can't Lydia use some of her own money if Polly Cole is too mean to supply heat?"

Already the rugs had been taken up from the hall, preparing it for Summer. Hearing Miss Audinger's heels tapping over the bare floor, Lydia came to the head of the stairs and called, "Oh, Charlotte, is that you? Do come right up," in a voice that was too small to be so deliberate and so clear.

Miss Audinger felt that this disgraceful lack of heat minimized still further any blame attaching to Robin for what had happened the night before. The chill of the hallway enabled her to meet Lydia with smiling cordiality and even to kiss her with warmth. She said, "The sun is really very warm to-day. It feels so pleasant to come into this cool house. But for the baby, my dear, don't you think—?" And then she saw there was a fire in the grate of Lydia's room. "Oh," she said, all her buoyancy leaving her, "I suppose you dress Anne in here."

"There's a fire in Anne's room, too," Lydia told her. "I insisted. Wild horses wouldn't keep mother from letting the furnace out on the fifteenth of April."

"You're looking very well, Lydia," said Miss Audinger. She tried to keep the note of disapproval out of her voice. After all, times had changed, and she supposed Lydia was no different from any other young person of twenty-six in being able to bloom again three months after being divorced.

Mrs. Cole always told everyone, "Lydia's just what I was at her age." But not even at eighteen could Polly Cole have been like Lydia. Lydia, too, was dark. The oval of her face, the depth of her eyes must have come through the Italian grandfather, but she was small and full of grace, with a warmth about her darkness like the soft orient of a dark pearl. When she looked up, when she looked down there was the power of beauty even in the movement of her eyelids. Mrs. Cole might have been an abbess in the Italy of Lorenzo. Lydia was a young man's madonna painted in halos on a chapel wall.

MISS AUDINGER offered the gifts, and said, watching Lydia's face, "The small box is from Robin."

Lydia paled and then she frowned. "I don't know why he can't come himself," she said. "He's never been to see the baby. He ought to know that I wouldn't intrude myself. Why, we're bound to meet some time, and there shouldn't be any bitterness. That's what I particularly don't want, bitterness. I won't have it, Charlotte, when with just a little effort we can still be friends."

"Was Robin drinking—before?" asked Miss Audinger. "I mean before you divorced him."

"Why, of course," said Lydia. "I thought you knew. But there's nothing even you could do about it. Robin simply won't behave. I'd have done anything for him if he'd even tried. But he won't try."

All the time she was untying the cord from Robin's gift. Within the white pasteboard box was a smaller green box of leather. Lydia lifted the green cover and stared down at a yard of platinum chain swinging three diamonds and an emerald.

"My goodness," said Miss Audinger, "you'll have to keep that until Anne grows up!"

"It's not intended for Anne," Lydia told her. "It's for me." She looped the chain twice around her neck and sat brooding down on its flashing pendant.

Miss Audinger said, "Lydia, don't you think all this could be straightened out? It seems so terrible. Don't you think you and Robin could try again?"

Lydia shook her head. "We failed completely, Charlotte. I couldn't make him happy, and he wouldn't even try to make me happy."

"But," said Miss Audinger, "now when he sees how determined you are— Oh, I'm sure—"

"No," said Lydia. "It's simply not in Robin to behave."

"I can't agree with you," said Miss Audinger. "I have always found him under all circumstances to behave beautifully. Even when he's—drunk you could hardly take exception to his behavior. He was always a dear, sweet boy. You forget that I know him, too, my dear."

Lydia said, "No, Charlotte, that's the trouble. You don't. I mean you've never pinned him down to anything. Why, he's scarcely ever been home since he went to college. He took care not to go home unless he could show a shining morning face. But little curled-maple desk and my cunning little chair. I cried, Charlotte, right in the street."

"Oh, there's some mistake; there's some mistake," said Miss Audinger. "They've taken advantage of you. I've always heard, in fact every one knows, that dealers in antiques are often notoriously dishonest. I'll speak to Robin. He can't possibly have suspected a thing like that."

"It was always like that," said Lydia. "Robin always meant to pay, but he never did."

"Oh," said Miss Audinger, "that is more than I can believe, and all my life I have been accused of being credulous. My acquaintance with Robin may be slight compared to yours, but I know the training he received, and there is nothing in his inheritance to warrant anything so outrageous. He comes of honorable people on both sides of his family."

"I'm a brute," Lydia told her. "We ought never to discuss Robin."

"I can't allow for one minute," replied Miss Audinger, "that he is not a fit subject for discussion. And I think I am justified in remarking that altho you refuse to discuss Robin you are willing to wear his jewelry."

"Oh, this pendant isn't Robin's," said Lydia. "It was one of my wedding presents. Robin pawned it, and then he never seemed to have enough money to get it back. I never thought I'd see it again."

Miss Audinger grew sick under the weight of truth in Lydia's small clear voice.

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S $5,000
ANNUAL ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

For the seventh year the time has come for our readers to submit recommendations for the Annual Achievement Award of $5,000.

As the majority of Pictorial Review readers already know, this award is made annually to the American woman who, according to the judgment of a specially selected committee, has made the outstanding contribution to our national welfare within the ten preceding years in the field of art, science, literature, philanthropy, or social service.

It must be clearly understood that this is not a voting contest. The number of recommendations any candidate receives will have no weight with the judges.

Recommendations may be received from now on until August 1st of this year.

Full particulars and blanks will be sent upon application to the Achievement Award Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

With me it was different. I was always there waiting and exacting. I tried not to exact too much, but Robin can't bear any one to exact anything."

Miss Audinger said stiffly, "What could you possibly exact that I failed to?"

"Money, for one thing," said Lydia. "Robin has very peculiar ideas about one's ability to get on without it. You don't know it, Charlotte, but he never paid for half the furniture we had. All those beautiful antiques he'd bought right and left on the strength of his name. Afterward they had to go back to the various shops again. I wanted mother to buy them, but she wouldn't. Going through Forty-fifth Street one day, I saw in a window my darling

In a panic she said, "But what about the money father left him? It was over four hundred thousand. And what about the money he earns?"

"I'm afraid," said Lydia, "that no matter how much money Robin has it would never be enough."

Then Mrs. Cole's voice came up the stairs, calling that lunch was ready. Lydia said, "I hope you won't mind, Charlotte. I'm not having lunch with you. I'd promised ages ago to have lunch up-town, before I knew you were coming." She pulled the tunic of her dress up over her head and flung it from her to a chair.

Miss Audinger made further inquiry. "But, Lydia, Robin isn't neglecting to send you your—your allowance?" She picked up Lydia's tunic, smoothing it out.

"I don't want you worrying, Charlotte. I'm all right." Lydia dismissed the subject, and, having dipped three fingers into a jar of cold-cream, began to pat her face.

Miss Audinger hung the tunic over the back of a chair. "I'm not the least little bit neat," Lydia told her. "Robin used to look after all my things. He was so ridiculously fussy and immaculate. I remember I had a pair of slippers with buckles that wabbled dreadfully. I never could remember to have them fixed, and finally Robin sewed them tight himself." She spoke in the benign tone which mentions with such wistful kindness the foibles of the dead.

Miss Audinger went down to lunch, feeling for the first time dreasily at a loss in this chill, scrubbed house where she had always been inclined to think her presence conferred a favor. But there, to give her any heart, already seated in the dining-room and seriously occupied with her food, was Miss Mary Anne Audinger.

"Anne has her meals in here with us," said Mrs. Cole, "because it's sunny. Lydia makes a great fuss about heat. I tell her it's heat that gives people pneumonia. Anne hasn't had as much as a cold since she came here."

ANNE looked up with Robin's gray eyes brilliant above the rose of olive cheeks that were Lydia's. She said, "Anne hasn't had a cold," and smiled delightedly.

The nurse said, "Be a good girl now."

Anne's birthday seemed passing without note. Miss Audinger hurried to mark it. "I think Anne is such a very good girl that I've brought her a second big doll."

Immediately Anne flamed with excitement. "Let me down," she cried. "I want the doll."

"Now, no nonsense," said Mrs. Cole with high authority. "Before you have any doll you finish your milk."

Anne seized her glass and began drinking with a too eager gurgle. Said Mrs. Cole, "Dear me, Nurse, don't let her do that."

Nurse tipped the glass away, and Anne, drawing a great sobbing breath, darted her eyes to Miss Audinger's. Miss Audinger settled the matter. "Nurse will go upstairs and get the doll."

Nurse looked at Mrs. Cole, who commanded, "Run along, Bessie."

Then Anne struggled to run, too, and when restrained by Mrs. Cole burst into tears. "Well, Charlotte," said Mrs. Cole, "I hope you like this kind of music. I'm getting too old for it."

"I don't believe I'll ever be too old," said Miss Audinger, who now had the satisfaction of holding Anne on her lap.

"Well, it depends on your make-up," granted Polly Cole. "I never cared for children. I had Lydia as a kind of experiment. She was more than enough."

"Oh," said Miss Audinger, "but there's nothing more wonderful in all the world than a little child."

"That's because you never had one," said Mrs. Cole. "I've often wondered if there was any particular reason why you never married."

"For one thing, no one ever asked me," admitted Miss Audinger.

"Poppycock," said Mrs. Cole. "No woman waits to be asked."

"I want to get down," said Anne, hearing the nurse returning.

Miss Audinger let her slide to the floor, and she ran to grasp breathlessly and silently the doll in the nurse's arms.

"Say 'Thank you' to Aunt Charlotte," Mrs. Cole reminded her.

"Thank you," said Anne absently from out the rapture of prying open a wax-lidded eye with her finger.

"Now you see, I have any trouble getting her to take her nap," said Mrs. Cole to the nurse. "The doll can go with her." And to Miss Audinger's secret dismay—surely a nap could be dispensed with on a birthday —Anne was carried off clinging to her treasure.

Mrs. Cole went into the kitchen to fetch the dessert, and reappeared with two small plates, on each of which wabbled half a molasses cooky. "Just a bite of something sweet," she said. "I didn't know there was so little in the house."

It was then Miss Audinger realized that nothing had gone before this half cooky save half a hard-boiled egg cut in very thin slices and spread, as the possessing body and bulk, over the quarter of a heart of lettuce.

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WHAT I WANT IN THE HOUSE I BUILD

By DR. LOUISE STANLEY

Chief, Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture

WHAT greater fun than to plan long in advance the house that is to become a reality some day? It is a wise family that thus starts early to plan on paper, so that various ideas may be sifted down to practical form by the time an architect is engaged.

Each of us will probably see in houses visited, and in plans over which we pore, some ideas that we would like to have incorporated. Others, however, may have complete plans which they wish definitely followed. Frequently it is just this diversity of opinion that eventually adds to the joy of home-ownership through giving the touches of individuality which make the house reflect something of ourselves.

There are, of course, certain things which each person wants in his or her ideal house. In planning a house for the family it is a question of reconciling the ideas of the different members, for we can not always use them all. As one friend said to me, when we were discussing the kitchens we planned to build, "Your job is easy. You can have what you want, but I have to convince two men first—my husband and the architect."

The more time there is to discuss and try out the practicability of various details the greater the hope of convincing either one or two men that the ideas are practicable, or yourself that they can be incorporated only at the sacrifice of something more worth while.

Most houses have been man-planned. Women have been allowed to say what they want, but many of their suggestions have been dismissed as being impractical. Women usually know so little about the structural side that they readily consent. For that reason I was interested in building two houses to see the number of these so-called "impractical" ideas that could be incorporated, and also the extent to which they added to the convenience of the houses.

For the engineering features of planning, a woman must have the assistance of an architect. There are certain things, tho, which every woman wishes in her house, and about which she is sometimes in a better position to judge than either her husband or the architect. Judging from the things I want in a house, women's ideals center about a fireplace, a compact and well-equipped bathroom or bathrooms, plenty of storage-space, and, last but not least, a convenient kitchen. After one has lived about in other folks' houses for varying lengths of time, these are the things women are most likely to want, and men enjoy them just as much as women.

THE fireplace should really be the center of the home. Around it the living-room should provide for all the general life of the family, and the entertainment of the friends who help so much to make living worth while. To get into the living-room a desirable amount of space means careful planning. In the small house it may involve either eliminating a dining-room altogether or cutting it down to the proportions of a dining-alcove, which can be used as a part of the living-room when occasion demands. The conveniently planned dining-alcove has undoubtedly come to stay, and it is now more frequently an adjunct of the living-room than of the kitchen.

A living-room should be sunshiny in Winter, cool in Summer, pleasant in outlook, and good in proportions. If it can be "expandable" so much the better. It should be planned, as should the rest of the house, to furnish a suitable background for the furniture that is going into it. If there can be a small entrance-hall, there will be greater privacy in the living-room, tho this may not be essential for a small family.

Photo by Jessie Tarbox Beals

"THE FIREPLACE SHOULD BE THE CENTER OF THE HOME"

It is always easier, as well as more private, if the main stairway does not go up directly from the living-room; and there should always be some means of access from the kitchen to the upper floor, so that the housewife may make her escape in case of emergency. Most of us want space in the living-room for the books, which add color and help to give a "lived-in" appearance. If shelves are built in for the books they somehow seem to "belong" much more than the ordinary movable bookcases.

IT IS sometimes confusing to know just how much room should be left for the various pieces of furniture. The simplest way to find out is to measure the actual furniture that is going to be used, and draw each piece on cardboard in the same scale as the house-plans. When these are cut out it is quite easy to place them on the plan, and thereby learn whether or not the walls of the room may be set in six inches or a foot, or if the same amount added will greatly increase the convenience with which the furniture may be placed in the room. If this plan were followed more often, there would be fewer pieces of furniture placed across room-corners.

A porch opening from the living-room is an almost universally acceptable feature. If a covered porch would cut off too much light from the living-room an open terrace, paved with brick, tile, stone, slate, or cement, might be substituted. An interesting combination, when it can be had, is an enclosed porch, or sun-room, closely connected with the living-room, and an open terrace to provide a cool place to sit during the Summer. And, if the terrace can be close enough to the kitchen for the convenient serving of meals, this arrangement will be ideal.

A sun-room can often be arranged for use as a sleeping-porch. Many families, once accustomed to outdoor sleeping, are loath to sleep indoors. Incidentally, the use of a sleeping-porch really makes for a warmer house in Winter and less cleaning in the bedrooms the year around. Sleeping-porches and bedrooms, of course, should be arranged for cross-ventilation.

Bathrooms need not be large, as modern plumbing-fixtures have been planned to fit into surprisingly small space. A built-in tub, extending to the floor and fitted into a special alcove, minimizes the bugbear of cleaning a bathroom. A medicine-closet, a storage-closet for clean towels, and a receptacle for soiled linens are always desirable; and, if a bathroom is to serve as a dressing-room, a built-in chest of drawers is useful.

Tho women invariably look first for storage-space, that is apparently the last feature which some builders consider. Storage-space to be truly convenient must be planned for the material to be stored. It is very discouraging on moving into a house to find the closets just too narrow to hold a coat-hanger, and having no shelves planned for linens, hat-boxes, and shoes.

It is amazing how many places there are where suitable closets can be located without the space being missed. For instance, closets on either side of a window provide a lot of storage-room, yet do not detract from the appearance of a room. Indeed, when used in combination with a seat beneath the window, the twin closets often add to the charm and interest of a room. A closet should never be placed out in one corner of a room unless that position is unavoidable.

And then the kitchen! In many homes much time is wasted in the preparation of meals. One reason for this is that some kitchens are planned with no real thought of the work to be done there. The kitchen should be compact in order to eliminate extra steps. The equipment should be grouped on the basis of the different kinds of work to be carried on. There should be a place for everything, and, as far as possible, each utensil should be kept in the place at which it will be used.

All of the equipment should be selected with the idea of requiring the least possible amount of care. Built-in furniture decreases care by eliminating floor-space and leaving no place behind for the accumulation of dust and dirt. If the furniture can not be extended to the floor, sufficient space should be left underneath it to allow for easy cleaning. There should be no unnecessary angles, and all surfaces should be as impervious to grease as possible and of materials that can be cleaned easily with soap and water.

The work-table should be readily accessible from the refrigerator, the sink, and the stove, while the utensils most frequently required ought to be grouped just above and below it. A work-table should have rollers so that it may be easily moved to the most convenient spot.

In this connection I have always contended that an alcove should be added to one side of a kitchen for the stove, with only the front side accessible. This would certainly assure the removal of fumes and keep a great deal of the heat of cooking out of the kitchen.

IN PLANNING the interior finish of a house ease of care should be kept in mind. Floors, fortunately, are no longer a problem, thanks to modern cleaning methods and to the types of flooring-materials now available. Rounded wall-corners, concave rather than convex moldings at the foot of the base-board, or base-boards that require no molding would facilitate cleaning, which is equally true of simply detailed standing woodwork, doors, and windows.

If you are planning to build be sure to start your plans early. Cross-section paper will make it much less difficult for you to draw out your ideas to scale, bit by bit. Then you will have something tangible to take to the architect, and the drawing to scale will have eliminated some ideas that were impractical. Other ideas will undoubtedly go if there is a price limit to your investment. Be sure, however, that cuts are made only where they will mean the least sacrifice. It will be a vastly interesting project throughout, and the results will be not only a more convenient and livable house, but one that reflects much of yourself.

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No. 445—A super-value at the moderate price quoted. Large davenport and matching button-back chair. Smart-looking extended front design. All around covering of apricot mohair with harmonizing, colorful figured jacquard moquette on reversible cushions. Kroehler non-warping frame of finest hardwood. Patented Spring Steel Underconstruction. Davenport bed in place of sofa at slight extra cost. Two pieces, only $190. Extra matching chair to complete a three-piece suite where desired, $63

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when they were in their very prime, on a sun-filled day. Then after they had dried, she stripped the leaves from the stalks, rubbed them through a sieve, and bottled the fragrant powder to make more opulent still her burdened pantry shelves.

Then it was that long spits turned before the clear wood fire — laden with game, with poultry, with legs of mutton, rounds of beef, haunches of venison, while below the basting pans caught those over-abundant juices coaxed out by the ardent flame.

From the rafters near the kitchen chimney hung long brown sides of bacon and fat, russet hams—gathering further flavor from the aromatic wood-smoke. Braids of onions hung in festoons from other rafters; in an oak cask, in a corner of the cool, damp cellar, vinegar was mellowing — gaining through time and contact with the sweet oaken wood, a glorious flavor and bouquet . . .

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"No one wants to get fat these days," warned Mrs. Cole. "The old saying is still good, 'A lean horse for a long race.'"

"Yes," agreed Miss Audinger. It was Robin who had said she was getting fat. She remembered his shirt with the two forks of sickening red, and stopped nibbling her cooky. "Robin says I'm getting fat," she said, examining Polly Cole's face. There was no expression there to show that Polly Cole had heard about Robin.

Lydia's voice came from the hall, "Oh, Charlotte, you're such a dear to give that huge doll to Anne!" She stepped into the doorway dressed in pale gray, with a silvery pelt of fur slung across one shoulder in the manner then fashionable, giving her the outline of a German tourist with an embracing knapsack.

"COME in here, Lydia," commanded her mother. "When did you get that neck-piece?"

"Yesterday," said Lydia.

"Is it paid for?"

"Not yet," admitted Lydia. "The bill hasn't come."

"Are you going to have the money when it does come?"

"Oh, really, Mother——"

"Because I won't put a penny toward it. If you're not sure you're going to have the money you'd better go up and take it off."

"You mustn't mind, Charlotte," said Lydia. "Mother enjoys these tantrums. It will be an awful bore if I ever deprive her of the opportunity of having them."

Her mother calling after Lydia as she left the room, "Remember, not one penny," did not spoil the grace of her exit.

Miss Audinger, wincing a little, put a question which a few hours before she would have asked with outraged pride. "Why shouldn't Lydia be able to pay for the neck-pieces? Isn't—isn't Robin's—allowance sufficient?"

"It would be," said Mrs. Cole, "if it ever arrived. He hasn't given her a cent since the first month. I've been at her to tell you."

"I should have known," said Miss Audinger. "It's my duty to make up any—any deficit." She added jealously, "Surely my claim on Anne equals—well, equals yours."

"That's just what I say," said Mrs. Cole. "If you can help out it will make it easier for all of us." She looked at the neglected half-cooky. "What's the matter, Charlotte? Ain't you going to eat that cooky?" Miss Audinger was not going to eat it. "Then I guess I'd better take it myself," said Mrs. Cole.

Miss Audinger felt horribly buffeted from the lack of ceremony surrounding her visit. Birthdays came only once a year, and she had come to see Anne play with her doll. She had endured a great many visits to this house for the sake of Anne. Now she felt she could not endure Polly Cole for another minute. She said her good-bys early and went out aimlessly into the April afternoon.

As she walked along she wondered if she and Summer with her. Anne for a whole long Summer! But it would hardly do. It would look as tho she agreed with Lydia that could not persuade Lydia to spend the Robin had been—well, incompatible and cruel. She thought if she walked briskly and tried not to think about Robin she would feel better. She had turned into Madison Avenue and was passing Rogo's when she realized she was hungry. She allowed herself to be trundled within Rogo's revolving door and bowed to a table in a corner.

SHE ordered vaguely coffee and waffles, but the mechanical acts of eating did not ease her mind. She kept looking back into her life, seeing it as a series of small, dimly colored scenes no bigger than picture postcards. Only Robin glowed in them all.

She could not now recall her father's face save as it looked at her from his portrait, or from the photograph on her dressing-table, but Robin she could see clearly moving in the past, a thin, little boy never still, always rumpling his black hair, always bursting into laughter. Robin laughing with tight-closed eyes, his upper lip clinging to his square white teeth. Robin fallen from the cherry-tree and screaming so dreadfully. "Charlotte, it's not me that's screaming. Put your hand on my stomach and stop it." Robin clinging to her in thunder-storms. "I'm not really afraid. It's the noise I can't bear." Then his blanched face and his convulsive arms at the next streak of fire.

She said to herself, "I never married because of Robin." But that was only half the truth. It was also that in a sea of men and women otherwise, she was naturally chaste. She understood nothing of the old necessity for pursuit, or of the need for feminine initiative. Nor was she entirely dull. It was rather she lacked that instinctive curiosity which often takes such very dull little girls, who abhor the dictionary, to hunting there, with sharp breath, words dug out of lewd and illicit associations.

Moreover she believed the land teemed far and wide with men of handsome courage whom beautiful girls married for love. That is, beautiful girls married them after ardent courtship. Of course some required more courting than others. A cook demanded less than—well, a stenographer. A stenographer would be more easy to win than a nice young girl of proper background. And so on up the social ladder. She had never contemplated the courtship of a duchess.

But the stiff, grotesque conventionality of her mind had its surprizing aspects. When she heard complaints of her young unmarried mistress, and the girl had finally confessed to impending motherhood, Miss Audinger had felt only solicitude. She had said sternly to the complainers, "Poor Anna was tempted beyond her strength," as tho she really understood temptation and the necessary degrees of resistance.

WHAT she had comprehended was that there would soon be in the world another soft little puppy of the human kind requiring infinite care before it would be able to stand on its uncertain legs and feet. That picture she could never resist, so she had given the girl generous aid without any admonition.

But now the question of marriage was presenting itself insistently, pushing her toward the brink of a great emptiness into which she was afraid to look. She swung back to take refuge in those troubling immediate events from which she had just tried to escape. She said, "I've Robin to think of." Then vehemently once more she thought, "Why not go down to his office and talk to Alan Tressan about Robin?" It seemed the thing to do.

But in her heart she knew she was going to see Alan Tressan about herself. She had heard of women inveigling men. It was not a nice thing to do. You were said to have thrown yourself at a man. That is, it now occurred to her, you were said to have thrown yourself if you happened to fail. The thing was not to fail. Passionately she wanted not to fail. Surely there were ways by which women made themselves charming to men. She suspected a vast reservoir of ways on which women drew. She thought with utter determination, "If I make no impression of the right kind today, I'll ask Lydia." She would stoop to beg of Lydia the secret spells and charms for beguiling and ensnaring men.

It was a quarter past four when she reached Alan Tressan's office. His secretary said he was expected in any minute, and ushered her to wait into a big room with leather chairs about a fireplace. She saw there was another woman waiting, and she had the feeling common to all amateurs plotting slight intrigue that her purpose must be written in her face. Embarrassed, she sat down in the nearest chair and pretended to be looking in her handbag.

"Well, Charlotte," said the other woman, "I thought you never came down here?" It was Polly Cole.

"I never came before," replied Miss Audinger.

"Well, I don't mind telling you," said Mrs. Cole, "if you're setting your cap for Alan it's too late."

"Are you going to marry him?"

Four leather chairs stood between Miss Audinger and Mrs. Cole, and now both women arose and advanced to settle determinedly in the middle chairs. It was a taking of position in the manner of Napoleon. "I'm only trying to give you a hint," said Mrs. Cole.

"I don't think," said Miss Audinger, surprizing herself, "that any woman has the right to limit another woman's interest in a man unless she happens to be that man's wife or his fiancée."

"Well, if you must know," said Mrs. Cole. "it's practically settled. I know enough about men to know what he's driving at. We're the same age—me being a little older won't count—and we've got about the same amount of money. My money'll do very well joined to his. I came down to ask if he thinks I ought to let my Summer place at Glen Cove. I've had a very good offer, and if we get married before Summer, I don't suppose he'll want to go down there. I feel like taking a trip myself. I was thinking about Canada and the Great Lakes."

Miss Audinger was suddenly in a great hurry. She said she really couldn't wait another minute for Alan Tressan.

"Oh, wait and go home with me," begged Mrs. Cole. "Alan and I aren't a pair of young turtle-doves. We won't have any billing and cooing. I only want to know if I ought to take the offer for the house, and then I'll go right up-town with you. We can share the taxi." Sharing the taxi was a game Mrs. Cole loved to play with any one who was sure to fail in playing to a finish by refusing her the burden of sharing the expense.

But Miss Audinger couldn't wait another minute. She was in such a hurry; she was taking the subway, she said. She escaped into the outer office and was suddenly face to face with Alan Tressan entering it—Alan Tressan and Lydia.

Lydia made a little rush at Miss Audinger. "Oh, Charlotte, of all people! Oh, you'll never guess what I've just done! You tell her, Alan."

TRESSAN said, "She's been kind enough and foolish enough, kind in her foolishness and foolish in her kindness, to have married me."

Putrid old word-wrangler! The horrid epithet pushed into Miss Audinger's mind.

"This afternoon," said Lydia, "in Jersey. Charlotte, imagine being married in Jersey City!"

"Never mind," said Alan Tressan, "we'll be in Paris before you know it."

"We're sailing to-night," said Lydia, "at midnight," and added with wistfulness, "I never sailed at midnight before."

"Your mother's in the next room," said Miss Audinger.

"Mother? Oh," said Lydia, looking at Alan Tressan, "perhaps I'd better go in alone and tell her."

She went, and Alan Tressan began speaking with an uneasy flow of words. From behind the hedge of his marriage with Lydia he was speaking out, apologizing for his sudden desertion after dallying too long.

He said, "I know I'm too old for her, but there comes a time when a man realizes that what he needs is children. It's children that keep you young. I know children will bridge the gap between our ages. If a man really devotes himself to a woman—and when they're caring for children—there can be no doubt about it, that's the thing that holds life steady."

Miss Audinger felt herself shriveling. She said, "Oh, yes, I'm sure—children," and felt her cheek. It was still firm, but the agony of withering continued. It drove her to further speech. "Children," she told him, "are the most wonderful things in the world. I've never envied people anything but their sons and daughters. You, too, Alan. I shall envy you your sons and daughters. But you'll forgive me for that." The fashion still continues to die upon one's own sword.

AND then came Mrs. Cole with hearty congratulations. "Well, Alan, I've been expecting it. I was just saying to Charlotte that I knew it was all settled between you and Lydia. Come into the other room and sit down a minute. I hadn't expected this sailing at midnight." She led them into the other room, still holding tight to her bandbox.

There was the secretary standing impatiently, with one foot to say that Mr. Robert Audinger was outside. "Shut that door," said Mrs. Cole.

"Ask him to wait a minute," said Tressan.

"Goodness, how very awkward!" said Miss Audinger.

"Alan," said Mrs. Cole, "you've got to get rid of him without telling him."

Lydia asked sharply, "Why all the dark intrigue? What is it he's not to be told?"

"About your marriage," said Mrs. Cole. "You don't want a rumpus."

"I simply won't have this barbarous attitude," said Lydia. "Robin and I are both civilized people."

"Now, Lydia," said Mrs. Cole, "the easiest way is the best."

Lydia grew angry. "I'm not a wife at a clandestine meeting. I've nothing to hide. I haven't committed bigamy. Divorce is an absolutely clean-cut severing. Robin and I have simply got to be friends."

Miss Audinger said, "Yes, but let me go speak to him first," and went into the outer office.

Robin was there, both contrite and sober. He said, "Hello, Charlotte," and frowned. "I suppose you're down here apologizing for me. I'm sorry about last night. I never wanted you to see me make such an ass of myself. It won't happen again. It really won't, Charlotte."

She said, "I'm sure it won't," and kissed him with believing gladness.

"I came down to try and square myself with Tressan," he told her. "He's a good old boy."

She said, "Come along home with me, Robin. I don't think you ought to speak to him just now. Some things are better not spoken of too soon. Come home with me."

And then Lydia's voice came distinctly through the closed door saying, "I won't! I simply won't."

Robin said, "Why, that's Lydia," and to Miss Audinger's mortification opened the door and went in.

Lydia crossed the room, holding out her hand. "Why, Robin, how are you?"

Robin said in his nicest, friendliest tone, "I'd know your voice, Lydia, under fifty fathoms of water."

Tressan said, "Hello, young man," patting him on the back.

"And I must tell you before I forget it," went on Robin, "that Ademus has two lovely yellow glass cologne bottles, exactly like the ones we saw in Prague. Do you remember? An old woman bought them right from under our noses."

Suddenly Miss Audinger could not be sure that Robin was behaving very well. It was surely bad taste to recall an incident out of his and Lydia's honeymoon.

But Lydia didn't seem to mind. "Oh, those heavenly bottles! Of course I remember them. If you want to be really nice, Robin, you can give them to me as a wedding present. Alan and I were married this afternoon."

Robin turned and walked toward the door. He put out his hand as tho he couldn't find the knob.

Lydia cried, "Robin—please! Oh, Robin!"

He wheeled on her. "You want me to excuse it, do you? You want my stamp of approval?"

Miss Audinger said, "Robin!"

He shouted at Lydia, "You know as well as I do a marriage can't be broken. You can't smash it and bury the pieces. You—"

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Short-Story Contest

On account of the tremendous number of manuscripts received in this contest the names and addresses of the prize-winners that we intended publishing in Pictorial Review for April will not appear until the May issue—out April 15th.

CAUTION! Don't be fooled into thinking a dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; correct acid mouth; or firm your gums. These are to be treated only by a dentist. The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth . . . any other claim is false and misleading, say the highest dental authorities.

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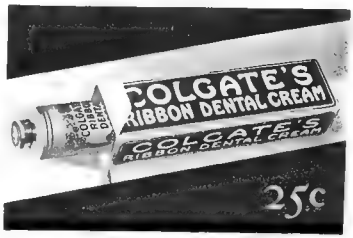

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Tressan cried, "Stop right there! That's enough!"

"But you can't take back what you've given," Robin went on, "because it's in the mind. You little fool, did you think you could tear it out?"

Miss Audinger had him by the arm. "Please, Robin! Please!"

Robin kept his eyes on Lydia. "You want ease, money. That's all that matters to you."

Lydia cried, "Don't! I can't bear it!"

"Go home, Robin, go home!" shouted Mrs. Cole.

Robin dropped his voice. "Lydia, you'll leave him, too. You'll never bear senility. The wanton in you won't bear senility. After him you'll marry some one else. Marry like a common——"

Tressan pinned his arms from behind. "Come along with me."

Robin kicked back at Tressan and got free. He said, "I'll save you, Lydia," in that deadly quiet voice. "But you must come now."

HE TOOK her by the hand. "I'll save you, Lydia." She was allowing him to lead her to the door.

Tressan caught her shoulder. "Lydia! Where do you think you're going? Lydia, you can't go with him."

Lydia said, still keeping Robin's hand, still following him, "I'm awfully sorry, Alan," like a small child apologizing for spilled porridge.

Tressan cried, "But you can't! You're no longer married to him! You're married to me!"

Lydia said, "I'm awfully sorry, Alan," and allowed Robin to urge her through the door.

Miss Audinger was certain that, hand in hand, they ran through the outer office. There was no carpet there. She listened, not able to move, to the sound of their running feet.

A duller noise took up this running sound. It was Alan Tressan stamping up and down the Persian rug. He was breathing as tho he were running hard, and each time he turned he flung out a remark. "This will be in all the papers! What a situation! What a laughing-stock! What a fool!"

Mrs. Cole said, "Now, Alan!" She began pacing up and down beside him while she talked. "Now listen to me, Alan. In the first place it's no use your losing your good passage money. You can sail for Paris just the same to-night, and I'll go with you."

Alan Tressan stopped still to look at her. "Oh," said Polly Cole, "I'm not offering to elope with you! Listen. We'll take our luggage and go abroad the last minute, the very last minute, as they're pulling up the gangplank. Then, as the boat is sailing, all we have to do is take the captain into our confidence. We'll explain we are the husband and the mother of a girl who has just eloped. We'll say she sailed this afternoon with the man and that we're hurrying to overtake her. Of course that's not the whole truth, and if you don't want to say that part of it I will. Then the captain will have to put me in with some woman and put some man in with you."

TRESSAN said, "But suppose they send us back on the tug?"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Cole. "Where are your wits? They couldn't send you back. It would be me, and I'll risk it. Why, there are always plenty of people on a big liner who can be shifted around."

"But if it gets into the papers?"

Said Mrs. Cole, "It's bound to get into the papers anyhow, and you'd best be out of the way. You need the trip and I've been feeling like one for a long time. Besides, in Paris you can start proceedings for a divorce. And if you ask me, you're a very lucky man. Why, Lydia was the very last person in the world for you."

Tressan was now stamping up and down less violently. They had all forgotten about the baby, all save Miss Audinger. Suddenly she saw the shining possibility of now possessing Anne. She asked, "But what about the baby?"

"Now, Charlotte," said Mrs. Cole, "you'll have to take her. You won't mind keeping her till this blows over and we're all settled again. I'm going right up-town to pack. I'll send Anne and the nurse straight over to you."

I AM THROUGH WITH LOVE

Continued from Page 2

strained under this ugly atmosphere. It became full of misunderstandings, and the inevitable break was a matter of time.

I tried constantly to possess him. Knowing instinctively that I had neither beauty nor the qualities he dreamed of in a woman, I weakened him in every way so that he would always depend on me, be grateful, and therefore love me. I believed so much in the righteousness of true love that I was bitter against his betrayal of it when he found love elsewhere. It was not love, I said. It was low passion. Love was forever and ever. My truth was a simple and friendly girl, good-natured and pretty, but I thought her an unprincipled creature—only a trollop would love a married man.

In the eyes of the world I was wronged when he finally left me: the right of love and the right of social morals were on my side. I came back from a disagreeable business trip and there was no welcoming presence at the station, as was usual. I hurried to the little apartment. It was empty of him and his things. It was the most appalling catastrophe of my life. I had imagined everything, even his death, but never this actuality—black, incredible silence. I shall not dwell on the suffering that followed until I heard his voice, curiously thin, over the telephone. I steeled myself to meet him at a public restaurant, as he had asked.

There he was, fair, slight, delicate, more lovable than ever, and plainly suffering too. "I still love you," he told me. "I always shall. But not in the way you want. If loving you means shutting out the world—well, I've got to go my way. It's up to you. We can be friends, live in the same flat, but go our separate ways." I could not consent to this mockery of our love. I sent for him time after time. I was hysterical. I made scenes despite my best resolutions.

I tried to reason myself sane by telling myself, "This is happening in almost every street in the city, yet the houses are quiet, and you see no women hanging out the windows and shrieking. Love is not forever and ever." But I did not see how I could go on living. But I did. Going to my office, hanging on to my desk in sheer physical agony, for days, for weeks; pretending to work; picking up the telephone in fierce hope every time it rang; sleeping by the aid of drugs.

I looked at other women as if I saw them for the first time. This sort of thing must be happening to some of them, and yet they found ways of just managing to pass through endless nights and aching, flat days. How could they laugh or talk or eat? Or live to be old? I had no diversions. I had courted his friends and neglected mine. I prayed for strength to live through each day as it came.

Years have passed and I have grown calm and wise, and my eternal passion, that too has cooled. I know that, given what we were humanly, we loved as long as we could, but that life moves on, and we had to develop with it, or fall by the wayside. What we felt for each other was a lyric poem come alive, but to have insisted that we must feel that way forever would have been spiritual death for both of us. I had had love, but I had made the mistake of believing I could compound it into every-day life, a thing that butters bread and pays rent and is romantically devoted and makes serenity and an easy social life.

I get cynical over the chances of women to become self-respecting individuals when I think of the years I spent in trying to please my husband instead of being myself. I am a serious-minded person, of an essentially religious nature. My husband was gay, poetic, romantic, and he saw all this in my youthful exuberance. So I tried, as every woman in love tries, to make myself over into everything he loved in a woman. I tried to be gay, sophisticated, dress as he wanted me to. My first instincts were always tempered by the instinct to please him.

I WANTED to sit at home, read a book; he wanted to go to a dance with a crowd, so of course I telephoned and telephoned until I got a crowd, and went to the dance, where I tried to be gay with people I didn't care about. I took his friends and opinions for mine, I talked of the things he liked to talk about, played the games he liked, dressed the way he liked. That is a slavery of woman in love in which her whole essential being is thwarted, a more terrible slavery than that of chains, yet I was willing to endure it until happily for both of us he ended it.

I say "happily" with such sureness now, but it was not I who had the sanity or the courage to look my situation in the face. For years I was a noble, deserted wife, brooding on my wrongs, blaming God, man, and life, everything but myself. Still loving my divorced husband, it never occurred to me that there might be reason on his side. I loved, and he betrayed my love; therefore I was wronged. Those are the simple absolutes of all love-blinded women.

It was the friend I later married who helped me probe into my wounded ego and to reason my way out of my heartache. He insisted I be logical about this consuming love, that I face the facts of its childish, stubborn vehemence and acknowledge that, tho there had been romance in my marriage, there had never been mutual trust, completion, growth. I resented his cruel logic. If what he said was true then my whole life was a lie, I answered.

"Your real, lovely self, the woman instinct in you that made you want to sacrifice, to worship and to work is hidden under a shell of juvenile illusion," he said. "If you want to be a real woman you've got to break through and give yourself a chance to live.

"You're so dead sure about everything, love, marriage, and you don't know a single thing about it. You're as able as a man; you think you act like a man. But did you ever see a man stop in his tracks and refuse to live just because he was crossed in love? He has to swallow it—do anything, but get it over with somehow, and go on."

I fought back, but gradually my resistance broke down. I was not quite so sure any more. I began to lean on his faith in me, his sureness and competence as a man. "Trust me, and marry me. I know it will come out all right." But I thought it a sin to marry him while I still loved another. And I was afraid to fail again. Finally as a result of his faith in me and my need for his loyalty we were married.

Gradually the quiet sureness of my life with him affected my deepest reserves. I grew quiet; my tenseness, my suspicion of the world, my feeling that I was noble and every one else slightly at fault, melted away as I met trust and friendliness on every hand, and at all times. I had been taught that love is all-important and the most important thing in life.

From the shelter of a loveless marriage I was discovering that love is really unimportant to people. Food is important, and shelter. Work is important. Begetting children is important (and love in the American sentimental sense has little to do with that). And chiefly order and a sense of security. In marriage are important. Since all these are most easily gained by men and women together they are confused with love.

Love, sentimental, ideal love is confused with marriage, with compromise, with order and serenity. Yet the love of my youth had nothing to do with these, and these had everything to do with my loveless

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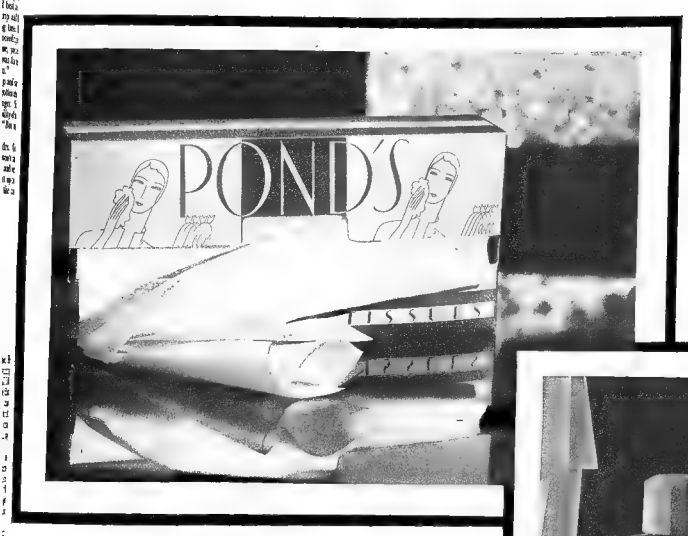

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Continued from Page 60

marriage and the rich human life I had discovered in it. I had engaged in the sort of marriage American girls are brought up to despise, and it has turned out to be the happiest of marriages and so fruitful to us that I pity all the women bound to spinsterhood or a futile widowhood all for the sake of a pallid ideal

I married again because I wanted a companion, because I wanted the security of a man's unselfishness in life, and to be sheltered by that confidence. I have not much respect for an individual's importance, and I contributed very little to the world's good by just living and working and going home to my lonely little apartment.

I wanted my life to be fruitful and I wanted personal power. I wanted, and I shall always want, to take my chances with life, and not be put away on a shelf with all my vigor running rich and unused within me. A woman fulfils herself in working, in buffeting with fate. She is not something to dress in silks and furs and left on a silken couch to desiccate like a doll—not if she has a soul.

Suppose I had married some enticing stranger again for love, and love flew out the window after a few months? Or suppose I had had a child, say a son, and transferred my active love-life to my child, as so many women innocently do, with devastating psychic results to both father and son? Suppose I gave my once-loved husband only what was left and resolved him through the hold I had on him through his child?

I have seen too many men defrauded of their right to a positive love-life in that way, one of the unconscious ways women revenge themselves on unwanted husbands. Is that way of loving more honest than to marry with the aim of making life together a full, an alive relationship rather than existing by all sorts of notions of ownership which all tied together spell love to so many people?

I WANT to be faithful to my husband in thought as well as in deed.

I have seen so many women with a loving word on their lips, a caress in their hands, and a cold look in their eyes. Or others who complain softly about their men, uttering subtle and terrible treacheries against the spirit of an honest union, hiding things by their tact, but showing their dissatisfaction in honey-tinged, malicious teasing of their life-mates.

Is that more honorable than a marriage based on real respect and friendship and loyalty? According to our love-code it is. Save in the secrecy of a confessional, as I do now, no woman can admit to a loveless marriage and keep her social face—a thing which would be taken for granted in the society of almost any other country

Having no romantic yearnings, I shall never be disappointed in my husband's failure to supply me with a rose-colored version of life. Suddenly in the midst of acquiring knowledge of oneself, one is through with emotions. They seem almost vulgar, indecent, something faithless and feverish and egotistic which one has outgrown. If I am to have emotions I want to dignify them, to make them permanent, and in a sense live for themselves.

My husband does not try to make me into something which he has imagined his sweetheart would be, and which has nothing to do with me as a person. Because we married calm-eyed we are spared the emotional battling that goes on for years before two people are ready to admit the right of each to his own individuality—if they have not already parted because they refuse to face this reality.

Recognizing my need for the stimulating companionship of men, I concede my husband's friendships with women instead of looking on any smile between him and a pretty woman as a sign for battle. How much of my life I have worn up in just being jealous—sometimes I think it is jealousy rather than love that stimulates one's interest in one's partner. Competition, jealousy, greed, vanity—these I recognize in their true face as components of what I have called great love.

I do not expect adoration and I do not expect romantic love. I say this with a pang in my heart because that is every woman's perpetual hope. I confess I am wistful when I see a man involuntarily reach over and caress his wife, or see a married pair walking arm in arm. My life seems so sober in comparison. Then I must buck myself up by reminding myself of what living is. Would I be any happier growing old alone in a back bedroom, reliving my old emotions, brooding on them, and giving them unreal proportions because of my loneliness?

I thought I was committing a spiritual crime when I married for convenience. For the first time I feel whole within myself. For the first time I am able to look at the world with eyes that are not harried with suffering. I have peace. I have a new sense of pride. I am valued for what I am, a wife, a mother, a partner of a man respected in the community. I don't have to go to beauty-parlors, to intrigue for my own husband's attentions, to be hysterically gay when I feel sober, or to keep desperately young when I want to welcome the years honestly.

The life in our home, because of its honesty and its busyness, would be a full and interesting life if the whole world dropped away from us. I think we are so interested in everything because we don't consume ourselves in constantly feeling each other out, as people in love must. Dignity and peace, children and happiness, and order and accomplishment, are they not worth more than a world lost for love?

IT HAS not been easy for me to be honest and face the basic facts of life, because for so long I lived on the feminine pedestal of self-worship. I have been forced to admit to myself that women, because of their physical natures, are more nearly animals than men. Despite our present free state it is not really so revolting a fact to dwell upon. I am a nervous, irritable person, thin to the point of leanness. During pregnancy I calmed down, gained weight, was healthier and happier than I had ever been in my life. I was so vigorous I felt I could push over mountains. I did all my housework, my Winter's canning; I walked miles. My delivery was not an easy one, yet I was up and about and back in my home, weak but healthy, twelve days later.

I had once seen a prize Holstein being checked for a milk record just after she had calved. I seemed to myself like that cow. When we are compared to cows we get angry. But really we are like cows, and the we will not dwell upon it or admit it in words (so strong is our conspiracy of inferiority against men), we are as people, as animals, powerful and exuberant in the active periods of nursing and motherhood.

The prettiest woman in the world is not as sure of her power over her man as the plainest woman who is with child. And power, mostly, is what women and men want, not love. We think we want love. We gain love for a moment, and then immediately go on with the power-drive—wanting to be important, to ourselves, to our lover, to the world at large. Men express it in conquering money and mountains and rivers and air; women in conquering whatever humans they can lay their hands on.

I gained my power through having children. Not that I had them with that thought in my conscious mind. I suddenly realize that I am important to my family I suddenly realize that nothing can ever happen to me, so long as I have them, that could make me unsure or deeply unhappy in the desperate sense of the earlier days of love.

In no way can I ever repay my children for the happiness and the love they brought with them into the world. They are little, one treading on the heels of the other, but already they have given me so much love and so much sheer delight and fun that I can never be grateful to them that they are alive and that I have had the wonderful experience of being with them.

When I married for love children seemed an intrusion We were wrapped up in each other. I had no special liking for children They were for women of a coarser mold. women who didn't have the brains to spend their time to better purpose. I did not propose to be another link in the endless chain of stupid, human repetition.

NOW I know that where there is genuine respect, a mutuality of interest and purpose, as there is between us, and children and fine breeding, marriage is bound to last. All these relationships are real in themselves. They stand up of their own reality like a tree does. Marriage in this sense is an institution which all the members of a family build up among them for mutual support and delight, and needs no romantic love to sustain it.

Continued on Page 64

DATED COFFEE....

enjoyed by these celebrities at home

NEVER before have you had such a guarantee of fresh, full-strength flavor in your coffee!

For Chase & Sanborn's is the only coffee delivered by the same method which insures freshness in perishable fresh foods!

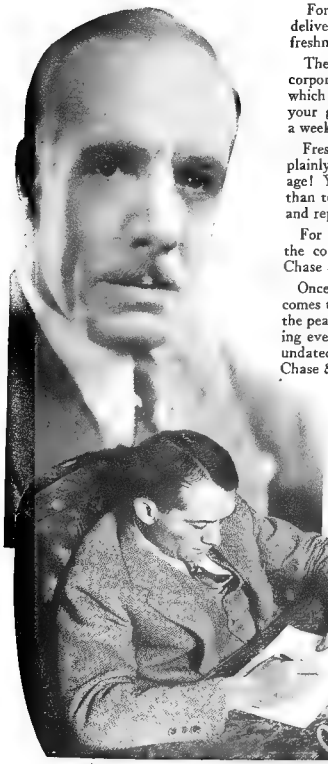
The same fleet of "Standard Brands Incorporated, Daily Delivery" motor trucks which carry Fleischmann's Yeast fresh to your grocer bring him also two deliveries a week of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Fresh from the roasting ovens! The date plainly stamped on the face of each package! You will never find one that is more than ten days old, for they are taken back and replaced by fresh.

For sixty-five years in many sections of the country, coffee lovers have preferred Chase & Sanborn's mellow blend.

Once you taste this fine coffee . . . as it comes to you always fresh, full strength, at the peak of its flavor . . . you will be unwilling ever again to risk disappointment with undated coffees. Ask your grocer today for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee—*dated*.

GEORGE GERSHWIN, famous young composer of musical comedies and orchestral music, is vividly abreast of his time, a staunch believer in its cultural integrity. His enthusiasm embraces every forward-looking accomplishment from the development of radio to as personal a benefit as fresher, better tasting coffee. "I appreciate good coffee," he admits, "—coffee with a fresh, vigorous, nutty flavor. Chase & Sanborn's is like that; it's especially good."



LEWIS STONE, distinguished star of the silver screen, is a quiet man, fond of his dogs, fond of cruising in his yacht . . . a rather retiring but genial host. "Good coffee is a good comrade whether you are working or playing," Mr. Stone says. "Coffee of delightful flavor is satisfying. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee gives me that satisfaction."

JOHN HELD, JR. . . . portraitist of the American "flapper" . . . a brilliant host to gayly clever people. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee brings the exhilaration of its fresh flavor to the gatherings at his three interesting homes, whether in his ultra modern New York apartment, his home at Palm Beach, or his very famous farm. "I rate Chase & Sanborn's Coffee 'up and up,'" he says. "It has the verve, the fragrance, found only in good coffee freshly roasted."

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee-DATED

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An old FAMILY RECIPE for reforming men

"A PRINCIPAL of a consolidated school, I must daily make countless decisions for five hundred boys and girls, their teachers and parents. The past year I found myself getting stale and swamped with work. I tried the usual remedies: tonic before meals, taking a vacation—but I remained irritable, nervous, depressed.

"While spending July Fourth with mother, I glimpsed my first ray of hope. Years ago, she told me, she had used caffein beverages until she had suffered a nervous breakdown. She tried Postum, and today, despite her eighty years, her hand is steady. Mother urged me to give Postum a trial. To my amazement I discovered that it was not a feeble imitation of my usual mealtime beverage but an appetizing drink in its own right.

"I have kept on drinking Postum because I like it. I feel like another man. Already I can sense a renewed spirit of cordiality between my teachers and myself. They no longer fear that every call to the office means a 'bawling out.' Thanks to the restorative my mother prescribed: Good Postum!"

FRANK B. LINDSAY, Hastings, Florida.

WHAT a world of worry and trouble would be saved, if every mother gave her sons—and daughters—this advice! Many men and women live out their entire lives in a constant state of nervousness and depression—simply because they don't know that caffein beverages can cause these troubles.

Perhaps you, yourself, have never considered caffein-containing drinks as a possible cause of overwrought nerves and fagged spirits. But make Mr. Lindsay's experiment Eliminate caffein beverages from your diet, and let Postum show you how well you can be! Try it for thirty days—*then* decide whether you ever want to go back to caffein drinks!

Postum contains no caffein. There's nothing in Postum to cause nervousness, sleeplessness, headaches, or indigestion. It is safe—and *delicious!* Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, roasted and skilfully blended to bring out a flavor that is mellow—smooth —*and entirely distinctive.* Try a cup, plain —or add cream, and watch the rich brown color lighten to gold—then taste that wonderful flavor! You'll want to make Postum your mealtime companion for life!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

P.—P.—R.—4-28

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.* The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. © 1930, G. F. Corp.

Continued from Page 62

And in the end love comes, but a rational, human love, not the divine efflorescence. I have this love now—a love that depends on *me*, not on the other fellow. It depends on *my* capacity for love, not upon the other person's general lovability.

WHEN I say I am through with love, I do not mean I am through with affection. Putting the delusion of love to one side, there is the whole world before me—the world of affection, the world of humor, the world of nature, the real, the vivid world in which men and women and things begin to count, to take their place in themselves, and not in relation to one's love.

When I was a lover I was too busy dramatizing myself to my emotions to have either the patience or the coolness of spirit necessary to enter into the lofty heritages of mankind. Men and women passed me by, making fortunes, writing novels, rearing fine children, while I lay and moaned for love. I could not stop to contemplate the beautiful because I was too full of the immediate urgency of my own desires, too immersed in an egotistic, selfish role which I thought was nobility itself.

With what snobbish superiority I believed that unless one loved one could not grasp the finest essences of life! One of the greatest musicians in the world paid court to me one night. Half flattered, half offended, I gravely explained what love was. "Ah, you are one of these American nuns!" he laughed, and, sitting on an old Spanish Episcopal chair. "You should sit here. Women, my dear, are like beautiful flowers, and, like flowers, they should be plucked."

I argued with him. I could not understand how a man whose playing was the soul of love itself could have so brutal a philosophy. Since then I have met many poets, novelists, and artists, and the greatest of them were crude realists in love. Whether by reason of the subject, they had the knowledge I finally gained so dearly, that sentimental love is a vice of the ego; it is an overdevelopment, a perversion of the natural sex-instinct.

So many men and women discover too late that they have been tricked by an illusion. "If I had only known what counts," said a spinster of forty-odd to me, "I would have married, if only to have children. Now it is too late." Too late, and a fine life spoiled, robbed of its fertility, left to console its loneliness as best it can; filling up the void with friends, with work; learning how to play alone. Those pale friendships of lonely, middle-aged women, women who have the bitter knowledge of futility, and who cling to each other for comfort.

They are usually the finest kind of women, but, like other idealistic young people, they have wasted their splendid potentialities in trying to be true to an ideal which is untrue to life itself, but which has gone on wreaking its havoc in humanity unbeheded ever since some irresponsible troubadours of France, who couldn't be faithful to any woman, but who, like spoiled children, expected women to be forever faithful to them, invented the notion of romantic love to serve their needs of jealousy and possession and that of their overlords.

Our public prints, our plays, and our preachers unite to continue this great romantic tradition that love is all, and all sacrifice in its cause a heroic privilege for women.

And these illusions prove so false when put to the acid test of being lived with.

Our love ideal results in failure in present-day civilization when it brings so many shattered lives into the divorce courts and into the hospitals for psychopathic therapy. Psychoanalysis is popular and needed in America to adjust people to the emotional tangles which are a result of our failure to face the true facts of love and marriage and human association. Nervous breakdown is a common disease in America. It is a spiritual disease; it means the breakdown of one's whole attitude toward life, and thwarted emotions are the deepest basis of this disorder.

Society does not know which way to turn to repair the social disaster. Those who are conservative want to put the screws on existing conventions of divorce; those who are liberal want marriage yokes thrown to the winds. Companionate marriage is only an attempt to build a squatter's shack out of this irresponsible wreckage of sentimentality.

With all this havoc our sentimental morality still writhes at the horrid idea of marriages of convenience. Idealistic love is worshiped as part of our baggage of religion and Puritanism. Yet nowhere in the Bible is romantic love the theme of exaltation. Passion, yes; fatherhood, motherhood, and finally real love—real love which is impersonal, which Jesus had for all His fellows, which gives meaning to all relationships and casts its understanding radiance on all things that are true—upon marriages dictated by family reason and tribal custom, upon harlotry dictated by economic need and ignorance, upon lepers, upon the rich and upon the tyrannical, upon the cripple and the criminal—upon all the things which truly exist.

But of a consuming, romantic, personal love of the sort which is the peculiar flower of our Anglo-Saxon civilization and which wastes the beautiful years of our youth, of that there is no mention—of that sentimentality which is the false face of God.

Surely husbands and wives of Egypt and Greece and Europe and China and Rome and Asia loved, even tho their marriages were, and still are, dictated by tradition. Savages, too, must love. Love is not our exclusive possession—that is the human love of a man for his woman, and *vice versa*. I prefer that impersonal humanness to the individualistic sexual plumages which so exacerbate our land and our homes today, and which I have come to regard as a second-rate emotional indulgence, robbing our personal lives of dignity and security and fruition

If marriage must be revalued let us put it on a practical, sound, and dignified basis, on a basis which calls to the best in us instead of the most trivial. Companionate marriage vulgarizes the purest passions of youth. The marriage of convenience lasts. It is aristocratic. It has always been engaged in by people of high breeding, of high principles, and great courtesy. It implies first of all mutual respect. It implies fertility and responsibility, dignity and achievement. It never betrays you. It makes for a realistic adult comprehension of what makes for happiness and a healthy, outgoing life.

NOTHING I can say will prevent the miracle of first love, fortunately. Who would be cold enough to deny first love? It is like a breeze that sweeps the wintry landscape, promising mystery, loveliness, containing every subtle scent of the loveliest Spring day, of the warm relaxations of a Summer's day, of the rich, achieved odors of Autumn—a breeze that is without name and without material benefit, and yet lifts the heart to ecstasy.

It exists by itself and for itself and without any relation to the world of reality. Under the stress of its pure lyric wonder all men and women become great poets for one moment. After one is able to dissect it, and most of it seems a mistake, all save the unknown, the fusible quality which alone makes it forever miraculous.

Young people will continue to love when they will, but we can prevent them from wasting their youthful fire and intensity by teaching them that a shattered love does not mean a shattered life; by teaching our girls that love should have the second, and not the first, place in their lives. I shall teach my children to be rational. I shall teach them that love is an attitude trained into a human being from its infancy. It is not a sacred, mystic thing at all, and I shall teach them to reason their way out of the pains of love instead of being violent and emotional about them. I shall teach them to love like men do.

I shall teach them the difference between love and self-love. I shall show them the whole world standing like an incredible bouquet, standing and waiting patiently until we have the sense to possess it. I shall tell them love is a song, a delirious, a lyric, exquisite song, but it is a song sung in only a single key.

I hope they will love, but they will know love is *not* all, and they will never be encouraged to say "all for love." For I shall tell them that beyond emotional, egotistical love, life itself awaits them, life the rich symphony with its assonances and its dissonances, the terror and pain of birth, the love of children, the strong movement of achievement and of life resolved into enjoyment and peace. They shall see that come true in their own homes.

Freed of love, the whole world lies before me at last. It lies before me no longer colored by a passionate self-interest. Broad and full of ridiculous and gay activities and interesting people and things, it is the true heritage of love everlasting.

Now!

SILVERPLATE CHANGES COMPLETELY

to fit in with present-day china . . . glassware . . . linens

Time has done beautiful things to your table. Decked it with gay and modern glassware . . . Changed the old "china set" to a varied, colorful service . . . Banished the old tablecloth in favor of tinted linens. New style, new taste. But up to now . . . silverware has changed just in pattern and engraving.

Now . . . the VIANDE Knife and Fork. Totally new. In harmony with the changed china, linens, and crystal. A true basic improvement in both looks and practicality. Long handles. Short blades and tines. New balance and feel . . . and beauty. Now your table's transformation is complete, the entire silver service modernized, even to the tea and dinnerware . . . by the change in these two basic flatware pieces. Made in 1847 ROGERS BROS. . . . the original ROGERS Silverplate . . . the most illustrious of all silverplate.

Your silverware merchant offers you VIANDE Knives and Forks in these seven lovely patterns . . . Silhouette, Legacy, Ancestral, Anniversary, Argosy, Ambassador, Heraldic. Covers for Six, 26 pieces, $38.00; "Pieces of Eight" (trade mark registered), 34 pieces, $49.50. The regular shaped knives and forks are also available for those who prefer them. There are other new pieces . . . such as salad knives and cream soup spoons.

Viande KNIFE and FORK

(Right) . . . Viande Knife and Fork, Ancestral Pattern. Six Knives $15.00. Six Forks $8.25. Set $23.25.

(Left) . . . 3-Piece Tea Set, Ancestral Pattern $65.00 . . . Tray $25.00.

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVER PLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Write for booklet R-26, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware" – Address Dept. "E," International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut

If your cakes fail in 1 of these 3 ways

COARSE, UNEVEN TEXTURE

SOGGY, TOO "HEAVY"

DRY AND TASTELESS —QUICKLY STALE

Note now how easily you can correct it

DEAR MADAM . . . In 35 cities the last 6 months, over 360,000 housewives discarded old-type cake flours and adopted this unique creation.

It marks a new era in cake-making; the latest achievement of the world's leading millers—the makers of the famous Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

For a revelation in easier, less troublesome cake-making, just try it. It overcomes the 3 common objections to special "cake flours."

Corrects Your 3 Great Troubles in Cake-Making

Before making it, thousands of women were consulted. They told what their greatest difficulties were in cake-making.

They complained of 3 common failures. Failures 9 in 10 had at one time or another. And asked us to overcome them.

Those failures were: 1. *Coarse, uneven texture:* "waxy" and large-grained. 2. *Soggy and "flat"—often apparently without reason,* a "heavy" cake. 3. *Dry, tasteless*—often a cake stale in a day after making.

Those difficulties, it was found, were rarely due to the housewife, but to the *cake flour* she used.

Now—A Special New-Type Cake Flour

To correct them, a special new kind of cake flour, called Gold Medal Cake Flour, was developed. A flour made only of the hearts of a certain rare type of wheat. A wheat whose gluten acts ENTIRELY DIFFERENTLY with baking powder than gluten of ordinary flour.

TRY THESE WHEAT PRODUCTS MADE BY THE MILLERS OF GOLD MEDAL "KITCHEN-TESTED" FLOUR

The result is cake flour that gives you velvety, fine-textured cakes instead of "uneven" coarse-textured cakes. That gives you high, full, fluffy cakes instead of cakes that are soggy and heavy. That gives you rich-flavored cakes which retain their moisture instead of dry, tasteless cakes that quickly stale.

Naturally, only such a cake flour would be offered you by the world's largest flour millers—the millers of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

Now women everywhere are flocking to its use. Results will be a revelation to you. If not, your money refunded without question.

In your own interest, please try it. Get at any grocery store. Just ask for Gold Medal *Cake* Flour.

GOLD MEDAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

LISTEN IN

Every Tuesday and Thursday morning at 10:45 Eastern Time—9:45 Central Time—9:45 Pacific Time—to Betty Crocker's Gold Medal Cooking School over National Broadcasting Co.

Gold Medal Fast Freight

Every Wednesday night at 8 P. M. Eastern Standard Time The Gold Medal Radio Organ—The Wheaties Quartet Coast-to-Coast over the Columbia System

Google

A MANHATTAN FANTASY

Continued from Page 19

hands. Bending over him, he explained, "This is a sure-fire example that we built for Mr. Schmurtz of Chicago."

"Living?" inquired Phluge.

Silence. Then: "Observe that pediment above the doors. It is a copy of a very fine one of Ægina. Its dancers——"

"I was noticing," said Phluge. "Why dancers?"

"Ah!" replied Butterby. "*Why not* dancers?" This seemed nicely unanswerable, so he continued: "Inside are marvelous friezes of the battle of Granicus, the battle of Issus, and one of Greek and Trojan warriors fighting over the bodies of their comrades. Very heroic."

"No battles," was the magnate's objection. "I've had battles all my life, young man. I wouldn't mind a sword or two, like in the hands of that lady goddess, but——"

"I have it!" the architect exclaimed, straightening up with the sudden force of the idea. "A copy of the Tomb of Mourning Women! A series of beautiful female figures in attitudes of grief, and separated by Ionic pillars. School of Praxiteles, who taught 'em all something!"

Phluge, a bit giddy, sighed and shook his head. Butterby was distressed, and looked appealingly at his sponsor. Mr. Petersen turned to Phluge soothingly.

"I think you are holding back some idea of your own. Now just let us hear it."

They waited. Then timidly Phluge asked, "Where—just, for instance—where—how is Napoleon buried?"

Mr. Petersen was not surprized. "Ah, Napoleon's tomb is part of the Hôtel des Invalides, Paris."

"Hotel—?" Phluge puzzled.

Mr. Petersen explained the French of it. He gave a very creditable account of les Invalides, while Phluge listened (for the first time) eagerly. Butterby punctuated the outline with vigorous nods. Mr. Petersen declaimed fervently:

"And beneath that great gilded dome rests the Emperor! What a sarcophagus!" (Butterby nodded.) "What stately grandeur!" (Butterby nodded twice.) "*Monumentum aere perennius!*" (They all nodded, Phluge thinking it a benediction on the departed, and wishful that he had Mr. Petersen's education.)

Naïvely, he asked for further description. Mr. Petersen was aided in this by Butterby, who sketched feverishly and raved with a genteel frenzy. The words "magnificent!" "majestic!" "gorgeous!" were brought hotly into the front line of attack; and Phluge hammered his own defenses with "Great!" "Wonnerful!" But it was Mr. Petersen who fired the final and demolishing shot. It was simply this:

"But, alas, the expense of copying it——"

That did it. The expense, was it? For something to last forever and even later? Who'd said anything about expense? Phluge demanded: And Mr. Petersen edged a restraining toe against the amazed Butterby's ankle.

And so it was agreed: an exact copy of that great portal of the Hôtel des Invalides known as the sepulcher of Napoleon Bonaparte: tyrant, egotist, genius, scholar, self-crowned Emperor of the French.

BUTTERBY was sent to Paris for study and research, and the beginning of practical work. Phluge, meanwhile, went with Mr. Petersen to view prospective sites. After covering much territory in Phluge's best car, they finally came upon a new and very exclusive colony of the departed. There was, as yet untouched, a broad, sloping tract which rolled peacefully toward a wide, slow river. The far shore was dotted with impressive homes.

"Ideal!" Mr. Petersen enthused, making a gay guess at the commission. Phluge agreed, but the owners had lordly ideas of what the site should pay them. No common land, this. It could never be resold, never; and in fifty years it would be worth ten times the price. Further, a handsome sum must be signed away, in perpetual trust, to assure its care through the ages. Phluge faltered; it seemed getting in a bit deep. The owners were very independent about it. They'd just as soon he didn't buy it, and added, "Of course, if it's too expensive——"

That did it. It made Phluge furious, and he bought it savagely.

Riding home, Mr. Petersen declared it an excellent choice, adding, "The finest tombs of the past have unfortunately been built in countries of earthquakes and volcanoes. In this part of the world, well, sir, you'll be there forever! *Esto perpetua!*"

It was a few weeks later that Mr. Petersen received a commission on this sale which warranted sending Crandall, Jr., to a noble preparatory school and trading in last year's car for a costly eight. He also sent Phluge a pensive etching of Napoleon at Elba.

One evening: "Chris, who's that Mr. Petersen, always sending you Napoleon-things?"

"He's a very fine man, Mama. An educated gentleman."

"He hasn't got you into something foolish, has he, Chris?"

"Listen, Mama. Did anybody ever get me in for something foolish?"

HE EXCHANGED many cables with the zealous Butterby. Estimated costs had already mounted to a monstrous total. Millions. But what of that? Some men put it in private golf-courses and horses. Phluge hated exercise. Others bought faded, old pictures—waste of money. And the mere thought of stinting on *this* enterprise was to defeat the whole glorious idea: the immortalizing of Great Success. Hence, when Phluge received this cable, "Napoleon sarcophagus of red porphyry from quarries Finland. Unobtainable elsewhere. Will other stone do or shall I get exact copy?" he replied, "Shoot. Proceed Finland."

It became his consuming, secret hobby; his ultimate dream, having accomplished tenfold the dreams of his miserable youth. It was a thrilling conspiracy against time and oblivion.

Mrs. Phluge grew increasingly uneasy. Her husband had changed. His air of mysterious abstraction tormented her. It was the first thing in which she had not shared. She was an outsider, and she grieved. Intuitively she blamed it on Mr. Petersen and those "Napoleon-things." But Phluge would give her no clue, so even she was long in finding him out.

It came about when Butterby returned with trunks filled with plans and photographs, estimates and contracts in five languages, and shipping-papers for marbles, statues, and Heaven knows what. A shipnews reporter smelled meat. And Butterby, seeing no reason for secrecy, gave an unblushing account of Butterby's travels and triumphs, for which and for what great purpose. And the following morning America was howling over its rolls and coffee, in trains and subways, in offices and lobbies.

Arriving at his office, Phluge was staggered! Like that dream of being suddenly naked with all the world looking on. His secretary canceled his appointments, and convinced the besieging reporters that her employer had nothing to say. Which was true, for Phluge was violently speechless.

When Mr. Petersen arrived he was bulged low in his chair, a newspaper dangling from one hand, his unhappy eyes staring dazedly at nothing.

"Come, come!" implored the visitor. "Butterby was overhasty, but you couldn't long keep it secret anyhow. And you don't mean that you pay attention to *that!*" indicating the limp paper.

"Well, they ain't exactly boosting me," Phluge mourned. "They don't seem to get the idea. I'm not doing it for a splurge. I don't have to. I'm doing it for a hundred, a thousand years from now. An example—*you* know."

Mr. Petersen did know, and had the repentance. Bending toward Phluge, one hand on his shoulder, he summed up the entire situation to the glory of his client and the shame of the press. "Remember what they did to Lincoln! It's jealousy! Where is to-day's paper to-morrow?" and so on, most effectively.

Phluge felt better. With his old-time belligerence he said to have Butterby start the work, "and be damned to them all!" Which was exactly why Mr. Petersen had gone to that office.

As Phluge went out to lunch four photographers blocked his way and clicked with professional zeal. In one case, that afternoon, he shared the front page of a tabloid with the popular murder; and under his picture was the succinct and crushing: "Thinks He's a Napoleon! (Turn on p. 4.)"

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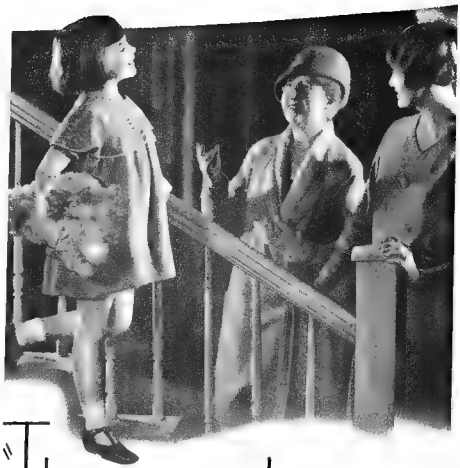

"This can't be little Edna....

she's grown so big and strong!"

SPARKLING eyes—sturdy legs—bubbling over with health and happiness! What a change from the delicate child of two months before!

"What a shock it was," writes her mother, "to learn that my daughter was undernourished! Of course, I knew she was a little too thin, but we certainly fed her well—so I assumed she would develop in time.

"I was advised to give her Cocomalt—and what a change it made! Edna began looking better right away. In just a few weeks she has improved tremendously and is building up stronger every day."

What Child Experts Say

Many people think that "undernourished" means the same as "underfed"—but nothing could be farther from the truth.

A child might be stuffed with pounds of food every day—and still be undernourished, if certain vital elements, such as Vitamin D, were lacking or not properly digested.

What Vitamin D Does

Cocomalt is much more than a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink—for it contains the precious Vitamin D, the same potent body-building element produced by summer sunshine. It helps ward off rickets and fosters the growth of strong bones and sturdy bodies in a truly surprising way.

Equally important, Cocomalt contains vital elements, such as malt enzymes, which digest other foods in the stomach—and is so rich in food value that it will add 70% more nourishment to a glass of milk!

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Cocomalt comes in powder form ready to mix with milk, hot or cold. Packed in three sizes; ½ lb., 30c.—1 lb., 50c. —and the economical 5 lb. family size. Mail coupon today for a generous trial tin, *free*. See for yourself how delightful Cocomalt is.

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Breakfast with these

BETTER BRAN FLAKES

START your day with a heaping bowlful of Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. Get the taste-sparkle of these crispy, crackly flakes. The famous flavor of PEP. You'd never think bran flakes could taste so delicious.

Eat them and be peppy. Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are practically a perfect food with milk or cream. There's health in every spoonful. All the nourishment of wheat—the goodness of the whole grain. And just enough bran to help keep you fit and regular.

One taste. And you'll agree that Kellogg's are *better bran flakes*. Every one wants them often. At every meal.

Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes

IMPORTANT—*Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. ALL-BRAN—another Kellogg product—is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.*

He had been too confused to project a thought to his wife's reactions. She was waiting for him, lips compressed and toe tapping, when he arrived home for dinner. He tried valiantly to be casual.

"Well, well, Mama! How's things home?"

"Is it true, Chris, what they say?"

"Huh? Oh, that? Uh-huh, kinda."

"Christopher Phluge! Oh, I've known for a long time that you was up to something, but I didn't think you was making a laughing-stock of yourself!"

"Come, come!" he said unnaturally, pointing to the paper in her hands. "You don't pay attention to *that!* The papers is a —look what they did to Lincoln, Mama!"

This was not Phluge. She was newly worried. His mind—? She handed him the paper.

"All I know is that people all over is laughing at my husband. It breaks my heart. Look at that."

It was a cartoon. The shade of Napoleon was leaving his tomb and taking with him his tattered battle-flags; and a monstrously fat Phluge, with dollars bursting from his pockets, was taking possession, and replacing the flags with—garments.

He tossed it in the waste-basket. "They're jealous!" he whined. "It ain't for now, Mama; it's for young people in the future to have our success. It'll be beautiful for us! Why, they—" he stopped, very short of breath. "Is—is dinner ready, Mama? I'm awful tired."

He looked much older. He seemed to her beaten by something, and defenseless—this man who had bruised his way to millions by awful determination and keenness. Strange. She remembered with a pang the untiring vigor of his impatient youth. The picture refused all relation to the figure before her. In haste she put one arm across his back.

"Never mind, honey," she said. "You should have told me what you was up to and I'd have stopped it. But we'll forget about it. We've got squabs for dinner, Chris. You like 'em."

They walked slowly, heavily into the lonely dining-hall of gold candelabra and rich foods.

HE FOUND himself estranged from a previously cordial world. There were editorials. One terminated, ". . . and this man, who would make himself immortal by wasting fortunes, has succeeded only in making himself internationally contemptible."

His employees had changed. He heard a clerk say to another, "Take that letter in to the Emperor." He no longer lunched with the old cronies grown fat and rich along with him. They called him "Nap" and never let him forget. He sought a new place, elbowed by strangers, unappetizing.

He determined to abandon the thing. By owning up with a grin, and sudden, lavish charities, he might regain all he had lost. That was it—chuck the whole idea. He had just reached this comforting decision when the cemetery management served him with an injunction to prevent his "embarrassing and injuring" them by the erection of such a notorious edifice. Injuring them! A tomb like Napoleon's—costing millions! He told his lawyers, "Now, by Heaven, I'll build it if it takes my last nickel, which it won't! You fight 'em!"

The lawyers made a decent fortune on this case. The final court decided that the building, "even tho in bad taste," could be erected because there was no ground on which to restrain the said Phluge from choosing what architecture he—and so on. The cost of the litigation was published, followed by more editorials, anonymous letters, cartoons drawn with acid.

Perhaps the blow which fell heaviest was when his two beloved friends, Hymie Singer and Will Roeder, suddenly ceased to come to his home for pinochle. This had been a weekly ceremony of twenty years. Nearly a thousand pages in their cherished and much guffawed-over score-books. They had made the mistake of trying to tell Phluge. Nerves ragged with the subject, he had flared apoplectically and said things he didn't mean. The following week cards and table and beer had been ready as usual, but Singer and Roeder had not come. Mrs. Phluge had tried to take their place. It was a ghastly failure. They quit after the second deal, assuring each other that they really needed sleep. Neither could sleep.

By way of friendship there remained to him the affable and unruffled Mr. Petersen. That gentleman, by the way, had moved to a faultless suburb; his golf was improving nicely; and he had locked away several gilt-edged bonds. But it came to be that after he would take leave of Phluge the magnate would sink lower in his chair, and one corner of his mouth would twist into unuttered profanities.

Mrs. Phluge was failing. One night when she was fatly ensconced in layers of pillows, she interrupted her husband's game of solitaire at the foot of her bed.

"Chris!"

"Yeh?"

"Stop playing a minute, Chris. I want to talk to you. If it should happen that I should pass on——"

"Now, Mama, stop talkin' that way! The doctor says——"

"I know, Chris, but listen. Just in case anything should happen—don't be cross, honey, but I—I couldn't rest in that great big——"

There it was. He could not argue this with her. Even she— Well, he couldn't understand it, that's all. He couldn't—

His wife improved, but was promptly ordered to the Mediterranean by their specialist, a gentleman so expensive that no one thought of questioning his orders. She did not nag Phluge to accompany her, tho she would drearily miss him, and knew better than he that he would be lost without her now. He pleaded business, and it had always been business. They both wept bravely when she parted.

After she had gone he was, perhaps, the most forlorn of men. The machinery of his business continued to amass fortunes; the machinery of his enormous home kept him elegantly homeless. Without her affectionate scolding and fussing his loneliness became an overwhelming weight on tired shoulders.

The Thing had been completed. Its grounds were a triumph of tiny lakes, flowered paths, long lines of poplars—far lovelier than Napoleon's grim surroundings. Its brazen dome was serenely impudent. The whole was magnificent and shameless.

One brilliant Sunday he motored out to inspect it. He was surprized and faintly pleased to see several cars parked along the river, their occupants peering through his high, spiked fence.

"Well," a man was saying, "I'm glad you brought us to see it. It beats the original! What a fool that fellow must be!"

"See his initials above the arch?" said a woman, pointing. "'C. P.' — Christopher Phluge."

"Haven't you heard? They stand for Coats and Pants!"

They wandered away, and Phluge stood staring dumbly at the Thing. Near by was the incessant whistle of a peanut-vender's stand, its owner profiting by the crowds who stopped to laugh.

Beside him: "Mom, is that where Napoleyun Bonypart is buried?"

"Of course not, Junior! It's where that rich man who thought he was like Napoleon is buried."

Phluge turned to her sharply. "That's right, Ma'am. That's where he's buried."

He rode home. He wanted to suggest a game of pinocle to his chauffeur, but thought better of it. He sat alone in a dismally luxurious room until it was time to eat a dinner for which he had no appetite.

Being in the same city with it became increasingly oppressive. He was every minute conscious of it, as tho he were already there, with people driving up to buy peanuts and laugh. He went seldom to his office, and in losing interest in money-making he seemed to have lost his last excuse for existence. There were more and more hours with less and less that he wanted to do. Finally he had no interest in living; but he had none whatsoever in dying.

THE specialist had been watching him more closely than he knew. The conclusion was a trip around the world, from which order the specialist was immovable. "You've got to meet new people, see strange countries. You can even see Mrs. Phluge when you pass through the Mediterranean. Now don't argue! You're going!"

Phluge booked a suite on a liner making a world cruise. No one came to see him off save Mr. Petersen, who also sent him a basket of fruit. When he opened it he found on the top another book. He promptly threw it out the port-hole.

His fellow passengers obviously knew all about him, and they politely tolerated him. He looked wistfully at chatting groups, hall

Continued on Page 70

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AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

AFTER EVERY MEAL FOR LIFE . . .

AMONG all the riddles of ancient Mexico that scientists and explorers are so busily solving, none is more interesting to modern women than the clue to what seems to be the chief Beauty Secret for lovely lips. It has now been suggested that there is an almost indisputable connection between the well-known perfection of the Aztecs' teeth and lips and the chewing of gum from the Sapota tree (the same sort of gum as in Wrigley's). Already American women are said to be the most youthful looking of all women today, with their universally healthy teeth and lovely contour of mouth—no doubt due to the national custom of chewing gum, popularized and brought to modern scientific perfection by Wrigley's. Chew Wrigley's each day. Try Double Mint.

THE FLAVOR LASTS . . .

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I NEVER SAW YOUR WASH LOOK SO SNOWY! AND OUT ON THE LINE SO EARLY, TOO
MY DAUGHTER TOLD ME ABOUT A WONDERFUL SOAP — RINSO. IT LOOSENS THE DIRT LIKE MAGIC

Who else wants a whiter wash?

IT'S WONDERFUL to see the *whiteness* of Rinso-washed clothes. You never saw anything like it!

"Rinso washes the clothes so clean and white, boiling is a waste of time," says an Erie, Pa. woman.—Mrs. Martha Shearer of 749 E. 7th St.

Even the most soiled kitchen linens come bright and gleaming! And as for colored pieces—"they seem to get brighter with every Rinso washing!" declares Mrs. John Luick of 1620 R St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Rinso is all you need in tub or washer, even in hardest water. It whips at once into creamy, lasting suds. You need no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. *Just Rinso* for the whitest, sweetest wash ever!

A safe, economical soap

You'll find Rinso a very economical soap. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps . . . because it's granulated and *compact*.

Rich, *safe* suds. The makers of 38 leading washing machines say, "Use Rinso for safety and for whiter clothes."

Great for tub washing, too

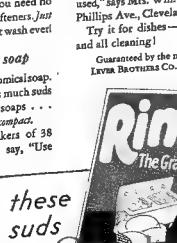
Millions of women know Rinso is great for tub washing, too! Soaks out dirt like magic—saves scrubbing. Even the grimiest cuffs and edges come spotless with a gentle rub or two between the hands.

Of course that saves the clothes; you'll be surprised to see how much longer they last. Keeps the hands out of hot suds, too.

Get the BIG handy household package. "Rinso gives better suds, does more work, than any soap I've ever used," says Mrs. Wm. Hershey of 12335 Phillips Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Try it for dishes—pots and pans—and all cleaning!

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*



Millions use these rich lasting suds

Continued from Page 68

smiled in their direction, but never quite joined them. He talked much to his steward, and with sailors who could spare the time.

On the fifth day he was invited by some men to join them in a game of deck shuffleboard. They thought he seemed unreasonably grateful. Then one man nudged him and whispered, "Say, tell me the real dope about that Napoleon idea, will you?" and Phluge was helplessly confused.

WHEN the others went on to Paris, Phluge went to London, intensely alone. For there was something in Paris he dared not see. Even at Cherbourg—safe hundreds of kilometers distant—he was qualmish lest beyond the hills of the old town a certain golden dome—

He rejoined the ship, which turned south. On a golden day they nosed into the Mediterranean. It would be good, so good, to see his wife again before continuing on to Naples, Palermo, then a Suez and an Orient about which the passengers had the most exciting conjectures, from which he was entirely excluded. Yes, it would be fine to be with her again, tho only for a few days.

The liner entered the wonderland little harbor of Villefranche, its anchors splashing into incredibly blue water beside the grim beauty of French dreadnoughts. Phluge contemplated the multicolored mountains which rose on three sides from the bay. "Mama must have a dandy view from her hotel," was his silent praise.

Her radio said that she would meet him at her hotel, in Monte Carlo—but minutes from Villefranche. His impatience was such that he did not wait for the autobus, but rented a private car. He lost most of the breathless beauty of bays and blues and heights crowded into the brief ride.

Mrs. Phluge was not on the terrace, and he was hurt. Nor was she in the lobby, and he was grieved. And when a long-faced *concierge* asked if he was Mr. Phluge he was frightened. The man could only repeat, in staggering English, that he was to go to a certain address, "the house of the Doctor Baudier." All his anxious questions went unanswered.

Phluge found himself returning along the coast. He was exceedingly worried. The car turned inland and climbed alarmingly up a little road of ruts and sharp stones. It was growing dark. The car turned left into a driveway, arriving on a gardened terrace high above the twilight sea, and stopping before an unlighted villa.

He blundered out before the chauffeur and trudged hastily to the door. This was opened just as he was about to ring. A neat woman in white said, "Mr. Phluge? Will you wait in the hall a minute, please?"

"Is—is Mrs. Phluge—?" he tried, but she mutely shook her head and disappeared.

He found himself sitting in a narrow entrance-hall, facing large, closed doors. The dark and silence became added irritation. He was furiningly wondering why it was so dark, when the doors opposite him were thrown open upon a room brilliantly lighted. He rose and blinked.

"Mama!"

She was radiant in pink gingham and pink bows—more comfortably plump than ever.

"Chris! Oh, Chris, Chris!"

Embracing her, he stared astounded over her shoulder. There was a table piled with twenty foods, with flowers and with wine. And grinning awkwardly beside it were Hymie Singer and Will Roeder.

"Lookit his face!" cried Singer.

"Chris!" yelled Roeder. "We were passing through Nice and Monte, and we just had to wait over with the missus to see you. Know why—?" He delved in a pocket and produced a pack of pinocle-cards. "The game starts foot-sweet after the eats!"

Phluge could have wept; perhaps he did, a bit.

"But, Mama," he puzzled, "I thought you was at the hotel. Your radio to London—what's this house?"

"It's ours, Chris, for a year—until you get rested."

"But my boat! I'm leaving day after to-morrow!"

They laughed at him.

"But, Mama—?"

"I've arranged everything behind your back, like I should always do, with the specialist and with Hymie and Will here. I rented this from a doctor who's gone to Africa. I'm cooking again, Chris! And what a view from the windows!" She paused. "And the—the—you tell him, Will."

"Well," said Roeder, "Hymie and me were talking to some real powers before we left. They felt the public'd like to get that monument for a museum for kinda French things. Your initials'd come off an' all that, said there'd have to be the right way of presenting it, see? But how about it, Chris?"

THEY waited anxiously.

"And what if they shouldn't take it?" asked Phluge, and the apprehension in his own voice relieved and reassured them.

Roeder winked at him broadly. "They'll take it, and you'll be thanked from the top down."

"That is," added Singer, "unless he starts out to-night melding one-fifty trumps and a hundred aces."

They all laughed—Phluge with his arm about his lady.

"What a lot of tricksters!" he beamed. "What a sweet bunch of tricksters, Mama!"

GETTING ON

Continued from Page 17

he's taking a correspondence course in commercial efficiency."

"Oh, Heavens!" said Mr. Johnson despondently. "What does one do with a fellow like that?"

"Wring his neck, for preference," said Meredith. But he was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Johnson, sitting up and assuming a brisk look.

Leonard entered the room, and hesitated a little when he saw Meredith.

"Come in and shut the door," said his employer. "Now, what is it? You can speak in front of Mr. Meredith, I suppose."

"Yes, sir," said Leonard, "but I thought you were alone."

"If I'm in the way, sir," began Meredith with a malicious grin, but Mr. Johnson cut him short.

"Stay where you are, please! Now, Higgins, if it's anything to do with your salary it's a washout. Business is very dull just now and I can't afford to increase any one's pay."

"I think that markets will improve shortly, sir. An upward trend of prices is about due. I keep a chart of market movements which bears out my opinion. However, it wasn't about pay, sir, but merely a little suggestion I thought I might venture, toward efficiency in the staff. Efficiency is true economy, sir."

"Indeed—doubtless," stammered Mr. Johnson, who had never encountered anything quite like this before. He was a humane man and hated snubbing people. He cast a look of appeal toward Meredith, but Meredith met it with a cruel smile.

"Well, what's the great idea, then?" he asked.

"It's not a great idea, sir, only a small thing. But small things count, sir. I'm taking a course in business efficiency, and I've learned that."

"Ah, very admirable, Higgins, very admirable! And this idea of yours?"

"Well, sir, I've noticed that the clock in the general office is at the wrong end of the room."

"Clock at the wrong end of the room?" ejaculated his employer in amazement.

"Yes, sir. The staff all sit with their backs to it. They have to stop work and turn their heads to see the time. Now, if thirty clerks and typists do that, say, twenty times a day, and take ten seconds each time, it works out at one hour and forty minutes a day or ten hours a week of the firm's time wasted. Because of the position of that clock you're paying ten hours' wages for nothing—in fact, you might say you're paying the clock."

Having imparted this information with modest gravity, Leonard waited for his dazed employer to say something; and

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See, Mother, I can dress myself! he little Red Heart showed me ow! It's fine fun, Mother, I want do it every single day!"

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EGIN at about two years to train your baby to dress by using Vanta Self-Help ments. The fewest possible buttons buttonholes are used and so made that fingers can fasten them. Everything been done scientifically to make baby quickly and delight in success.

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BIRTH TO TWO YEARS USE VANTA GARMENTS—NO PINS, NO BUTTONS.

hem from your favorite store. If not able write Earnshaw Knitting Co., 343, Newton, Mass. In Canada write Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

FREE TO YOU

"The Toddler," a Book on Care, Feeding, Dressing, Training of the Child of 2 to 6 years.

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after a moment of silence Mr. Johnson murmured, "My Heavens!" as if to himself.

"Got that out of the efficiency course, didn't you, Higgins?" asked Meredith.

"Well, Mr. Meredith, it doesn't seem to me to matter much where I got it, if there's anything in it," said Leonard, remembering Rule XVI. Presence of Mind.

Mr. Johnson had by this time recovered sufficiently to take charge of the situation.

"Quite an idea, Higgins," he said gravely. "I'm obliged to you for mentioning it. But the fact is that every time the door from the outer office is opened I can see that clock from where I am sitting now. I find that very convenient. It saves me the labor and expenditure of time involved in consulting my watch. Now, I've worked it out with Mr. Meredith, and we found that on the basis of my modest profit from the business, it saves at least ten pounds six and thruppence a week. So you see it pays us better to leave the clock where it is. Thank you, Higgins."

Leonard felt that it would be unwise to ignore the hint that his interview was over. He withdrew, but unabashed. True, his suggestion had failed, but at any rate they were probably talking about him in there now. He had made his presence *felt*.

"Can you beat it?" Mr Johnson was saying to his manager. "I regard it as serious neglect on your part, Meredith, not to have noticed that we were paying the clock. And I think we might adjourn to lunch. I need some sustaining food after that."

"Right!" said Meredith. "Usual spot?"

"No, I promised that we'd meet old Swan to-day. He's up from Manchester, and is to be at Jacob's at half past twelve. He likes those old-fashioned places. Don't be late!"

Mr. Johnson reached for his hat and went out. Meredith followed him as far as the outer office. For the sake of discipline they never left the office together.

A few minutes after Meredith had gone out Mr. Leonard Higgins followed. He had no idea that he was going to the same place, but he was. It was to Jacob's Chop-house that he went daily for his solitary lunch. First, because he would never meet there any other member of the staff—he disliked their coarse familiarity; secondly, because one saw a good class of men there, and one should always seek the society of those on the grade above, as the course put it; and thirdly, because, seated in one of the high-backed wooden pews which enclosed the tables, it was possible to study the course without attracting too much attention. Further, the food was cheap and good, and the standard tip was anything from a penny upward.

LEONARD had not got very far with his helping of steak-and-kidney pudding before he realized that the voices raised in laughing talk in the pew behind him were very familiar. He was sitting against a thin wooden partition, on the other side of which he could hear his employer and Meredith talking to a third man, whom they addressed as Swan.

That must be Mr. Swan from Manchester, one of their oldest customers and a large buyer of raw silk, and for a moment he was tempted to listen, in accordance with Rule XII. Take Full Advantage of Opportunity. But he dismissed the idea as perhaps not quite the thing in the circumstances, till the mention of his own name made him prick up his ears.

"What did you say his name was?" asked Swan after a burst of laughter.

"Higgins—a priceless little card!" chuckled Mr. Johnson. "But he's got to a point when he becomes a nuisance and I don't know how to get rid of him."

"I know the sort," said Swan. "Had one in my office in Manchester. Wanted to teach me how to run the business. But I soon got shot of him."

"How?" inquired Mr. Johnson eagerly. "Mind you," he added, "he's not such a bad little chap—I don't want to hurt his feelings unduly—he's a good worker, Meredith tells me."

"Why, it was easy," said Swan with a laugh. "I put him on to a really responsible job and he lasted exactly one day. Came to me all in a shiver next morning and asked to be put back on his ledger again. Too much for him. What I say about these fellows is that if they can handle a really responsible job, good and well; then let them have a chance. But when you put them to the test, why, most of them just crumple up."

"The quickest way to deflate a balloon is to prick it," put in Meredith. "I think that's a dashed good idea of yours, Mr. Swan. Now, why not let's apply it to our young friend Efficiency Higgins?"

"How?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"Well," said Meredith, "let us both clear out to-morrow morning and tell Higgins to take charge for an hour."

"But he might make some awful bloomer and land us in a mess," objected Mr. Johnson.

"WHAT I propose is that he should make a bloomer," said Meredith. "We could avoid any danger by having a record taken of all messages out, and Miss Finch can listen in on the phone and take notes of any calls. If he did anything silly we could cancel it at once.

"Now, Mr. Swan wants some rubber. He's coming to see us to-morrow. Let him come in and offer to buy about thruppence under the market price. That little squirt knows nothing about it. Either he'll funk it and put him off, in which case we have him for missing an order, or he'll deal at an absurd price, where we have him again. Mr. Swan will, of course, not take it as business. We'll fix him up afterward."

"Bit rough on Higgins, isn't it?" demurred Mr. Johnson.

"No, it isn't really. Higgins is always thrusting his efficiency on me in the office, and on you when he gets a chance. It's the kindest way of showing him that he's no good. You've only got to look at him to see him up. Otherwise I'll have to ask you to sack the chap, and I shouldn't like to do that. But in his present state of mind I can't endure him in the office any longer."

"All right, it'll be rather a lark," conceded Mr. Johnson. "Mind you, I'm not sure that the little blighter may not get the better of us after all."

"Not a chance!" asserted Meredith. "It'll show him his place. I'll think out one or two other problems for him to solve by efficiency."

"Well, come along," said Swan. "I've only time for one cigar and a drink at the nearest bar and then I must be off."

Leonard shrank into his corner as he heard them getting up. Fortunately, they were between him and the door and did not need to pass his pew.

Acting on Rule III., Make Haste Slowly, he finished his lunch with deliberation before he allowed himself to face the problem. He then proceeded, as he would have put it, to explore every avenue of possibility in connection with the conversation he had just heard.

So that was their idea of him. Not very flattering! But perhaps he had made himself a bit of a nuisance to Meredith. Another way of looking at it was that he had succeeded in making himself *felt*. There was something in the course after all. His employer and manager didn't spend their lunch-hour in discussing old Smithers, for instance. On the other hand they didn't think old Smithers a nuisance or want to get rid of him. And now they were laying a trap for him, going to get him in a mess and then ask what good his efficiency was.

Leonard realized that this was going to be the crowning test of the efficiency course. It was the biggest crisis he had ever faced. Could he handle it?

"I've got to handle it," he told himself. Alberta found him very silent and sticky, that evening. His mind did not seem to be concentrated on her, and she resented that.

"Been to a funeral?" she asked after one unusually prolonged silence in the tea-shop.

"I am facing the crisis of my life to-morrow," said Leonard solemnly. Alberta sniffed.

"Seems to me as if you'd been getting tangled up with some other girl," she said crossly. "If it's anything like that, I'm off, dead off."

"You ought to know me better," said Leonard reproachfully.

"Then I'll bet it's something to do with your hundred per cent. nonsense. Are you getting the sack, or what?"

"Possibly," said her lover calmly. "But possibly not—possibly something quite different. You'll know in good time."

This cryptic reply infuriated Alberta, but she had to content herself with it, for nothing more was to be got out of Leonard either by cajolery or severity. (See IX. Keep Your Affairs to Yourself.)

Next morning Leonard dressed himself with unusual care. He wore his best black

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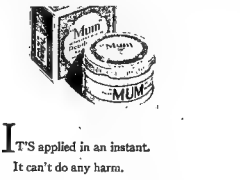
In the same time it takes to powder



IT'S applied in an instant.

It can't do any harm.

You can—and should—use this snowy, soothing cream for every occasion.

Mum offers *permanent* protection from underarm offense, for it is something you can *always* use.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a daily habit. Morning and evening. Then you're always safe. Never at a disadvantage. No hour of the day or night can ever be ruined by that arch-enemy of charm—body odor.

That's the beauty of Mum! The utter simplicity of its use. You need not plan ahead, nor make elaborate preparations for its application. Nor wait for it to dry, or fear its effect on skin, or dainty fabrics. The moment you've used Mum, you're ready to go! And absolutely safeguarded against perspiration odors.

Mum is as bland as any face cream and is, in fact, beneficial to skin. Perfectly harmless to fabrics. Its only action is to neutralize those odors caused by the chemistry of the body.

Keep your jar of Mum on your dressing table. Use it freely, and be serenely confident of yourself all the time. All toilet-goods counters 35c. Or nearly three times the quantity for 60c. And you use so little each time! There's no waste.

If you will mail this coupon to MUM, 80 Varick St., New York, you'll receive a complimentary box of Mum for a free demonstration!

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Mrs Haley Fiske

tells why she serves Variety in Breads

MRS. HALEY FISKE, the former Miss Helen Rice of New York, is the very popular leader of the vivid social life of Rumson, which revolves around the Monmouth Hunt Club, the Rumson Country Club, and reaches a brilliant climax in the Rumson Horse Show.

"To keep menus interesting is very nearly as important as keeping them wholesome," says Mrs. Haley Fiske, one of the leaders of the younger married set of New York City and Rumson, New Jersey.

Her blue and mauve drawing room is the center of the social activities of the alert outdoor group whose interest is absorbed by golf, tennis, yachting and riding.

"We often have several different kinds of bread at a meal to avoid monotony," continues Mrs. Fiske. "Particular favorites in my household are Apple Cake, Honey Coffee Cake and Hot Cross Buns."

Your baker or grocer can supply delicious breads for every occasion

Today every community has its up-to-date bakeries, shining with cleanliness, where highly skilled bakers make bread in dozens of interesting varieties.

They bake these breads as you would have them baked in your own home, using extreme care and fine ingredients which insure perfect results.

Your baker's daily experience and his scientific methods enable him to offer you breads that are always beautifully baked, a delight to the eye, as well as to the appetite.

Ask your baker or your grocer for their specials. You can always get one or several delicious breads to serve, whatever the occasion may be. Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast just as discriminating housewives did when they used to bake at home. Standard Brands Incorporated. Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.

Accompanied by Bengal, her pedigreed great Dane, Mrs. Haley Fiske sets out for a brisk walk over her beloved countryside.

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Order these Breads *from your* Grocer *or* Baker

1. Butter Horns are brown and rich with "rolled-in" butter. Delicious with coffee for dessert.
2. Apple Cake, with its dainty slices of fruit and its luscious raisins, is a pleasing change for breakfast
3. Honey Coffee Cake, spread with honey and ground almonds, is delightful for breakfast, for luncheon and for tea.
4. Pecan Rolls are covered with caramel icing and plump pecans. Delicious with afternoon coffee after a bridge game or matinee.
5. Hot Cross Buns are full of juicy, specially selected raisins. Your baker makes them all during Lent.

Vogue for Color in Dishes demands Modern Dishwashing

By Ruth Washburn Jordan, *Home Economics Expert*

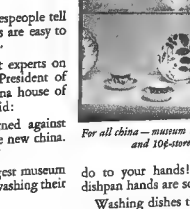
IT'S color everywhere — from fragile imported china in Fifth Avenue shops to the gay cups and saucers at the "five and ten!"

And best of all, the salespeople tell you, these lovely new tints are easy to care for.

As one of the foremost experts on china, F. J. Cuthbertson, President of the famous New York china house of Wm. H. Plummer Co., said:

"We have always warned against harsh, strong soaps for the new china. But Lux is perfectly safe!"

And in New York's largest museum they are just as careful in washing their priceless old china!



For all china — museum antiques (shown above) and 10¢-store pieces alike

Saves colors—saves hands

The gentle Lux suds that modern home-makers everywhere have adopted to save the beauty of fine things save, too, the delicate colors of these new dishes —work the same magic with dishes as with fine fabrics.

If ordinary, coarse soaps dull the beauty of your dishes, think what they do to your hands! And red, rough dishpan hands are so unnecessary.

Washing dishes the modern way in bubbling, sparkling Lux gives the hands real beauty care — keeps them smooth and white as the hands of leisure.

The bland, gentle Lux suds guard the precious beauty oils of the skin, while ordinary, coarse soaps dry up these oils and leave the skin red and wrinkled.

Start today to give your hands *and* your dishes this modern care. It's so wonderfully inexpensive. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day.

LUX in the Dishpan
keeps your hands lovely
for less than 1¢ a day

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Continued from Page 71

jacket and striped trousers. On the way to the office he bought a carnation from a street flower-seller and inserted it in his buttonhole.

"Going to be married or is it just efficiency?" a ribald colleague asked him on his arrival, and there was general laughter. But he was hardened to that. He was rather a comical little figure in his best clothes and wearing his air of dignity, and he knew it. But the course said, "You can rise above appearance—the reality lies within." He did not care what opinion these inferior people had of him; his concern was with "the grade above."

But as the morning wore on he found himself half hoping that the whole affair had been merely a joke and that he would hear no more of it. The possibility gave him a feeling of immense relief. The chances were that he would lose his head and make a fool of himself and thus justify Meredith's contemptuous opinion of him. Then he pulled himself up. Such thoughts were exactly what Meredith expected. That wouldn't do. He bent over his work and waited. Was the thing going to happen or was it not?

It was. At half past eleven Mr. Johnson and Mr. Meredith emerged from the private office with their hats and coats on. They paused in the outer office beside Leonard's desk. "Mr. Meredith and I have to go out on important business. We shall be away some time," announced Mr. Johnson. "Mr. Higgins, I want you to take charge in my absence and carry on for me."

THERE was a gasp of astonishment from the staff—that little squirt, Higgins? Efficiency Higgins!

"Very good, sir," said Leonard, rising to his feet, very pale and a little short of breath.

"You'll sit in my room and receive any callers," continued Mr. Johnson. "Don't let us down, Higgins. I understand you're taking an efficiency course, and I am relying on you."

"I'll do my best, sir," said Leonard. "I take it, I am in charge of both offices till you or Mr. Meredith returns?"

"Quite," said Mr. Johnson, and he and his manager went out hastily with twitching faces. It was not till they reached the street that they permitted themselves to laugh.

When they had gone Leonard looked round the office. Already indiscipline was manifesting itself. Girls were powdering their faces and men lounging with their hands in their pockets. The boss had gone out and the manager with him. The staff prepared to discuss Leonard's sudden promotion and the latest football scores.

"You all heard what Mr. Johnson said" It was Leonard's voice with a new ring of authority in it. "I was to carry on for him."

"Oh, chuck it, Higgins!" began one young man, who was very much annoyed because his junior had been preferred to him; but he was cut short by the new man in charge.

"Work is to be carried on as diligently as if Mr. Johnson and Mr. Meredith were present. If I notice the slightest attempt at slacking I shall make a report of the offender. Please understand that I mean what I say."

There was a moment of amazed silence; then typewriters began to click, the leaves of ledgers began to rustle, and amid these signs of reviving industry Leonard gathered some papers from his desk and walked into the private office.

He closed the door and, crossing to Mr. Johnson's desk, sat down reverently in the chair of authority. It was almost unbelievable: here he was, after a few months' study of the course, actually seated here in charge of the office and the business.

The wonder of it was not concealed by the knowledge that he was only there by way of a kind of practical joke on the part of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Meredith and that a trap had been laid for him. That didn't matter very much. The wonder of it being there remained. He must do his best to meet the difficulties as they came. Even if he failed ignominiously, there was a kind of glory in it.

HE HAD not very long to wait. The first attack came by telephone, and he felt instinctively that it was a trap. A voluble gentleman wanted to buy a consignment of shellac. He named a price and gave a name Leonard recognized. But Leonard had his own ideas about shellac. With so many gramophone record companies competing for supplies, he thought a rise in price was due. He regretted that they could not deal.

"But," came an annoyed voice, "I want the stuff, and that's to-day's market price."

"Sorry," said Leonard, "but I can't do it. Mr. Johnson himself will be here in the afternoon and you can try him then."

"Mr. Johnson told me himself that he had left a man in charge during his absence. Surely I can speak to him."

"You are speaking to him."

"You have the stuff and I'm offering you a good price. Why won't you deal?"

"Because to-morrow's price will be better," said Leonard, and hung up the receiver. He wiped his forehead—made a fool of himself, perhaps, but if they liked to leave him in charge they must take what came. His reflections were cut short by a clerk who announced Mr. Swan of Manchester.

THIS was the trap, he knew, because he had been present at the laying of it. He felt very angry, but he greeted Mr. Swan politely and offered him a cigaret from the official box.

Mr. Swan was a large, heavy-jowled man, not unlike an older version of the square-chinned young men depicted in the prospectus of the course.

"You know me, I suppose?" he asked.

"Mr.—er—Higgins, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," said Leonard. "One of our most valuable customers."

"Well, you know I buy my rubber from you. I want another five tons at the same price as last. You'll put that through for me, won't you?" He paused expectantly.

"No, I won't!" was the surprising reply. "And not anything near the same price as last. You paid 10½d. a pound, and the price to-day is 11¼d. Mr. Johnson may be inclined to deal at that price, but I'm not, because it's worth more. Better come in again this afternoon."

Mr. Swan began to bluster. He was an old customer and he didn't fancy this sort of treatment. He wasn't going to come back in the afternoon. Either the firm would take his offer or lose his business. He would take his orders elsewhere, and so on for a long time, while Leonard sat looking steadily at him.

"Well," said Leonard when the tirade came to an end, "that's that. No, don't go just yet, Mr. Swan; there's something I want to say to you now."

Greatly astonished, Mr. Swan, who had half risen from his chair, sat down again. This did not seem at all like the puffed-up sort of youth his friends had described, this white-faced, rather desperate young man.

"WHEN you were a young man of my age, Mr. Swan, I suppose you were doing your best to get on?"

"I was," admitted Mr. Swan.

"And was it a crime?" snapped Leonard.

"Why, no."

"Then why should it be in my case? Oh, I dare say my methods may have been silly and I may have made myself a nuisance, but it's every one's right to try, at least. I may have been a fool to go in for an efficiency course, but I don't think so. I was a fool to talk about it; I can see that. And if I'd only been a boaster, like the young man you had in your office, who failed under the test of responsibility, I'd deserve to be shown up."

"How did you know about the young man in my office?" demanded Mr. Swan.

"Simply because I happened to be lunching at Jacob's yesterday and overheard all the nice things they had to say about me. It's perfectly true that I was trying to push myself on, but I've tried to do it by making myself efficient. And I am efficient up to a point. If I was the sort to get flustered and lose my head, I'd have sold you that rubber and you'd have gone off laughing to tell Mr. Johnson about it. Then he'd have come back and sacked me."

"I don't think he intended to do that," said Mr. Swan quite humbly. He began to feel a liking for this young chap who could stick up for himself.

"Maybe not—'prick the balloon,' as Mr. Meredith said—finish me, anyhow, and leave me my self-respect. I'd rather be sacked. But I haven't made a fool of myself yet, and yours is the second faked inquiry I've had this morning."

"Seems to me you've rather made a fool of us," said Mr. Swan.

"No," replied Leonard with a smile, "but

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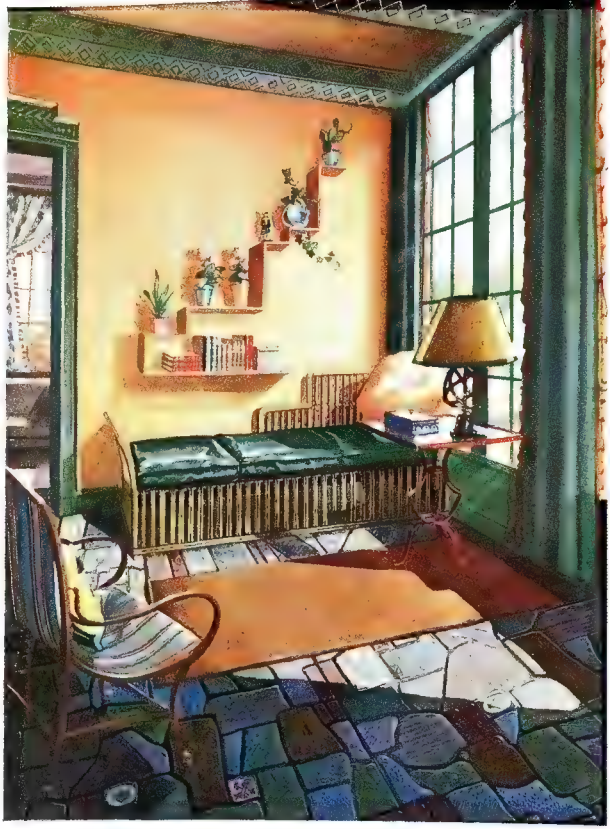
Spring ushers in new styles for FLOORS



YOU are fortunate, indeed, if you are planning to dress up your home this spring. For as gay, as sparkling as spring itself is the array of refreshingly new floor fashions now showing at good linoleum, department, and furniture stores.

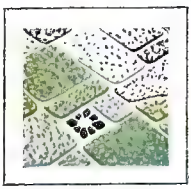
You will see textured embossed effects that rival rare old tapestries . . . delicate tints and shades that mirror an April rainbow . . . modern motifs that inspire new originality in your rooms.

All these smart effects in Armstrong's Linoleum Floors have several virtues in common. They are foot-easy, quiet floors—warm and comfortable. Their Accolac-Processed surface is spot-proof, stain-proof, easily cleaned. When trimly cemented in place over linoleum lining felt, they bring to any room that tailor-made look so important in a well-appointed interior. And they're really very reasonable, the price range is generous enough to meet any crowded budget.

Won't you please see these latest creations of Armstrong Floor designers before you begin to decorate? And let us send you a booklet of model rooms that reveal in full color all the modern beauty of these style-setting floors. Just ask for *"New Ideas in Home Decoration,"* by Hazel Dell Brown, decorator. Enclose 10¢ to cover mailing. (Canada, 20¢.) Address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 928 President Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's (A) *Product*

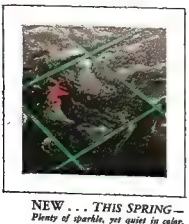
NEW . . . *THIS SPRING*— *Delicately grained marble, interestingly laid in irregular shapes. When you shop, ask to see Design No. 73.*



NEW . . . *THIS SPRING*— *This broken fieldstone effect has a natural, realistic texture you can see, can feel. Embossed Inlaid No. 6122.*

NEW . . . *THIS SPRING*— *Quaint tapestry motif with colors softened and merged by a brand-new method, texture embossing, Design No. 3220.*

NEW . . . *THIS SPRING*— *When you shop for fashionable floors, be sure to see this unique style-setting design. Ideal for a sun porch or entrance hall that dares to be different. Embossed Inlaid No. 16002.*



NEW . . . *THIS SPRING*— *Plenty of sparkle, yet quiet in color, sedate in design—a fine foil for fabric rugs. Handmade Marble No. 173.*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors for every room in the house

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPÉ . . ARABESO . . *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

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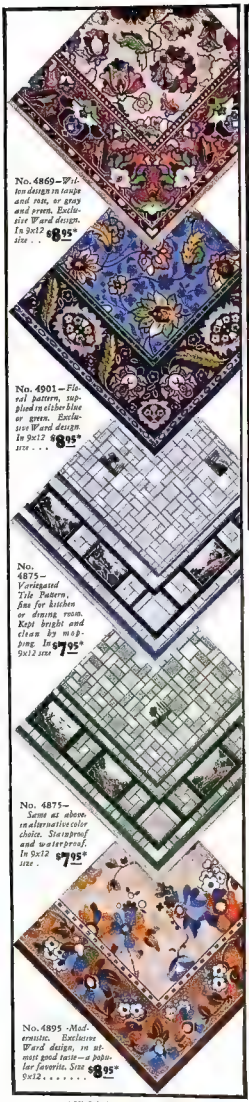

No. 4869—*Wilton design in taupe and rose, or gray and green. Exclusive Ward design. In 9x12 size . .* $8.95*

No. 4901—*Floral pattern, supplied in either blue or green. Exclusive Ward design. In 9x12 size . . .* $8.95*

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No. 4895—*Mad-ernistic. Exclusive Ward design, in utmost good taste—a popular favorite. Size 9x12 . . . . . .* $8.95*

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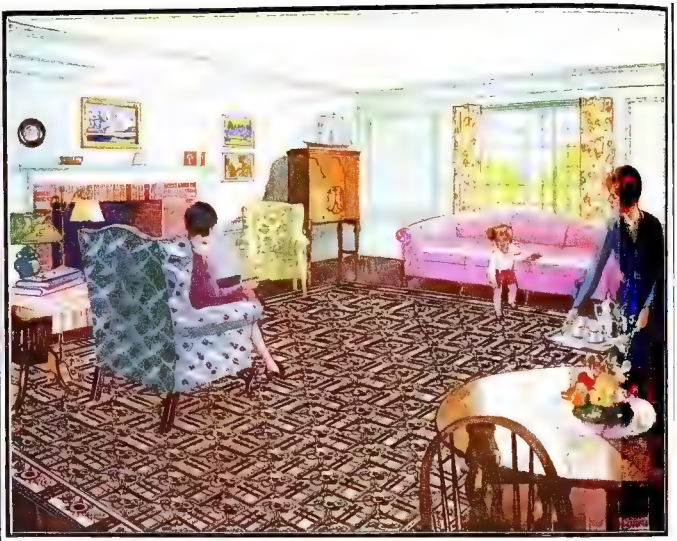

No. 4907—*HOOKED RUG DESIGN—copied from a genuine Colonial original. Surfaced in rich enamel, that carries patterns through to base. Colorful, easy-cleaning, stainproof; will wear exceptionally well. In 9x12 size (price slightly lower in some States) only . . .* $8.95*

Would you believe that these ATTRACTIVE RUGS *can be bought for less than* $10 *each?*

Bright new floor coverings that last for years can be had for so little money—by selecting tasteful patterns in Genuine WARD-O-LEUM

WHAT woman would not welcome the opportunity to brighten almost any room in her house with the beauty and charm of any of these colorful new rug designs? . . . Particularly, at the very small cost represented by Montgomery Ward's *prices*. No wonder WARD-O-LEUM Rugs have gained such nation-wide popularity!

And for proof that WARD-O-LEUM quality is more than surface-deep — we guarantee that no similar floor covering will wear longer, give more genuine satisfaction, or prove more economical as an investment. Every WARD-O-LEUM Rug is stainproof, waterproof and sanitary. It cleans easily, and always lies flat—and every rug retains its design and colors far beyond your expectations.

Visit any of our 550 stores and ask to see WARD-O-LEUM. No similar rug is priced so low—none will serve you more acceptably. In addition to the six patterns featured here in the 9x12 size, we carry many other patterns in a complete range of sizes—also in medium and light weights from only $5.95 up. If no store is convenient to you, your order will be shipped immediately *prepaid* from our nearest Mail Order Branch.

What is WARD-O-LEUM?

It is a quality floor covering product already being used by millions of satisfied customers.

These WARD-O-LEUM Rugs, produced by a finer method of manufacture, should not be compared in any way with floor coverings usually sold at such low prices. The Extra Heavy Felt Base is coated with solid sheets of pure wear-resisting *enamel*. Each color goes through to the base, giving much more pattern thickness than is usually found in rugs of this type.

Result . . . much longer wear — surfaces that cannot absorb dust or dirt, a rug you can always keep spick and span with a damp mop.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

World's Largest Chain of General Retail Stores

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Continued from Page 74

I'd like to. Look here, sir, it was a pretty dirty trick in a way, wasn't it?"

"I see now that it was, maybe."

"Then maybe you feel inclined to help me out?"

Mr. Swan began to feel that he was on dangerous ground with this fellow. He was altogether too efficient, it seemed to him.

"How do you mean?" he asked cautiously.

"Like this," said Leonard, leaning forward and fixing him with the magnetic eye (see page 22 of the course). "Suppose we make a real deal about this rubber? That would establish my name with the firm, wouldn't it, if I got a good price out of you?"

"I dare say, my lad. But what do you call a good price?"

"A sixteenth over eleven pence ha'penny. You owe me something, you know."

Mr. Swan frowned, Mr. Swan swore softly to himself, and then Mr. Swan chuckled.

"As a matter of fact, I came up prepared to pay something like that, if necessary. I like your darned cheek, saying I owe you something. Look here, my boy, I'll take two and a half tons at that, and I'll beat old Johnson down on the rent to-morrow, so I won't lose anything myself. Serves him right. You're no fool. I like your brand of efficiency—it gets somewhere. If they sack you, you come to me, and I'll see what I can do. Look here, I was to meet them at lunch, but I won't. I'll catch the early train back. But I'd like to see their faces when they hear what you've done."

They shook hands to celebrate the beginning of a real friendship, and Mr. Swan went off, laughing to himself. Leonard had scarcely finished his record of the transaction when another visitor was announced. This time it was a too genial gentleman who explained that he was an old school and university friend of Mr. Johnson's, who found himself temporarily embarrassed for a five-pound note. Could he borrow that amount? Mr. Johnson would have let him have it without hesitation had he been here, from the office cash—had often done it, in fact.

Leonard listened in silence till the jovial one had exhausted his explanations.

"You go and tell them to try something harder than that," he said with a smile.

"What d'ye mean—tell whom?" asked the astonished friend of Mr. Johnson.

"Mr. Johnson and Mr. Meredith. They sent you, didn't they?"

"Preposterous! Where did you get that idea from?" began the other uncomfortably, but Leonard cut him short.

"Oh, go to the devil!" he said, and something in his appearance decided the other not to argue the matter. He went.

When Mr. Johnson and Mr Meredith returned at three o'clock, they marched through to the private office with just a touch of exaggeration about the naturalness of it. They found Leonard standing by the fireplace with the air of a proprietor, as Mr. Johnson put it afterward.

"Well, Higgins, any callers?" asked his employer genially as he hung his hat on the peg.

"Yes, sir, two. But first some smart chap rang up about shellac—wanted to buy cheaply, he did." Leonard looked at Meredith, but that gentleman avoided his eye.

"Oh," said Mr. Johnson, sitting down, "and what did you do?"

"Told him nothing doing, sir."

"Oh," said Mr. Johnson again. "I—I hope you were polite to him."

"It's difficult to be polite to people who think they can make a fool of you, sir," said Leonard. "But I was quite civil."

Mr. Johnson studied his blotting-pad intently.

"Then a man came in who said he was an old friend of yours, sir, and wanted to borrow five pounds."

"Indeed! Did you let him have it?"

"I told him to go to the devil, sir."

This time Mr. Johnson flushed a little before he laughed.

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir. I sold two and a half tons of spot rubber to Mr. Swan."

"At what price?" Mr. Johnson leaned forward with interest, and Meredith looked up.

"He offered tenpence." Leonard felt like prolonging their suspense.

"But surely," began Mr. Johnson, with a heavy frown. He was interrupted.

"I sold at eleven and nine-sixteenths."

"The devil you did!"

"Do you mean that, Higgins?" Meredith had come forward

"Yes, sir. I hate to repeat the information, Mr. Meredith, but I've been taking a course in efficiency. That was all that happened while you were out, sir," he added, turning to Mr. Johnson. "If you've no objection I'll go and get something to eat."

THE door closed behind him. Meredith sat down heavily, and Mr. Johnson slumped in his chair.

"What," asked the proprietor of the business, "can you do with a fellow like that? Do you know the name of this course, Meredith? I'd like to take it myself."

"I'll tell you what," said Meredith gloomily. "It's to-morrow we sign our partnership deed, isn't it? Well, you'll have to give my old job to Efficiency Higgins."

"I don't see anything else for it," sighed his friend. "But he'll lead us a devil of a life." The telephone rang, and he lifted the instrument. "How did he get round Swan, eh? This is Swan!"

Mr. Johnson began to chuckle as he listened. When the conversation was over he turned to Meredith.

"Swan says if we sack him he'll take him on. We'll have to keep the chap. Swan says as a business man he's worth the two of us. Well, well, you break the news to him, old man, when he comes back from his lunch."

That night it was a changed Leonard who greeted Miss Alberta Judson. He carried a large bunch of roses, which he thrust upon her.

"What does this mean?" she demanded. "They're lovely, but what did they cost?"

"About ten bob," said Leonard carelessly "Taxi!"

"Leonard, you are mad." The protesting Miss Judson found herself speeding westward before she realized what was happening. "What was that you said to the driver?"

"I said Piccadilly Palace Restaurant," was the reply she got. "We're going to celebrate another four hundred per cent."

DAY'S END

Continued from Page 15

He raised remorseful, questioning eyes to his daughter as she entered.

"They're through and talking together. I'm—I'm kinda worried, Pa!" Annie came to his side and slipped her hand into his with an unusual childish gesture. The two neighbors tiptoed in to hear the verdict.

Young Dr. Robards used evasive, long words, but old Doc Bryce told them bluntly.

"We're not sure, Amos, but it looks like an operation is called for. It'll be touch and go in that case. I'm going to stay right here and watch developments for a few hours, and keep in touch with Robards on the phone. He'll send out the ambulance if it's necessary."

With stumbling feet Amos went into the bedroom. The last hour had taken dreadful toll of Martha. Her cheeks were hollowed and her eyes dull with pain.

"Did they tell you?" she whimpered. "I may have to go to the hospital. A pretty penny that'll cost!"

"Never mind, Ma," he soothed, patting her shoulder gently. "I guess the crops can stand it. If they don't, there's some in the bank."

"But it won't be there if we spend it."

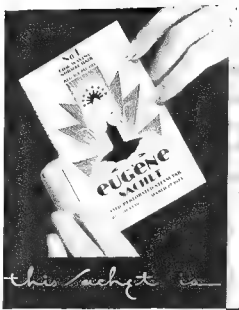
She closed her eyes against the pain, and Amos's throat tightened as he watched her agony. In futile attempt at easing her, he rubbed her hand until she tiredly motioned him to stop. Then he saw that her skin was angry scarlet from his harsh palms.

"What time?" she gasped after a while.

"About two. Don't talk any more, Ma. Maybe it hurts you some."

"You go back—work," she whispered hoarsely.

"Now, Ma, I can't leave the house. I'd



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When you pay the necessarily higher price for a Eugene Wave be sure that genuine Eugene Sachets are used.

Substitute sachets cost less, but your conscientious hairdresser, all over the world, uses only genuine Eugene Sachets. (identify them by the Eugene trade mark and the patented perforated steam tab illustrated above).

For your information, convenience and protection a Eugene Sachet, a booklet, "The Eugene Beauty Book", and a list of nearby Eugene Permanists, will be sent you free of charge.

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You too—
on short notice, can
have Hair that is
Lovely and Alluring

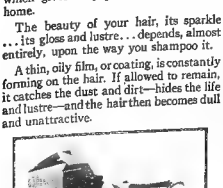
"Beauty Shampoo in 10 minutes"

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost — you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing" which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle ...its gloss and lustre...depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of... soft, rich, creamy lather... which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural... color tones... of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage, and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, ... anywhere in the world.

be worried to death. I'll get the cultivating done all right. Just you don't bother about it."

Frowning, Martha rested a moment. When she spoke again, her voice had recovered some of its customary firmness.

"Go on, Amos. Annie'll let you know. Get all up with the work so's you won't be behindhand if—if anything happens."

"But, Martha——"

"Amos, are you going to fail me now—soon as I'm down?"

Without another word he arose, kissed her, and went out. He harnessed the team again, drove up the dry lane and into the field where he had left the cultivator.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, just before their wedding-day, Martha had made failure impossible for him.

"You know why my folks don't want me to marry you," she had candidly reminded him. "And you know what every one says about your family—that you are all afraid of work and can't save a dollar. If you turn out like that, Amos, they'll all be glad to tell me 'I told you so!' You've just got to be different."

"I won't ever fail you, Martha, so help me God!"

Because he loved Martha so well he had kept his promise. Down in his heart he cared little for possessions—*impedimenta* he would have termed them had he known the word—but for Martha's sake he had acquired a great farm and more than enough money to provide comfort for their later days. He had given his life into her capable hands, and she had planned his every hour—from the time she roused him from his bed at daylight, urged his breakfast into him, and by the sheer momentum of her own energy sent him half-way through his chores before the sleep was rubbed from his eyes, until she drew him reluctantly for him paper in the evening and sent him to bed to get a good rest for an early start in the morning.

Up and down the long rows through corn that was belly-deep to the sweating horses, Amos drove mechanically, his head always turned toward the house.

Mid-afternoon brought Annie.

"Here's a bite to eat, Pa. You had such an early dinner. Ma isn't any better. Doc says in another hour he'll have to phone in for Robards to send the ambulance.

While Amos mechanically munched his bread and apple butter, Annie rubbed down the horses with grass. Once she stopped and gazed upward through the delicate leaf-patterns that were traced against the bluest of skies.

"It's always nice—under a tree like this," she said vaguely, and her eyes were like Obe's when he contemplated new horizons. It was only for a moment; then she became her practical self. "But, my gracious, a body can't waste time under a tree if he wants to get anywhere."

"No," sighed Amos. "He's got to hump himself if he wants to get ahead."

His eyes followed her longingly back to the house, but he dared not leave the field now. He saw one of the neighbors sweeping off the back porch, and he felt resentful. Such tasks were too intimately Martha's to be taken up by another, and so soon. Suddenly he wondered how he could stand it if Martha never took up her work again, and knew that he would never want to go into the house again if she were not there.

What did men do when they lost their wives? Thoughtfully he took census of his bereft acquaintances. Jim Thorpe had married again. Sickens, that. Wes Goodhue sold his farm and went into town to live with a married daughter, but he didn't look any too happy the last time he drove back for a visit.

Josh Bembt had lived alone for years, cooking in blackened pots and carrying his greasy pans into the back yard to scour with sand because he didn't know how else to clean them. Pathetic figure was Josh always, with his clumsily patched clothes, and his house surrounded by the unkempt flower-beds that had been Mrs. Hembt's pride.

What kind of a life could he—Amos—build without Martha? Certainly no other marriage. Somehow he felt sure that even had Martha died in the first week of their practical honeymoon there could never have been another woman for him.

Annie was a good daughter, and Roy, her husband, was generous, but life with her would be too troubled. "Now, Pa, you do this," or "Pa, don't do that." She would strive too conscientiously to fill her mother's place, and her very likeness to Martha would be a constant reminder for pain.

Live on alone? In the house that would ache with emptiness for its very cause of being? Above all things, not that!

Facing his problem, Amos grew panicky, felt that somehow he must solve it now while he was not too crushed with sorrow to think, or somebody else would take the solution from him. If Martha went, the house would be full until after the—until after she was taken away. Then the family would come home to that awful loneliness, and the question would be asked, "Well, Amos, have you made up your mind what you are going to do?" If he said no, then Annie would firmly decide, "Why, Pa, of course you'll live with us!" and that would be the end of it.

He wished Obe would come over. Annie probably had forgotten to telephone. Nobody ever did call Obe or Rosie in emergencies. In a time like this a man wanted some close relative to stand by, and to talk things over with. Obe's advice wouldn't be worth a rap, of course. He would say, "Come on out to California with us!"

Why not?

Amos felt surprized pride that he had solved his first lone problem so brilliantly. He could give the farm to Annie and Roy, and leave for the Far West with Obe.

It would take little to keep him: the interest on the things in the bank-box, with a little work here and there to eke out Orange-picking now and then, perhaps.

He pictured the bright sunshine on glossy green trees hung with golden balls, and snow-covered mountains lifting toward the clouds. No more blowing on stiffened fingers to warm them. Not a great deal of work, either, with just himself to keep. Time to look around a little and see things. Ocean and mountains met in California, he had heard, and in all his days he had seen neither.

AND after California? Amos's imagination, freed so abruptly, fluttered uncertainly for only a moment, then soared into glorious distances. The bright Gipsy dreams of his own warm youth came back to tinge his planning.

Himself forking leather on a bronco somewhere in the great out-West. (The phrasing of early reading came glibly to his mind.) Bellowing cattle in the round-up, brandirons, with the acrid smell of scorched hair, night and the chuck-wagon. After all, cates were many of lean, weather-beaten men in their sixties who shot with straight deadness and rose like triumphant cossacks. Amos had never ridden anything gamier than his own placid work-horses, but now he felt quivering, squealing horse-flesh between his thighs.

Again, he might get some kind of work on a boat: a slow freighter that would travel unbeaten sea-paths like a care-free hobo. Creaking sails and the plunging deck beneath his feet for a thousand spume-tipped miles—changing sunsets every night of the world!

Sunsets? Amos wondered poignantly how long it had been since he had noticed a sunset. When he was a boy he and the sun were good friends. He always liked to feel it blinking warmly through a roof of green leaves as he lay on his back in the grass, or to see it flashing flamboyant good night when he came home from a lazy afternoon at fishing.

OF LATE years the sun had been nothing but a torment: burning cruelly his neck and shoulders as he toiled in the dry, hot fields; withering the crops; burning, always burning! Sunsets had come and gone, with Amos too bent with fatigue ever to notice.

It was time that he became friendly with the sun again. After all, it was largely in the way you looked at it. This afternoon he had taken no time—had been too worried—to resent the heat, and he had not been conscious of physical discomfort. Why, he was getting the land almost cultivated without knowing it. There were only two, four—he drove the team into the shade to rest while he counted—six—only ten more rows and he would be done with this field. Done with it all, for nobody could expect him to work to-morrow. Capable Annie would find somebody else to go on.

From the house came a sharp sound like the crack of a distant pistol: Annie had slammed the back door as she ran out. The two neighbor women followed her with excited gestures, but Amos saw his daughter

Continued on Page 82

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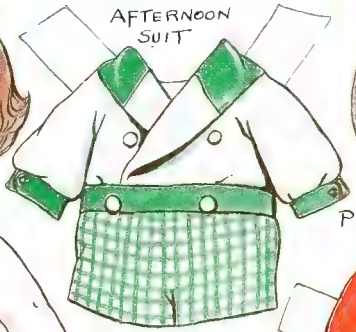
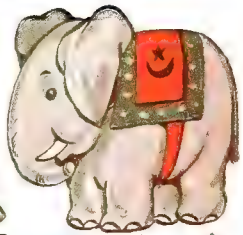
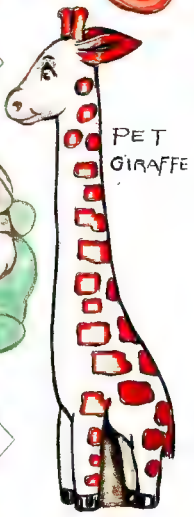
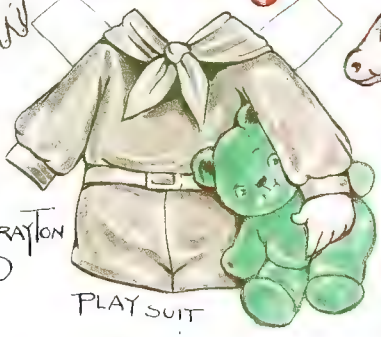
DOLLY DINGLE'S BOY-FRIEND

By Grace G. Drayton









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Conducted by MARION LAMBERT

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

SEVERAL months ago a woman wrote a letter which I have been keeping on my desk. If ever I begin to feel discouraged I read this letter, which says:

"When I read your page I feel as tho I have my best friends around me for a pleasant chat."

Then I picture this woman and other women—mothers kept at home with families of little children; young brides in a strange new city with none of the home-town friends to run in and talk to; lonely women on ranches, on mountaintops, in lighthouses; business women coming back to a lonely room after an exhausting day; school-girls feeling lonely and left out of things; older girls feeling rather bitter because the right man has so far failed to come along—reading this page of letters and feeling as if friends were talking to them.

I see them brightening when they read some bit of cheerful philosophy, getting a new viewpoint on their own problems, realizing that some women are carrying burdens far heavier than their own. It makes me feel as if I were talking to a friendly circle instead of writing to distant readers, and I hope that all you who write to our page realize that your letters do help other women.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Dear Marion Lambert: I believe my problem is coming to be rather a universal one, so I think I am not selfish in asking that it be considered on our page. I am twenty-four years old, and for three years I have been a private secretary to a fine type of business man. He is well bred, cultured, successful. His business and friendly associates are of his own class. A secretary gets to know her employer very well. I have grown accustomed to the good grooming, the nice manners, the atmosphere of assurance and success.

Contrasted with my employer and his friends, the boys of my own age seem crude and uninteresting. I can't enjoy going out with them, yet I can't hope to make social contacts with these older and more worth-while men. Story-books tell of girls who marry the boss or the boss's son, but not once in a thousand times does this really happen. Yet we can't be content to spend the evening with these ignorant, foot-of-the-ladder men when we have spent the day with the men at the top. Tell me, what are we girls who know these men in our business lives to do? June.

Yes, June, a good many other girls are feeling as you feel. Your question comes to me quite frequently. I sympathize with you girls who are learning through your business contacts to want the finest and best things in life. I want all of you to attain your ideals. But I think that you are forgetting that these employers whom you call "these older and more worth-while men" were once the young, struggling boys whom you think so crude and uninteresting.

Very few of our successful men *started* at the top. They fought their way up, learning and growing as they went. Can't you see that these bright, ambitious boys of your own age will presently take the places of these older men you so much admire?

It is a good thing that few girls marry their employers. Youth should mate with youth; young people should climb the hill together. Are not you, June dear, the sort of girl who can help some fine, ambitious young man to reach the heights?

Such good letters have come in for Dolores, whose lover, after her earnings had helped him through college, jilted her and married another girl. Many women and a considerable number of men have written to say that it is true that the man who accepts a woman's financial help lacks the qualities of a real man, and she is lucky to have escaped marriage with him. This is one of the best letters:

Dear Dolores: A stranger's sympathy may hold scant comfort; yet, because an experience very similar to your own came to me, I can not help reaching out toward you. A year ago the man whom I loved and for whom I had made every sacrifice betrayed me utterly, running away with another woman just a month before we were to have been married, spending on her my hard-earned savings. That is how I know the black bitterness of your experience, the panic thought that you just can't go on living.

It is because I understand that I want to tell you this: You can't stop carrying on; you just have to live through it. So here are three things which will help you:

Keep your time filled with activities that challenge your best abilities. Never sit idly and think—never, never!

Take up some form of athletics, dancing, or pastime. You may hate the very thought, but it will be your salvation, relieving marvelously the nerve-tension, enabling you to sleep, preserving your sanity in nature's own way.

Meet people socially and encourage the attentions of other men. You may never find one that will take "his" place, but there will be comfort in some one else's affection, even tho at first memories are torture.

Please believe that I have tried and proved these methods, otherwise I wouldn't intrude upon you my suggestions. Does it help a little to know that another woman has gone through the same deep water? Just Somebody.

Next comes a letter from a woman who is at what I call the panicky age. Beginning to lose her grip, realizing that youth is gone and that the things which have meant most in life are beginning to slip slowly but inexorably away. Only the woman who has reached that age can know or understand that helpless, gasping sensation—as if one were struggling against deep waters closing in to strangle one's vitality and joy.

Dear Marion Lambert: Ten years ago it was necessary for me to take over the rearing, educating, and making a living alone for my children. During those years I scarcely had a thought beyond my work, the home, and the children, but now they have nearly finished school and I am just beginning to find that I am not as essential to them as I used to be.

Their lives are full of many things, as they should be. I would not have it different. But what am I to do? I just don't know how to face the coming years—no, not that, for they will come and I will meet them; but is there any way to fill in the days so they will not be too lonely?

Thousands of women have had to meet just the same problem. What have they done? I grow a little panicky at times when I think of gray hairs multiplying, wrinkles deepening, when what I really feel like doing is picking up where I left off so many years ago, and dancing, flying, living, doing active, varied things. Don't think I'm so foolish, but I haven't had time for these things, and I suppose the desires were lying dormant when other things pressed and two days' work had to be done in one.

My youngest daughter, sixteen years old, is giving a party down-stairs. I have been down to meet the guests, and red-headed Jerry proudly told me he could almost play a piece on the saxophone. There is much talking and laughing and eating of ice-cream—and I am up-stairs in my room. A few years from now my youngest may marry red-headed Jerry, and I won't even have the comforting sound of a party as I sit alone in my room.

How does a woman prepare for the lonely years? How does she meet them? Are they as bleak as they look, creeping toward me? W. M. B.

No, they aren't as bleak as they look in the distance, those years. They seem to bring their comforts and compensations, as we all can see by looking at many of the wrinkled but eager and interested faces around us. It is mostly a matter of keeping in touch with life and everything that is happening. Now that your children are older there will be more time for some of the things you have longed for. Go ahead and do them. A woman like you can find a way. You are not too old to dance or skate or fly or take up the study of dramatics or find a way to work your passage around the world!

Fight off that horror of advancing years. There's nothing more futile and pathetic than the efforts of an elderly woman to *look* like a flapper; but a woman may retain her poise and charm indefinitely if she will keep so busy that she has no opportunity to cultivate self-pity and fear of the future.

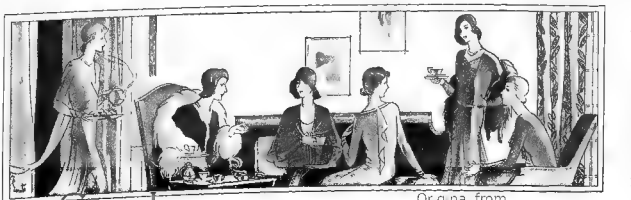
When the last child has flown from the home-nest find a hobby, dear lady, and ride it hard. There are always public movements which need the help of women like you, always young people needing your friendship and inspiration, and presently you'll have grandchildren to cuddle and comfort and spoil as you never would spoil your own children!

Maybe some of our readers will tell how they are filling the years which threatened to be so lonely.

Dear Marion Lambert: I believe in mothers staying in the home, but, having resigned a good position to become the wife of a man in very moderate circumstances, I soon felt the urge to earn a few dimes for myself. After long days of deliberation this is what I did: I bought an electric washing-machine and began doing laundry for college boys. I also do family wash, but not in the usual manner. My neighbors come in, bringing their wash, also their starch and soap. Together we do the work, visiting as we do it.

It is cheaper for my neighbors than sending the wash to a laundry, a good time is had by all, no one is tired, and I am enriched by a dollar or two for the use of my machine and my time.

In four months I have earned about seventy-five dollars—and that's a substantial help to a woman like me. I have bought some clothes and household equipment, and have money for various little contributions and gifts that I never would have taken from my husband's salary. Mrs. J. H.



We always are so glad to hear of these practical plans for adding to the family income. This seems an unusually good one, as it saves some money for the woman who comes in to do her washing and makes some for the woman who invested in the machine.

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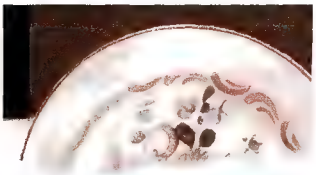
Photographs through glass dishpans prove lasting suds *all through the water*

with this instant-dissolving bead soap



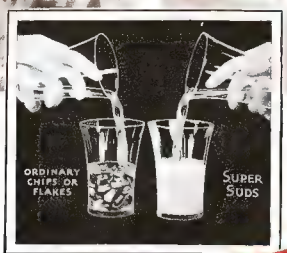
That's why Super Suds saturates the water with suds—right down to the bottom of the pan . . . while other soaps remain idle, undissolved.

Bead soap in action, at right →

Note in this actual color photograph the uniform color, the creamy "texture" of the water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

← At left, slow-dissolving chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.



HERE are the first actual photographs ever made of how soaps act in your dishpan.

These photographs show the great difference tween "chip" soap and Super Suds . . . the only ead" soap made. They prove that "bead" soap es waiting for suds Dissolves instantly . . . comtely. Gives instant, lasting suds clear down to the ttom of the dishpan.

Why bead soap dissolves instantly

Bead soap is incredibly swifter . . . gives more nplete suds . . . because it's soap in an entirely new m. It's not chips, flakes, nor powder. It's soap in form of tiny hollow beads. Made by spraying lted soap from high steel towers. Each tiny soap d has walls 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip flake ever made. This is why Super Suds dissolves er. Why it gives not only instant top suds . . . instant lasting suds all through the water.

You can make this test yourself

Make this test in glasses, to prove for yourself what goes on in your dishpan. Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass. A teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands. *Instantly*, you get the same result shown in the dishpan pictures above.

And what time-saving . . . what relief from dishwashing drudgery these instant-dissolving beads of soap bring to women. They actually cut dishwashing time in half in these 3 ways:

(1) *Saves waiting for suds.* No stirring . . . coaxing, or heating water extra hot to get soap to dissolve. (2) Washes dishes clean faster. Therich, penetrating, all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. Because they work *below* the surface of the water, where the dishwashing is actually done. (3) Saves dishwiping. Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness.

Get Super Suds from your grocer today. You'll find it acts in your dishpan exactly as it does in the photograph above.

Super Suds 10¢

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WIN $1000.00 WITH YOUR PEN

Enter this $2850.00 prize letter-writing contest . . . 355 awards; cash prizes range from $1000.00 to $10.00

When a friend removes to a nearby city . . . or starts on a trip around the world . . . or leaves for her vacation, your hearty wishes for new happiness go with her. But what a glow it will bring to her heart to find that you have taken the trouble to write her a note about it. So small a thing to do, but how much it means! And if you haven't such a friend, you will have some day, so write the letter now, for practice. Besides, the Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.—which probably made the stationery that is on your desk this very minute—will award $700 in prizes for the eighteen best farewell letters, and 100 *additional prizes* of Eaton stationery. Get out your writing paper. These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all these classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

Types of letters: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

Closing date: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

Identification: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

Winners: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

Final judges: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.

* * *

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EATON'S
HIGHLAND VELLUM *HIGHLAND LINEN*

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Continued from Page 78

wave impatiently at them, and start running down the lane toward him.

The cloak of his dreams fell from him and left him standing, starkly old and weak. He trembled, and the sweat stood in cold drops on his forehead. Martha was worse—was dying!

He tried to unharness the team, but stopped and ran across the field to meet Annie. Perhaps he could reach the house in time; could ask Martha what to do with the rest of his days; could, in some merciful way, be allowed to go with her.

He was clinging to the gate-post, panting, when Annie came up.

"Pa, Pa, don't!" she cried in fright. "See, it's all right! She's better, Pa! They aren't going to operate. Doc says she'll be herself in a day or two."

For a moment Amos could not comprehend, and even when he did his hands kept on trembling.

"I'll walk on up to the house," he said after a time, "I'd like to see ma. I'll send somebody back for the team."

"I wouldn't, Pa. She's been worrying about her sickness putting things behind. She'd get awfully nervous if you quit work now."

"I suppose so," he nodded dully.

Tiredly he resumed his work. Ten long rows to be done yet to-day, and to-morrow a new field to begin—and another next week—and still another and another until it was back to this one.

Next Summer would bring the whole round to be done over: plowing, dragging, planting, cultivating, cutting, stacking, husking, shelling, grinding, feeding. All the work to be done in all the years to come pressed suddenly upon his harassed shoulders.

And ten long rows to be done before he could rest to-day!

It was late when Amos trudged slowly up the lane behind the plodding horses. The sun was leaving in flaming colors, but Amos did not heed. His shoulders were bent too low with weariness to see above the dry ground. The harness clinked monotonously. His tired feet dragged little grooves in the dust.

THROUGH SEVEN CAMPUS GATES

WELLESLEY COLLEGE

Continued from Page 26

of to-day, the honors girl, the lively-minded independent, is she to whom four years at Wellesley mean just that.

Of course, nothing could be further from the grind than this type of student. She is as likely as anybody else to serve on *The Wellesley College News* or act in plays given by the dramatic society of Barnswallows or to do her bit for the Wellesley College Government Association. The girls who are shaping life at this college are distinguished from their mates not so much by detachment as by initiative in the realm of study. They are not passively accepting what information can be poured into them by patient instructors, but taking an active and responsible part in their own education.

There are many live wires on the Wellesley faculty who delight in this lusty vanguard. But that is not true of every one. Probably there isn't a member of the teaching force who is not faithful, thorough, and possessed of exacting standards. There are, however, a number who like to feed their charges facts exactly as mother robins feed worms to their young. From them proceeds a type of instruction more associated with preparatory schools than with the progressive college. Perhaps this is all the more marked because the modern note in teaching is so clearly and brilliantly sounded here.

Certainly Miss Pendleton, the president, regards each non-conformist student as the white-hope of Wellesley. No administrator is more adamant in her standards of what constitutes work of college grade. Last year a junior of prominent connections failed to pass off her required work and was dropped. Nor could all the pressure brought to bear from every quarter move Miss Pendleton one inch. To every appeal that the decision be overruled in the girl's favor the president replied, "We give every girl many opportunities to retrieve failures, and any one who reaches her junior year without a clear sense of responsibility about her own standing does not belong in college."

THE president, above all, knows what this college can do for the responsive student. For she herself is *par excellence* a Wellesley product. Altho the recipient of honorary degrees from several other centers of learning, she took both her B. A. and her M. A. here and served the college first as professor of mathematics and then as dean. In 1911 she became chief executive. No one ever bore a closer resemblance to an ideal image of the college president. Tall and stately, with glowing dark eyes and a magnificent crown of white hair, she sweeps forward in her academic robes with an unforgetable air of dignity and command. That she is quite shy and very human comes as a delightful shock to the student during her first interview with the president.

While Miss Pendleton has stood at the helm Wellesley has passed through a most significant period of change. She has been one of the great influences which have maintained strong connections between past and present. During its early years the college was infused with a religious atmosphere which gradually lifted as the skeptical and individualistic winds of twentieth-century thought rushed in. Yet that original compulsion upon the place defies extinction.

One needs but note two indications of its vitality. In the catalog is the statement, "In accordance with the spirit of the founder, the college is undenominational, but distinctively Christian in its influence, discipline, and instruction." The other most striking expression of this basic attitude is the requirement that every student take four and a half hours of Biblical history.

A FORMER Wellesley professor, whose great passion is freedom of thought, said anent this prescription, "I never heard of a student's objecting to this enforcement. As a matter of fact the course on the Old Testament is an analytical, historical presentation. Doubtless some of the professors hope that the study may lead to a real devotion to the Christian religion. But what the girls actually get is a sound training in logical thought."

His opinion was reiterated by one of the seniors. Said she, "These courses offer a fascinating exploration of ancient Hebrew life and a new sense of the marvelous beauty of the Bible. But I don't think the most agnostic or scientifically biased mind could find in this teaching either sentimentality or any effort to impose specific views."

It seems strange that a college which requires such a course should place early-morning chapel on an absolutely voluntary basis. Yet such is the case. Attendance at these exercises has not been compulsory here for many years. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that the number who go to chapel is often greater, but never less, than a hundred. "On sleety days I have often counted heads," said Miss Pendleton proudly, "believing it impossible that the quota would not be reduced. But it never is."

Equally unforced is interest in the Christian Association. This is almost the only student organization which lines up with the ideas held by the founder, Mr. Durant, as to what were worth-while college activities. Therefore it has a certain special sanction from the administration. Everybody in college automatically contributes to the support of the association. But, as one girl put it, "Nobody is hounded to take an active part in the work. If a girl happens to enjoy religious meetings or social service under those auspices she lends a hand. Otherwise not."

Likewise neither rushing nor hazing has any part in the activities of the six "societies." Wellesley is the only college among the seven possessed of such organizations. But they are only local groups, not secret sororities. Some of them give plays and

Continued on Page 84

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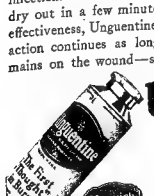

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Continued from Page 82

literary or artistic entertainments, but their real function is social. Each society has a charming small club-house on the campus, where teas, informal dances, breakfast, and bridge-parties can be private and cosy. With chaperon provided, men can be entertained there. Indeed membership in one of these cliques means not only a good time, but the acquisition of a certain social tag which still has its authority even among college girls.

NOT among them all, however. The societies are continually challenged to justify their existence by most of the student body. For every sophomore heart which aches for lack of a "bid" there are probably five which are either totally indifferent or filled with scorn for a type of association regarded as both snobbish and adolescent. A number of prominent and serious-minded girls belong to these clubs, but a majority of members are those who come to college for social reasons.

At one of the open receptions when mutual inspection is exchanged between a club and prospective sophomore members, one of the hostesses said with a toss of her charming head, "The thing I like about Wellesley is the freedom given the older students. Why, we can motor all day without special permission if we like! If three of us are together we can go down to Boston to a dance and spend the night at the Wellesley Club any time. All we have to do is to sign up at our halls and make the proper arrangements. I simply couldn't stick a place which didn't treat us like grown-ups. It must have been awful here in the old days."

There you have an expression of the revolution in social customs which has come about largely during Miss Pendleton's régime. So long as there remained alive a single person connected with the original administration of the college, innovations were kept at bay. The repressions and prohibitions associated with the piety of the '70's remained in force here until well into the beginning of this century. Twenty-five years ago Wellesley girls were apt to make faces at Vassar undergraduates because the latter were already giving formal dances and entertaining men guests. Jealousy of this unwonted freedom was expressed in the taunting song hurled at its possessors by other collegians:

> Oh, Vassar has a queenly site—
> There's just one college for me!
> But men, men, men are her delight—
> There's just one college for me! . . .

Such rivalry is a thing of the past. Now there's hardly a pin-point of difference between the two institutions. Wellesley students give several balls during the year, and when a week-end passes without evidence of masculine visitation it's because half the college has departed for a football game and its subsequent dance. What restrictions are enforced have been worked out by the College Government Association. This consists of executives, a senate, and a judiciary, and in each of the two bodies the faculty has four representatives.

One of the faculty members, who had served in the government for several terms, said, "There is about this organization, as about most college governments, a certain fictitious element. For the Academic Council of the Faculty has final power to settle any question. But it serves to run the machinery under average conditions. And I will say that everything is thrashed out fairly and squarely. Faculty members do not stick together in their decisions, but line up with the students, and vice versa."

Rules laid down by the government indicate a reasonable compromise between youth's demand for complete freedom and the insistence of anxious families that their daughters shall be protected and held in check. The very families who have themselves failed at the job are loudest in their behests to the college. Remember that to regulate the actions of nearly sixteen hundred girls requires co-operation from them. Wellesley is the second largest college in this sevenfold group. About eleven hundred girls reside in campus dormitories, and the rest, including sixty graduates, are housed in the village.

One of the noteworthy prohibitions effected here is against smoking either on the campus or in the village—with one excepted spot. At the new Alumnæ Hall oblations may be raised to My Lady Nicotine. And how essential is this provision is indicated by two huge vases in the hallway, both continuously brimful with fragments of burnt offerings.

The Alumnæ Building, with its huge theater and ballroom, is partly responsible for that air of luxury which at first seems to dominate Wellesley. Even more so is the dormitory, called Tower Court. Its great hall, spacious drawing-rooms, carved stone work and mantelpiece, handsome portières, and velvet upholstery create a palatial setting. The presence in these apartments of a girl in jumper and tennis-shoes seems an anomaly. Indeed, of so formal a character are most of the dormitory drawing-rooms that the girls prefer to foregather in sociable study bedrooms where it's cozy.

This emphasis on formal beauty is continued by the newer academic buildings. Among them is the general recitation hall. This, like several of the dormitories, is so placed against the hillside as to offer entrances at various levels—a device which adds interest and grace to structural contour.

The botany department occupies an edifice all to itself and has the very last word in scientific equipment. Its head, Dr. Margaret C. Ferguson, was the first woman president of the Botanical Society of America, and the alumnæ are very proud of her. It was they who gave her the brook. "Oh, haven't you seen the brook?" Thus is a visitor addressed after a tour of the spacious building and its attendant greenhouses. For the brook is turned on for your benefit. It cost thousands of dollars, and its *raison d'être* are the special plants which grow beside it.

In striking contrast with such concentrated expenditure is the Administration Building; for here is a mere shack reminiscent of war-time government quarters. Nor is the zoological department any better housed. Yet it provides classrooms, laboratories, space for special problem experiments carried on by honors and graduate students, and maintains a large menagerie of all the small innocents born to serve man's need of knowledge.

There is a very potent reason why some incongruities on the campus are inevitable. For the history of Wellesley falls into two chapters—before and after the great fire. This occurred one March night in 1914. College Hall, the vast, original building which combined dormitories, recitation-rooms, laboratories, and dining-halls, was completely destroyed.

That in the dead of night, without panic or a single hitch in disciplined control, the huge place was emptied of all its residents and many of its treasures, constitutes a thrilling story and serves as an everlasting tribute to the level-headedness and heroism of both faculty and students. Moreover, the way in which the alumnæ rallied round the stricken college and raised millions for a restoration fund demonstrated a devotion which is one of the most vital assets of this institution.

IT TAKES years to replace such loss. Plans are going forward to cover every physical need still unfulfilled, and soon there will be no gaps in Wellesley's architectural perfection. One of the most unfortunate results of this disaster, however, is that expenditure for buildings has had to take precedence over increased salaries for instructors. Miss Pendleton herself would put the latter necessity first every time. But the appeal of obvious crowding and discomfort has proved irresistible.

Fortunately the library, which claims the largest number of volumes possessed by any woman's college, had its own building some years before the fire. It is the proud owner of a valuable collection of original manuscripts, first editions, and rare books. The Fine Arts Building also long antedates the destruction of College Hall. Its permanent art-gallery is supplemented by exhibits of prints, pictures, posters, and fine examples of printing, which the entire college turns out to enjoy.

This department is noted both for its excellent courses in art history and appreciation, and for its special training in museum work. In the studio on the top floor a class of enthusiasts draw, paint, and model under trained supervision. This "practical" work is credited according to the number of courses in art history taken at the same time.

Altho as yet the music department has not attained quite the same prestige, its work with Choir and Glee Club draws an ever-increasing response from students.

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Charming

No one has ever successfully analyzed the quality of charm in a woman . . . and no one can adequately describe the deep satisfaction to be found in a really good cigarette. And it may well be that the two have something in common, since so often they occur together . . . for in surprising proportion you will find Camels the acknowledged favorite of women of poise and charm.

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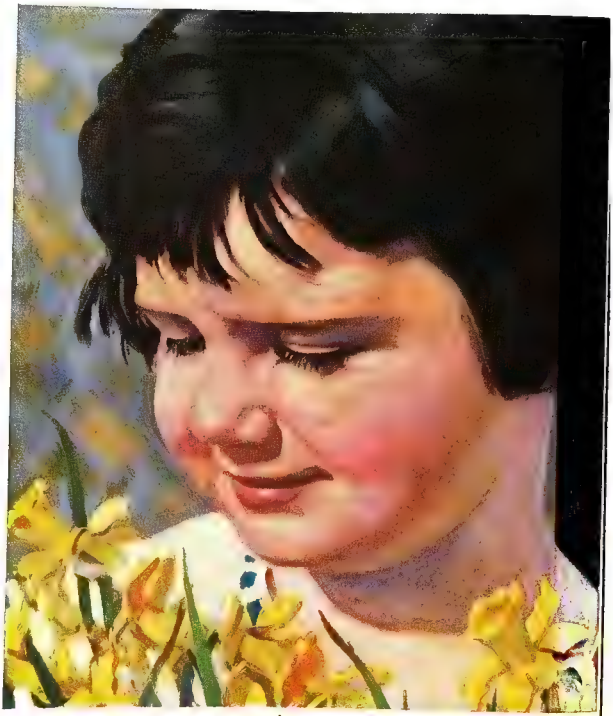
Mind taking it? Why they actually LOVE this delightful laxative



Two homes right next door to each other—let's see what's going on in them.

HOME 1: Great excitement! Mother produces a bottle of castor oil. "Now be a good child," says Mother. "Be a brave little soldier and I'll take you to the movies this afternoon." But little Johnny squirms, "makes faces" and shrinks tearfully away. He knows that this is a business for a martyr, not a soldier. And taking castor oil is a big price to pay—even for movies!

HOME 2: Here's a more progressive Mother! When one of her children needs a laxative, out comes a box of Ex-Lax—and little hands actually reach out eagerly—for how the kiddies love chocolate! No necessity for bribing and coaxing to take Ex-Lax! They look forward with actual joy to its real chocolate taste. They really have a good time taking it!

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THERE'S a great lesson in all that for grown-ups. Thousands have discovered that the effectiveness of a laxative is not to be measured by the unpleasantness of its taste. On the contrary, bitter nauseating cathartics shock the system and upset the stomach.

And there's medical authority behind Ex-Lax, as well as the advantage of delicious flavor. The laxative ingredient of Ex-Lax is one highly approved by the medical profession. Medical science has very definite ideas of what a perfect laxative ought to be. It must be gentle, safe and easy to take; it must be thoroughly effective, yet not embarrassing; it must not be absorbed by the system, and it must not be habit-forming. Ex-Lax checks to the doctor's satisfaction on every one of these important points.

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Continued from Page 84

Moreover, the college orchestra is setting a new record in the serious artistry of its ensemble-playing under an experienced conductor. Technical instruction, offered in piano, voice, organ, and violin, receives but one hour's credit toward a degree, and only when combined with musical theory. On the other hand, any girl willing to devote five years to securing a B. A. may take practical work and receive an hour's credit each year.

Certain courses in harmony and interpretation are only open to technical students, and even historical and analytical courses are available alone to those with preparatory instruction. General appreciation of music, however, is stimulated in the college by a program of more than twenty artist and orchestra concerts throughout the year.

On the same level of excellence in the academic departments are education, history, languages, and economics and sociology. English work at Wellesley is rated particularly high by enthusiastic alumnæ. Science, also of first rank, not only covers all the main branches of that area of learning, but offers a "premedical" grouping of studies which admits graduates to medical schools with class A rating.

Miss Pendleton is especially interested in the five-year course and the two-year graduate course offered by the department of hygiene and physical education. This training-school is to be found nowhere else among the seven colleges. It prepares girls to teach in physical education departments in schools and colleges and grants a special certificate which has nation-wide prestige. There are many students from all over the country in the two-year course.

Wellesley girls entering the five-year course must plan their schedule to include not only the usual college requirements for a degree, but seven courses in basic sciences. Technical instruction prepares students to teach gymnastics, corrective exercises, dancing, sports, and games. The department has a laboratory of reconstructive hygiene where more than 150 children from near-by towns are under observation for faults of posture and flatfoot.

The same service is offered college students. Girls are examined with the utmost care when they enter college, and again in their junior year. Health-training, the improvement of posture, and treatment for both underweight and overweight are undertaken for all who need it. Recently psychiatric observation has been introduced to meet the needs of mentally unadjusted girls.

There is a department of reading and speaking, and one of its courses is required unless a student is exempted by special examination. Dramatics, however, are altogether a matter of student enterprise. Altho the Barnswallows attempt no wilder flights into the experimental field of the theater than are usually made by these amateur groups, they did introduce a new feature last year. This was the presentation of "Arms and the Man" together with Amherst students. The girls enjoyed having the Amherst men to entertain; but the unwonted dramatic effect of having men in masculine rôles left them cold. Most of them seemed to agree that a previous production of the play by Wellesley girls only went off better.

A more modern note is struck by literary and journalistic work. The college weekly is a real power among undergraduates and has been praised far and wide for including, in addition to campus news, comment on current events, book reviews, and art notes. The twenty members of the staff are carefully selected and trained, and no cub reporters on a metropolitan daily are more thrilled than are competing freshmen out on their first assignments. College publicity is handled by the Press Board, and has a staff of undergraduates who prepare and sell to newspapers such items as are judged worthy of circulation.

In its turn the administration of the college has adopted at least two familiar experiments which already have proved their value. One is sending half a dozen French students of superior attainment to spend their junior year in France. Altho arrangements are made through the University of Delaware, a member of the French department at Wellesley accompanies the unit. Sailing late in the Summer, the girls study first at Nancy, snatch a brief vacation in Switzerland, and then repair to Paris. There they live in individual French families and attend courses in literature, philosophy, and history at the Sorbonne. Not only these fortunate individuals themselves, but the entire body of French students find this plan enormously stimulating.

THE second experiment is the substitution of a comprehensive examination for the usual type of finals given the senior class in June. It is far more interesting and no more terrifying to students than those of yore, and even the few, the very few, who fail it have gone on record as to its perfect fairness. Indeed the student of to-day much prefers to have tested her grasp of the entire field than merely her memory of detail. There's no doubt that this innovation marks another step in the development of a mature attitude toward work.

We have spoken of Wellesley's nearness to Boston only in connection with social events; but there are also academic and artistic advantages in being so close. The Boston Symphony, for example! And professors and distinguished visitors who come out from Harvard to give lectures! Indeed, to follow the yearly calendar of more than threescore lectures is to be in touch with all the great movements of the day, political, social, artistic, and intellectual. From poetry to practical vocations—a subject, by the way, in which Wellesley is particularly interested through its active personnel bureau -new experiments are discussed at the college by people eminent in every field.

Liberal in her attitude toward free speech, whether from faculty or students, ready for innovations which have proved worthy, Wellesley stands ready for her special contribution to the new era. Fifty-five years of achievement lie behind her. Her idealism is long proved. A new peak of scholarship is rapidly rising within her domain. And with her great tradition, her distinguished alumnæ, and her superb advantages Wellesley has only to accept the career of leadership awaiting her.

THROUGH SEVEN CAMPUS GATES

MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE

Continued from Page 27

said that Mount Holyoke students seem especially wholesome and unspoiled. Moreover, even as they contend with a right good-will for increasing personal liberty they never lose their sense of proportion.

To smoke, to motor with a man after dusk, to leave college for New York or Boston as whim dictates—these things are desired, but no Holyoke girl would bleed and die for them. They fail to loom against the background of Mary Lyon's superb struggle against ignorance and prejudice. Students never forget the meaning of those early days. They are keenly aware that education is a hard-won privilege. And for all the diversity of their interests their devotion is concentrated upon learning.

"My coming to Mount Holyoke," observed one of the freshmen, "was such a foregone conclusion that I never thought in advance what I'd get out of college. But, goodness, once here, I was simply thrilled at the vista of studies! 'Four years is too short a time to get everything in.'"

Indeed a glance at the curriculum substantiates this comment. These courses do not differ essentially from what is offered elsewhere; but something in the air of Mount Holyoke gives to the pursuit of knowledge a fresh reality. In a place so much a part of the outdoor world how can any one resist the chance to learn something of plants, rocks, trees, and the stars? General, non-technical courses are ready to open a whole universe to the eyes of the average girl. And how can one understand the modern age without studying heat, sound, light, electricity, and the chemical

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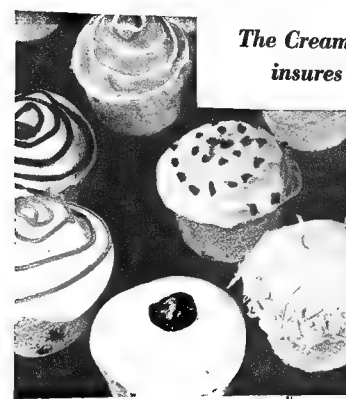

The Cream of Tartar insures success

Nothing "plain Jane" about these delicious cup cakes! Pertly topped with their fluffy frostings, they're quite at home even at the most formal parties.

And they're so easy to make . . . with Royal. Even if you're new at the baking business. The reason is—Cream of Tartar.

This precious ingredient insures perfect results every time. Makes all your cakes unusually light and tender . . . with an extra fineness of flavor and texture that lifts them far above the ordinary.

Cream of Tartar is a pure fruit product. Made from the luscious grapes grown in southern France. Remember—when you buy—that Royal is the only nationally distributed baking powder that is made with Cream of Tartar.

For your next bridge tea or Sunday supper, make Royal cup cakes. Serve them frosted . . . or warm from the oven, lightly sprinkled with powdered sugar. Either way, they'll put the stamp of success on your party!

FREE COOK BOOK—Mail the coupon today

ROYAL BAKING POWDER, Product of Standard Brands Inc.
Dept. 33, 597 Madison Ave., New York City
Please send me a free copy of the new revised edition of the famous Royal Cook Book.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

MASTER RECIPE FOR CUP CAKES: Cream thoroughly ½ cup butter; add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, beating well. Add yolks of 2 eggs and ½ teaspoon vanilla extract, and beat well. Sift 2 cups flour with 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder* and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add to first mixture 1 cup milk, a little at a time, alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Bake in greased cup cake tins, or in paper baking cups, in moderate oven at 375° F. about 25 minutes. You'll find many delicious frosting recipes in the Royal Cook Book.

*Be sure to use Royal, for which this recipe was planned.

Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Absolutely pure.

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elements? Or the life process itself without a course in zoology?

Mount Holyoke is justly proud of the opportunities offered in these fields. Science is taught with zest by professors—all but one of whom are women—whose work is constantly recognized outside the college. Not only do they contribute papers for scientific journals, but co-operate actively in research projects organized by men's universities. Last year the head of the chemistry department was awarded a scholarship for research in Zurich by the Association of University Women. The departments of botany, biology, and physiology are housed in a beautiful and superbly equipped building, and plans are under way to provide in like manner for the departments of physics and chemistry.

Students are no more apt to specialize in science here than at any other woman's college, but every one receives some instruction in scientific method; for at Mount Holyoke the system of electives is more restricted than is usually the case. True, the only absolute requirements are hygiene, composition; English speech, and proof of ability to read one modern language. Moreover, beginning with next Fall, a new program will go into effect which provides freer opportunity to specialize in a favorite subject. Nevertheless most of the 120 hours required for a degree are very definitely arranged.

During the first two years eighteen hours must be allotted to English and languages and twelve hours to each of two other groups of studies. The first of these includes mathematics, anthropology, and seven laboratory sciences. The second group consists of history, economics and sociology, religion, philosophy, and psychology. Heretofore it was not until the end of her third year that a student selected her major subject, but after next September she will choose her major field at the end of her sophomore year, and during her last two years she will devote to it and to allied subjects forty-eight hours. The program leaves thirty hours for absolutely free electives.

"I believe it's true," said the head of the economics department, "that our system of required electives makes the course rather stiff; but we feel that after a thorough general training the major counts more than otherwise. These young people are very deceptive, you know. They seem so sophisticated and sure; but when you come to examine their ideas you find that only the exceptional girl knows exactly what her goal is to be and how to reach it. Most students have to sample a subject before they can be certain of living with it happily for two years. For example, seniors who are majoring or taking honors work in my department have already had a good deal of training."

THIS professor, like most of the faculty, feels that nothing in modern education is more significant than honors work. To give the girl who is ready for it freedom for complete concentration is a maturing influence for her and an inspiration to the entire undergraduate body.

"In the economics group," continued the same commentator, "the honors students meet with the professors and graduate students about every fortnight. We train them to speak on some special topic for fifteen minutes. Then they are quizzed by the rest of us. The system is devised to make students certain of both facts and conclusions. I assure you, however, that it has a most stimulating influence upon the faculty as well. We have to keep on our tiptoes."

The statistics course in this department proves that any subject can be made living stuff. It certainly is that here. The department head sends the country for some real problem facing a city department or an organization. The actual records then serve as raw material for classwork. Sometimes students are transported to another town to copy and analyze these records.

Once the New York Charity Organization Society provided the class with 168 cases of injured workmen receiving payment under the New York compensation law. It was desired to test the success of the legislation and to see how far restitution is possible. One year a group of seniors made a study of Springfield newsboys to determine how the trade affected their welfare. The study concluded last Spring compared the amounts expended by ten Massachusetts cities during the past decade. The results were highly praised by municipal officials.

A special grant to this department equips it with modern statistical machines and defrays the expenses involved in such research. All these problems are worked out with scientific exactness, and most of the resulting monographs are of so high an order and of such social value as to be snapped up for publication in some professional journal.

An interesting side-light on the changed attitude of modern youth is revealed by the popularity of the courses in statistics. They have superseded in favor those in labor problems and sociology. "Holyoke students," explained the professor with an accent of regret, "used to be ardently concerned with human betterment; but now that the college has become *bourgeois* active sympathy with the under-dog hardly exists. To-day the girls want to learn a technique which leads toward their own business success."

NEVERTHELESS youthful idealism is burning quite as brightly now as of yore at Mount Holyoke if its focus has only shifted, for there never was a time when the students were so passionately concerned with promoting international understanding. Peace, mutual aid, and the exchange of ideas among all peoples are the student causes of to-day. No event of 1929 so stirred the undergraduates *en masse* as did the meeting of the Model League of Nations held at the college last April.

This assembly was organized just as it was at Vassar. Three hundred and fifty delegates, representing twenty-six colleges for men and women, impersonated the representatives of the fifty-four countries belonging to the League at Geneva. Sir Herbert Ames, former financial director of the League; Pierre de Lanoux, director of the League's Paris Bureau of Information, and Leifur Magnuson, correspondent in America of the International Labor Organization, served as technical advisers. Distinguished members of other college faculties and interested organizations were guests of honor.

Three model sessions were held during the two-day period. In spite of lively and dramatic discussions, the formalities, procedure, and spirit of the League of Nations were strictly observed to. At the end M. de Lanoux made a critical speech in which he summed up all errors made by student delegates. That finished, he burst into an eloquent eulogy of the Model League and declared it of value, not only to the participants, but to the future of the entire world. Practically the entire college had followed the sessions with breathless absorption.

"There isn't a doubt that intercollegiate movements of the present greatly stimulate interest in history and government," said one of the history professors. "Every one benefits from sessions of the Model League. Then for a few of the leaders there are scholarships for a wonderful Summer of study at Geneva. These girls bring back an inspiring message to us all. Moreover, the Confédération Internationale des Etudiants makes every effort to establish diverse contacts for other students who are traveling in Europe during the Summer.

"All these influences have introduced into college life a truly international point of view which is reflected in scholarship. I have about thirty-five girls in my special class in international law and nearly sixty in the courses on government. They work with a will, I assure you."

Locally this interest is expressed by the International Relations Club. The group discusses world events with an ardor which puts to shame adult indifference. Another organization, the College Forum, which engages eminent speakers, also devotes itself to internationalism. Even the Current Events Committee gives first prominence to world issues. Its members are responsible for a bulletin posted in the college post-office and for engaging speakers once a month for chapel.

To all of these activities the *Mount Holyoke News* gives an extraordinary amount of space. This lively and well-organized weekly is served by twenty-nine girls. Further experience in journalism is offered by the Press Board. Its members sell to various newspapers news stories of college events. The director, a member of the English faculty, uses the presswork as a laboratory for her course in journalism.

Here again, at Mount Holyoke, as at the other colleges, is apparent the modern tendency in education to apply theory as it is acquired. Students in education courses

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What makes a girl "ALLURING"?

CLARA BOW, *the girl whose Beauty and Personality have made her World-Famous, explains how any girl can be Captivating*

(Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood)

CLARA BOW *says:* "*Just notice the way people cluster around the girl who has lovely skin! . . . Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!*" Clara Bow

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the scintillating Paramount star, whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "*It's lovely skin.*

"You may have marvelously appealing eyes—and a lot of charm—and a beautiful figure. But just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin! And any girl can *have* lovely skin if she takes good care of it!

"I got my first chance in the movies partly, at least, because of what my father calls my 'baby-smooth' skin. You see, motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up. The incandescent lights reveal the tiniest flaw in the skin!

"That's why we motion picture actresses have to keep our skin at its very best, every minute.

"Several years ago, some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it.

NANCY CARROLL *keeps her skin lovely this way.*

"So other screen stars began to use it—until it wasn't long before almost every important actress in Hollywood was using it. Janet Gaynor—Joan Crawford—Billie Dove—Bebe Daniels—Dorothy Mackaill—

"Take Nancy Carroll, for instance, one of Paramount's most fascinating girls. She keeps her fair skin delectable as an apple blossom with Lux Toilet Soap. And Mary Brian, too. Her skin is clear and smooth as a little girl's. Jean Arthur, too, keeps her skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap."

9 *out of* 10 *Lovely Stars use it in Hollywood . on Broadway . in Europe*

"In fact," Clara Bow goes on to say, "nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad that we *have* kept our skin in good condition — the talkies have even *more* close-ups than silent pictures have!

"When I get letters from girls all over the country I long to answer every one and tell these girls that they can keep *their* skin just as beautifully smooth as we screen stars do—by using Lux Toilet Soap."

JEAN ARTHUR *always uses Lux Toilet Soap*

MARY BRIAN'S *skin shows flawless in a close-up.*

THERE are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap, and have enthusiastic things to say about it. Moreover, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures, from the world-famous star down to the newest "extra", shall have the very loveliest skin!

Lux Toilet Soap, as you know, is made by just the same method as the finest toilet soaps of France.

If you aren't one of the millions of girls and women who are already devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap, do try it—today. It will keep your skin as charmingly fresh and smooth as it keeps the beautiful screen stars'!

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the bath, too—and for the shampoo. It lathers ever so generously, even in the hardest water!

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . NOW 10¢

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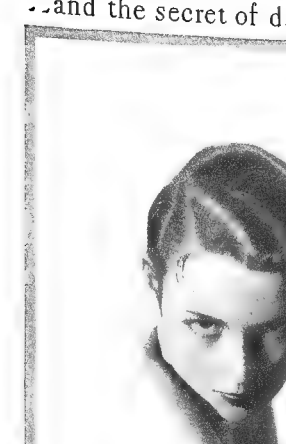
REALLY AND TRULY
Clean HAIR
...and the secret of dandruff control



Nature plays an important role in the grooming of the experienced woman.

Clean hair is the basis of attaining beautiful hair; it must be free from foreign substances if it is to be a real crowning glory. Hence, the delicate strands should be cleared of soap curds and other residue after the shampoo.

America's best groomed women will tell you there is *one best and surest and harmless way to get hair actually clean:*—"First, the usual washing and rinsing of the hair. Then, pour the strained *fresh* juice of two California Sunkist Lemons into four quarts of fresh water. Rinse thoroughly with this delicate, but effective solution and be certain to rub it well into the scalp. Again, rinse with clear fresh water."

The action of this harmless fruit juice not only eliminates soap curds, but frees the hair from stickiness. As the hair dries, slowly emerges true hair lustre! Dark hair takes on a fascinating glint; blonde hair now enjoys its admired lustre—*Original brilliance,* for which you may thank the safe, simple California Lemon Rinse!... It is all so easy, this use of nature's popular formula, to be accomplished at home or insisted upon at your hairdresser's. Do you realize that Lemon Rinse is the secret of hair with "life" in it: *the secret of soft, silky hair that retains the wave so much longer?*... California Lemon Rinse, if used frequently, is a potent dandruff control. As you rinse, rub this mild solution into your scalp. You will find both scalp and hair easier to keep clean...Send for free booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," explaining many toilet uses of California Sunkist Lemons.

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MAIL THIS COUPON FOR THIS EVERY-DAY USEFUL FREE BOOKLET

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Sec. 404, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send FREE book, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," *telling how to use Lemon for the skin, manicuring, and beautifying the hair. Also send your new free catalog of "Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories."*

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Continued from Page 88

have opportunity for observation and even for some teaching in the South Hadley schools. The latest evidence of this same trend is the new theater, where the class in play-writing achieves the technique of dramatic production.

This charming toy theater, which seats but 125 people, is perfectly equipped. The most modernistic lighting effects can be produced by the ingenious switchboard in the wings. Beneath the audience-hall, with its tiered benches, are greenrooms and workshops, where, before a performance, occurs a perfect frenzy of painting scenery, making costumes, and contriving stage-sets. The plays given here by students in the play-shop course are selected from among the best manuscripts submitted by the class, and represent a composite of individual inspiration and group criticism.

"At first," commented one member of the group, "I felt like a soldier being killed at dawn, with each member of the class entitled to a shot apiece, when my scenario came up for discussion; but soon we all realized that we were blessed by an unusually intelligent, merciful, and just audience."

The play-shop course, open to juniors and seniors, gives three hours' credit and requires at times twelve hours' work; but the fascination of applying their diverse talents is far too rewarding to permit any calculation of effort. Students begrudge nothing to their courageous and inspired leader

This distinguished member of the faculty, herself a writer of reputation, has also contributed to the college another means of making creative work a vital part of college life. She has organized a discussion program, called "Play and Poetry Shop Talk." Meetings are held four times a year, and many of the most renowned poets of our day have come to Mount Holyoke to lead them. To these assemblies students and faculty alike look forward with that peculiar thrill awakened alone by a new experience in beauty.

To further stimulate interest in poetry a prize is offered by the program managers for the best poem written by an undergraduate. As for the course in modern poetry, it has adopted an informal series of small noon conferences in the professor's study—another indication of the present universal effort to individualize instruction.

The esthetic side of college life is also furthered by the music department. Since Holyoke has always been known as the singing college, it is not surprising that the chief features of musical expression here are the college choirs and the Glee Club. Despite the fact that the student body displays only a little less reluctance than usual for class and "step" singing, there is great enthusiasm for work on beautiful compositions under competent direction.

Frequent recitals by students and the department staff are interspersed between the half dozen orchestra and artist concerts which take place during the Winter. Instruction is given in voice, piano, organ, and stringed instruments. But only eight hours of practise are credited toward a degree, and it must accompany courses in theory. Moreover, despite a diversified program in the history of music, students are not permitted to major in this department.

On the other hand the art and archeology department does offer a major. The Dwight Memorial Art Building contains a gallery of pictures, lecture-rooms, several fine collections of casts, and a number of original treasures of antiquity. Altho the modern note is almost entirely absent from these classic halls, they provide examples of the creative work of every civilization.

MOREOVER, most students who advance in the department take several courses in studio practise. "Practise makes perfect appreciation," said one of the professors. One special class in modeling produced remarkable results. Aside from the courses in the development of art throughout the ages, there are eight courses in Egyptian, Greek, and Roman archeology which prepare students for advanced work in this fascinating field of research.

In last year's class the art department received the second largest number of major choices. English literature, as usual, bore off the palm. History held third place, and mathematics and Latin tied for fourth.

It is a fact that here the classics are not submerged by that tremendous vogue for modern languages which obtains in most women's colleges. Partly this may be due to a certain absence of those much-traveled young persons who have a natural command of foreign tongues. Yet the language departments strive to promote verbal as well as intellectual facility.

The Summer School in German, conducted at Mount Holyoke by the head of the German department at Vassar, has added luster to the regular courses in that language. And now, under the auspices of the University of Delaware, a few French students spend their junior year at the Sorbonne in Paris. Nevertheless not one among the forty honor students of last year was registered for modern languages. Moreover, reports of the work in which graduates are engaged in various centers of learning indicate that languages have no such hold upon Holyoke students as have science, history, government, and archeology.

What preferences undergraduates show in the realm of college activities are harder to determine. The prize debater is certain that debating comes first in the hearts of her college mates. The chairman of the Dramatic Committee is equally confident that college plays outrank every other enterprise in popularity. Sports have an admittedly potent claim on general interest. And why not when, Winter and Summer, there are always such delightful things to do? Hockey, soccer, and lacrosse in the Fall are followed by skiing over the snowy hills and by skating. In the Spring, teamwork in basket-ball and baseball and cricket is supplemented by tennis, riding, and archery.

Every freshman is given a careful physical examination to determine what her exercise should be, and every effort is made to improve her posture and build up her physique. Nowadays all the colleges are concentrating on health work for the individual. The one weak spot in the general program is the matter of diet. As yet no practical method has been devised for effecting a special regimen for girls who need either to reduce or to gain. On the other hand, the problem of mental adjustment is being handled with skill and good sense. Like Smith College, Mount Holyoke has the benefit of a trained psychiatrist, and, altho no compulsion is placed upon the girls to consult her, they do so in great numbers.

BUT to return to the question of the relative value of student activities! Miss Woolley herself considers none of them more important than the work of the Community Government.

"It is the women's colleges, not the men's," said Miss Woolley, "which have developed experiments in self-government. And we can be proud of the fact. There is such real character-training in this system. When our thousand students combine in a mutual effort to govern their own community they are bound to build up fair play, self-control, respect for law, and that social consciousness so necessary in a highly individualistic age. Girls who serve on the Judicial Board or as presidents of student houses discover how essential it is for the individual to regard the welfare of others."

Here the prevailing system is one in which the faculty and the executives participate with the students. Majority rules. One of the juniors said of this Community Government, "The machinery runs so smoothly that everybody takes it all for granted. Responsible and, for the most part, conservative girls are elected to the high offices, and the rest of us are only too glad to go about our business and let them take charge. Government isn't exciting any more, but, of course, we wouldn't be without our system for anything."

About the work of the Christian Association, however, there is less certainty of conviction. There seems to be some question whether most of its activities could not be carried on under other auspices. Dean Purington, who has just resigned after thirty years of service, spoke gravely of the changed point of view of the student body. "There aren't nearly so many religious meetings nowadays," she observed, "and only two of the chapel services have retained a religious character. Even the department of religion does not draw students as it did once."

In her last report President Woolley says, "It is easier to regard with favor changes in the academic or social life of an institution than similar changes in the religious life, and yet it is as illogical to insist upon traditional forms of religious expression as it is to insist upon tradition in the classroom or in social

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mrs john hays hammond, jr

in the magnificent hammond castle at gloucester, massachusetts, art treasures of the ages are combined with all the comforts of modern living . . .

● The romance of a fairy tale weaves itself through every room in the amazing residence which John Hays Hammond, Jr. has been three years constructing. Treasures from the ends of the earth are side by side with every modern comfort and every new device which his inventive genius would be expected to produce. In this French bedroom with its rare old murals are Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses—as Mrs. Hammond says, "the most comfortable things I ever slept on." Of the new Simmons Deepsleep Mattress of similar construction, but at a popular price, she said, "I am so glad that so many people now can enjoy the comfort of this modern type of mattress."

● Mattresses and springs in two price ranges: the Beautyrest Mattress, with hundreds of tiny, resilient coils, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. The new Deepsleep Mattress, also with inner coils, $19.95; Beds, $10.00 to $60.00. Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

beautyrests, the "most comfortable" of modern mattresses, were chosen for this french bedroom with its old murals and precious furnishings . . .

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beds · springs · mattresses

and BERKEY & GAY furniture

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Now in colors
Flesh Pink, Canary Yellow, Sea Green, are the exquisite tints in which you may select Kleenex (white, of course, for those who prefer it). Colors are absolutely pure and harmless.
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

This new, smart *safer* way to remove cold cream

blots up unabsorbed cold cream without stretching or irritating skin

AVOID pulling and stretching the skin during your beauty treatments, great beauty experts are saying today. Hard rubbing and stretching *pulls* the skin, relaxes it . . . and ultimately may produce large pores and wrinkles.

GENTLY BLOT cold cream from the skin with soft, absorbent Kleenex—dirt and cosmetics are blotted up, too.

Famous beauties know the importance of this rule. That's why you find Kleenex on the dressing tables of stage and screen stars, and in up-to-date beauty salons.

Kleenex removes cold cream without rubbing. It is so very soft and absorbent that it simply *blots up* all the surplus cream and, with it, embedded dirt and cosmetics. How much safer it is than harsh towels, which simply *have* to be rubbed severely over the face, because they are so unabsorbent. How much more hygienic than germ-laden "cold cream cloths" which drive germs and dirt back into the pores, instead of removing them.

Each Kleenex tissue comes fresh and dainty from its dust-proof package. You use it just once, then discard it. So much less expensive than soiling and ruining towels!

For handkerchiefs, too

Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, too. It saves unpleasant laundering, and is far pleasanter to use than handkerchiefs. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Thus, cold germs are discarded, instead of being carried around in pocket or purse, to reinfect the user and infect others.

Kleenex comes in lovely colors, at drug and department stores.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to: P-4

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Kleenex
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

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usage. The present administration of the college feels keenly the importance of worship as a part of the education of a human being and to that end has given time and thought to arrangements for religious services."

As for the students, they have gone through the storms of a double conflict. In the first place they have rebelled against the autocracy of a great college for women possessing in this day a distinctly religious stamp. Moreover, the age-old clash between scientific thought and faith has hit them hard. As a result they are happy neither with what has been nor what is. One of the more radical seniors said, "We wish we'd never monkeyed with chapel services. College sings are fierce, and in the religious service you at least had something worth while. We don't know what we want. But one thing is certain; religious meetings have no such pull here as do the meetings which deal with modern poetry or internationalism."

College life inevitably reflects the ideas and emotions current in the world. And to-day those currents have become whirlpools. Mount Holyoke, filled with the modern generation, can not keep the innocent faith of seminary days. But whatever changes come about can be faced without fear so long as Miss Woolley remains president.

She is firm without being stubborn. Her clear convictions offer an acid test of what is valid in new ideas. Under her thirty years of leadership Mount Holyoke has attained a high place in scholarship and in those movements which waft the spirit of brotherhood to the far corners of the earth.

WHERE DID THE FIRST SWEET GIRL GRADUATE?

SOME questions are doomed to remain unsettled. No classic authority was ever able to pass final judgment on the birthplace of Homer, disputed by a hundred cities. The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy is perpetually revived. Likewise no unanimous decision can be expected as to which college originated the movement for the higher education of women. Everybody agrees only that the phenomenon was first observed in the United States.

Really, of course, the seminaries for young ladies began it. Had it not been for their heroic struggle during the first quarter of the nineteenth century later achievements would have been impossible. Next in importance came those educational institutions for women which received from their respective States charters to grant degrees to their graduates.

Four amongst these stand out with special prominence. Wesleyan College, of Macon, Ga., chartered in 1836, asserts that it is "the first college in the world exclusively for women empowered to grant degrees." Elizabeth Academy in Missouri had the same type of charter at a date considerably earlier, but its claims were only of giving "diplomas of parchment."

Wesleyan, Georgia's pride to-day, as it was nearly a century ago, has handed on a distinguished tradition of service to the cause of women. Altho, unfortunately, a fire destroyed its early records, ample proof remains that this renowned institution, in the words of the president of the Atlanta Alumnæ Association, "blazed the way for Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Radcliffe, Bryn Mawr, and Barnard."

MARY SHARPE COLLEGE of Winchester, Tenn., founded in 1851, was another chartered college, eminent in its day. The next year in California was established the institution which in 1871 was formally opened as Mills College, without doubt the most outstanding college for women in the Far West.

The fourth noteworthy name belongs to the leader of advanced education for women in the East. This is Elmira College, dating from 1855. Justly proud of its unbroken continuity of achievement, Elmira admits no prior claims, but emphatically asserts that it is "the first educational institution of college rank founded exclusively for women." This pioneer center of learning will be discussed in detail in the next number of Pictorial Review.

Yet these four colleges were by no means isolated efforts. Not only were the seminaries gradually adding mathematics and the classics to their list of more elementary studies; men's colleges began to offer what were called "ladies' courses." The idea that a woman's scholastic achievement might be worth a degree took firmer hold on every section of the country. To be sure, one of the favorite offerings was "laureate of arts," and it was likely to reward artistic china-painting as work in natural philosophy. Nevertheless women gradually made their way to those academic tables where men were being fed on a stronger mental diet.

Oberlin College, founded in 1831, was one of the first institutions to become strictly coeducational in the sense of offering the full college course to women. Before 1865 seventy-nine women had been graduated with the B. A. degree. Lawrence College, Wisconsin, and Otterbein College, Ohio, followed suit. Both were established in 1847. The first graduated three women within ten years, and the latter, two in the same period. Otterbein, however, lays claim to being "the first college in the world to throw open its doors to women without limitations or restrictions of any kind." Next came Antioch, also in Ohio, initiated in 1853. Twenty-eight women received its B. A. degree before 1865.

Too much praise can not be given each and every one of these brave pioneers. They represent so many milestones along the road carved through universal disbelief in woman's mental worth. Beside the significance of their combined achievement, the question of which one came first dwindles to unimportance. The tradition was created. The experiments were proved successful. Standards advanced. Such are the glowing chapters which compose the history of women's higher education.

To the average person it seems curious that when so much had already been accomplished Vassar College was assigned the place of leadership in this great movement. But it must be remembered that from the first it was surrounded with a prestige hitherto undreamed of. The scale on which Vassar was laid out immediately flooded it with a publicity that has never shifted focus.

Over and over again the press of 1865, ignoring the valued institutions then flourishing, referred to Matthew Vassar as the founder of the first college for women in the United States. Even to this day the tradition persists. No less an authority than the latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" of 1929 presents the following testimony in its section devoted to women's colleges:

> In 1865 Vassar College was established at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and was the first separate college of unquestioned standing for women. Among the earlier institutions authorized to grant degrees to women were Wesleyan Female College at Macon, Ga., and Elmira College, in Elmira, N. Y., opened in 1855. The first woman's college having an endowment and curriculum sufficient from the point of view of the times to realize this ideal was Vassar College, founded in 1861, and opened in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1865.

THE fairness of such absolute statements is, as we have said, very questionable. But evaluation of the exact worth of the bachelor of arts degree earned in diverse places by women in the early days of higher education is a technical matter and no part of our province. Still less is it our grim responsibility to attempt a settlement of rival claims to precedence among these noted institutions.

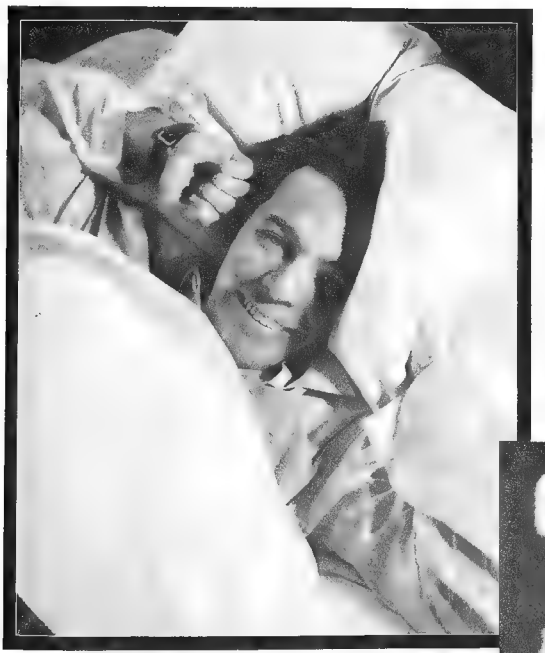
To celebrate their accomplishment, to set their names down on the roll of honor, is our only purpose. Without these many brave pioneers the seven colleges to which Pictorial Review series has been devoted could not have begun their work so soon. However, these seven colleges themselves are at present engaged in another kind of pioneering. Recently they have united. Putting aside all rivalries, they are working together for a common goal. For this reason quite as much as for their distinguished achievement they are setting a new and glorious precedent in the cause of women's advanced education.

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

NOW REFRESHING SLEEP *for* MILLIONS

At last an Inner Coil Mattress for only

$19.95



HAVE you heard about it? Have you seen it? The new mattress Simmons have made for people who do a hard day's work?

It's called the Deepsleep. A big, soft, luxurious mattress filled with springy coils . . . and with the price tag sewed right on it . . . only $19.95.

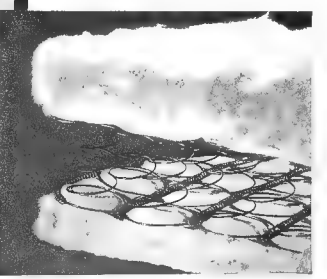
That means the deep comfort of an inner coil mattress isn't a luxury anymore. Men who work hard every day, and all their families, now can sleep in as much comfort as the millionaire in his mansion.

Go look at this Deepsleep . . . right now. Feel it. Press your hands down in it. It's *all* comfort . . . *built-in* comfort! And best of all . . . comfort at a price that everybody can afford.

Use it with the Simmons Deepsleep Box Spring or the Slumber King Spring. All stores that sell genuine Simmons merchandise have the new Deepsleep Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50 · Deepsleep Mattress, $19.95 · Deepsleep Box Spring, $27.50 · Slumber King Spring, $12.00 · Beds, $10.00 to $60.00.
Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher

Year after year of restful sleep for less than a twenty-dollar bill! You haven't any idea what a refreshing night's sleep is like until you try the Deepsleep. No hollows. No bumps. No hard-to-find "comfortable spots." No matter what part of the mattress you rest on . . . the same solid comfort!



Springy, buoyant coils buried in soft upholstery! This new kind of mattress made by Simmons never can pack down like hair or cotton.

The New SIMMONS *"DEEPSLEEP"* MATTRESS

. . . made by the makers of the Famous Beautyrest Mattress

Copyright 1930, The Simmons Company

Doctors know that perspiration odor actually precedes noticeable moisture.

"I never stain my dresses"—

yet perspiration odor is there!

When the underarm is kept always dry and sweet with ODORONO you are absolutely safe from offending

By Ruth Miller

It's really a pity that perspiration doesn't *always* give warning signals—damp half-moons under the arms! Then women would never be betrayed into thinking because their gowns show no traces, there is no odor.

Women don't realize that everyone perspires from a pint to two quarts a day! Fortunately, there is a sure safeguard against odor. Odorono diverts perspiration from the closed-in underarm and keeps you safe from offending.

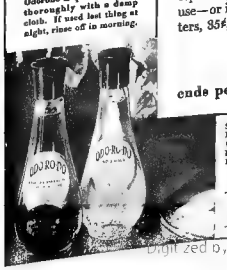
A Physician's Formula . . . Odorono was originally made by a physician for his own use. The familiar ruby colored Odorono, Regular Strength, is for twice-a-week use on normal skins. The new white Odorono, Mild, is made especially for sensitive skins and for frequent use—or in an emergency. At toilet-goods counters, 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Just 3 simple gestures—and Odorono keeps you safe from worry . . .

1. PAT ON . . . After wiping the underarm with a damp cloth and drying, pat on Odorono with your fingers or a bit of cotton. Pat—don't rub. Omit use for 24 hours after shaving or a depilatory.

2. LET DRY . . . Let the Odorono dry thoroughly before clothing touches the underarm. Any slight tingling will soon pass—dust with talcum or smooth over with cold cream. Let the Mild stay on at least fifteen minutes. Let the Regular Strength stay on overnight if possible.

3. RINSE OFF . . . When the Odorono is quite dry, wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. If used last thing at night, rinse off in morning.



ODORONO

ends perspiration annoyance and odor

Send 10¢ for samples of Odorono ruby colored, Regular Strength, and new white Odorono Mild. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.) Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. 4PO 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

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GOOD CITIZENSHIP

Continued from Page 4

away to the development of the human family and the world as a whole.

Then we come down to our own history, observing the characteristics and the backgrounds of the people who founded our nation and those who have come to us since; the circumstances of pioneer life and the rapid industrial development. We trace the reasons for present-day attitudes of mind and for the establishment of customs and points of view which make up the rather elusive and yet unmistakable thing known as the "American spirit." We study the men in our history who have really made a constructive contribution, and those who have held us back, in order that we may know what qualities of mind and heart formed the characters which have left a mark on their time.

Gradually from this study certain facts emerge. A nation must have leaders, men who have the power to see a little farther, to imagine a little better life than the present. But if this vision is to be fulfilled, it must also have a vast army of men and women capable of understanding and following these leaders intelligently. These citizens must understand their government from the smallest election district to the highest administrative office. It must be no closed book to them, and each one must carry his own particular responsibility or the whole army will lag.

I would have our children visit national shrines, know why we love and respect certain men of the past. I would have them see how government departments are run and what are their duties, how courts function, what juries are, that a legislative body is and what it does. I would have them learn how we conduct our relationships with the rest of the world and what are our contacts with other nations. The child seeing and understanding these things will begin to envisage the varied pattern of the life of a great nation such as ours and how his own life and environment fit into the pattern and where his own usefulness may lie.

It is not, however, only in the courses bearing directly on history and government that citizenship can be taught. The child taking Latin and mathematics is also learning invaluable lessons in citizenship. The power of concentration and accuracy which these studies develop will later mean a man or woman able to understand and analyze a difficult situation. For example, arithmetic is necessary to a later understanding of economic questions. As citizens economic problems will often claim our attention, and the power to understand them is essential if we would be good citizens.

There are many questions to-day between capital and labor in our own country, and for that matter in the other countries of the world, which are drawing us closer and affecting our home conditions more and more each year. Mathematics and humanity are strangely intertwined, and an ability to understand both is essential to well-balanced decisions in questions of this kind. From the point of view of character-building, the harder these subjects are to master the greater will be the sense of self-mastery and perseverance developed.

The other school contacts—social activities and athletics—develop team-play, cooperation, and thought and consideration for others. These are all essentials in good citizenship.

THE practical side of good citizenship is developed most successfully in school because in miniature one is living in a society, and the conditions and problems of the larger society are more easily reproduced and met and solved. To accomplish this, however, presupposes a high grade of teaching, a teacher who not only teaches a subject but is always conscious of the relation of the subject to the larger purpose of learning to live.

Learning to be a good citizen is learning to live to the maximum of one's abilities and opportunities, and every subject should be taught every child with this in view. The teacher's personality and character are of the greatest importance. I have known many erudite and scholarly men and women who were dismal failures as teachers. I have known some less learned teachers who had the gift of inspiring youth and sending them on to heights where perhaps they themselves were unable to follow.

Knowledge is essential and much to be admired, but no one can know all there is to know in the world, and to inspire a spirit of humbleness toward those who have a real knowledge in any subject and to add to that the "insatiable curiosity" so well described in Kipling's "Just So Stories" is a greater achievement than to establish the idea that the teacher's knowledge is infallible and all-embracing.

YOU will be thinking that few teachers of this type exist and you will be right. The blame lies with the attitude toward teachers and the teaching of our present generation. We have set up a money value, a material gage by which we measure success, but we have frequently given more time and more material compensation to our cooks and chauffeurs and day-laborers, bricklayers, carpenters, and painters than we have to our nurses, governesses, and tutors and teachers in schools and colleges.

We entrust the building of our children's characters and the development of their minds to people whom we, as a rule, compensate less liberally than we do the men and women who build our houses and make our day-by-day existence more comfortable and luxurious. These men and women teachers, paid from $1,200 to $5,000, and in extraordinary cases $10,000 a year, mold the future citizens of our country, and we do not treat them with the respect or consideration which their high calling deserves, nor do we reward them with the only reward which spells success according to our present standards.

One of our hard-worked business men said to me not long ago, "Why, these teacher fellows have a snap. Look at their long Summer holidays, and you can't tell me it's as hard to tell a lot of youngsters about logarithms or Scott's novels as it is to handle my board of directors at one end and my shop committee at the other." My thought was that if he and his fellow members on the board of directors, and the men on the shop committee had had the right kind of teaching his job would be easier because at both ends he would have men better able to understand the whole problem of industry and realize the necessity of co-operation.

Teachers must have leisure to prepare, to study, to journey in new fields, and to open new sources of knowledge and inspiration and experience for themselves. You can not impart what you have not made your own. You can not engender enthusiasm if you have lost it. Teaching is dead when the subject does not inspire enthusiasm in the teacher. Then there must be leisure to cultivate your pupils. The best teaching is often done outside of the classroom.

It always interests me how many Harvard men will speak of Professor Copeland's "Readings." They seem to look back on them as something particularly hallowed, and it seems to me that they have furnished inspiration to countless men whose lives have followed a hundred different paths. One can not get to know young people in a crowd. Youth is shy and a teacher gets his best results both in the classroom and out when barriers *are* down, and it requires wooing before the barriers come down. But what patience and time unselfishly given to the problems and interests of individual pupils this means, only a good teacher knows, and he rarely tells.

When I was fifteen I came in contact with a really remarkable teacher, a strong and vital personality. All my life I have been grateful for her influence. She has been dead for many years, but to this day her presence lives with me. It was not so much the school class-work, tho I can still remember the wave of hot shame creeping over me when I had handed in a piece of shoddy work. She had great charity for mistakes, for real limitations in knowledge or experience, but if you tried to "get by" with inadequate research and preparation, or smart phrases instead of thought, you felt her scorn because she believed in you and felt you could do better and you had fallen down.

I think few of us worked under her without acquiring a conception of intellectual integrity and obligation at all times to do

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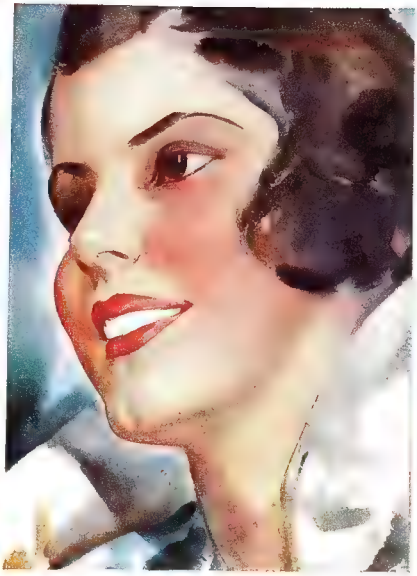
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Only a dentist would demand such excellence in a dentifrice



FROM the very beginning, Forhan's was a dentifrice far beyond the ordinary toothpaste.

It was originated by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.—with a professional man's exacting ideas of what the finest of dentifrices should be.

It must, of course, be safe for the most delicate teeth, it must be mild in its cleansing action, and scrupulously pure.

More than this, it should be as complete a protection for the health of the mouth as dental science can make it.

Accordingly, this "dentists' dentifrice" contains an ingredient found in no other toothpaste—the benefits of a preparation devised by Dr. Forhan and widely used by his fellow dentists in the care of pyorrhetic gums.

This extra ingredient, used exclusively in Forhan's, is what makes it a dentifrice with a valuable double purpose. It cleans the teeth, and you can find no dentifrice safer, more cleanly or more thorough for this purpose. Used as recommended, with thorough massage at the time of brushing, it firms them up, rouses sluggish circulation, and sets them tingling with new vigor.

That is why the well mouth should have the benefits of Forhan's. Its use is recommended *before pyorrhea develops*. If you suspect that you have this common ailment, if your gums are tender, by all means see your dentist at once, and let him prescribe proper care.

But as a matter of simple precaution, adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice—for it does all that the finest dentifrice can do to help you keep the mouth of youth.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York.

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

"COMING EVENTS
cast their shadows before"
(Thomas Campbell 1777-1844)
AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW
by refraining from over-indulgence
We do not represent that smoking Lucky Strike Cigarettes will cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a Lucky" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a trim figure.
When Tempted
Reach for a LUCKY instead
"It's toasted"
TWENTY
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
©1930, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

Go gle

Continued from Page 94

our best. I still remember evenings when she read to us and by her comments opened up avenues of thought. If ever in small ways I may do any good work in the world the credit will not be mine, but in part at least it will belong to the most inspiring teacher I ever knew.

A friend of mine says that in her class in high school almost every individual went out with the determination to do something in the world and make every effort to self-development. She says it was due to the contact with a teacher who lent them her books and talked them over (giving them their first appreciation of good literature), who went on picnics with them, and opened their eyes to the beauty of nature by her own keen appreciation and enjoyment.

I BELIEVE that each one of us, if we delve in our memories, can find some similar experience which will uphold my contention that a great teacher is more important than the most gorgeous building. Where no such contacts have been experienced, the most ideal surroundings will not make our school-days anything but a succession of dull and meaningless tasks.

There are many inadequate teachers today. Perhaps our standards should be higher, but they can not be until we learn to value and understand the function of the teacher in our midst. While we have put much money in buildings and laboratories and gymnasiums, we have forgotten that they are but the shell, and will never live and create a vital spark in the minds and hearts of our youth unless some teacher furnishes the inspiration. A child responds naturally to high ideals, and we are all of us creatures of habit.

Begin young to teach the standards that should prevail in public servants, in governmental administration, in national and international business and politics, and show by relating to daily life and known experiences the advantages derived from a well-run government. It will then be a logical conclusion that the ends can not be achieved without the co-operation of every citizen. This will be readily grasped by the child because his daily experience in school illustrates the point.

The school alone can not teach citizenship, however, any more than it can really educate a child. It can do much in directing thought and formulating standards, in creating habits of responsibility and courage and devotion. In the last analysis our home surroundings are the determining factor in development, and the example of those dear to us and constantly with us is what makes the warp and woof of our lives.

If the elders break the laws, do not bother to vote in elections or primaries, do not inform themselves and listen to the discussion of public questions, and do not take the trouble to make up their own minds after real consideration, the child will do likewise. If the elders look upon public questions from purely selfish angles, with a view as to how they will be affected personally, and not as to what are the needs of the country or of the world, then it is safe to predict that youth will do the same. This teaching of citizenship in the schools must be supplemented by teaching and example in the home.

I recognize of course that on our public schools devolves the teaching of by far the greatest number of our children and the added responsibility of taking great groups of new entrants into this country, and, either through adult classes or through their children, teaching them the ideals and standards of American citizenship; and I think we, who are already citizens, should realize how greatly our attitude influences newcomers. As a rule they have come to this country filled with dreams of the wonderful advantages and opportunities which await them.

Through their children and in their evening classes they hear our history and have explained to them great speeches of illustrious Americans of the past. And then too often they learn that the deeds in this new country fall short of its words, and they become the victims of poor citizenship as it is practised by some native Americans and by some who have lived here long enough to have absorbed true ideals and high standards if these were really an integral part of the people's lives. I think our private schools and our citizens who are able to support them should feel more keenly their connection with the public-school system.

It may be easier to develop leaders in a private school because more attention is possible for individual pupils. Whether this is achieved or not, one thing must be done, namely, there must be developed men and women who shall take an interest in, and have an understanding of, every group of citizens and every phase of our national life, and this is more difficult to accomplish in private schools because the children are more sheltered.

AS THE great majority of our children are being educated in public schools, it is all-important that the standards of citizenship should be of the best. Whether we send our children to private school or public school we should take a constant interest in all educational institutions and remember that on the public school largely depends the success or the failure of our great experiment in government "by the people, for the people."

BOYS WANTED

Continued from Page 6

that the day of the fragile flower has passed forever from this world, and that little sisters, no matter how adored, must learn to take their punishment with the rest.

As to the father's point of view I do not feel qualified to speak, having never as yet been called upon to serve in the capacity of father; tho considering the present fluctuation of sex values, who can tell what the future may bring forth? It was one of the prewar demonstrations of London suffragettes that bore a banner illumined with the rather startling suggestion, "Put your trust in God, SHE will protect you!"

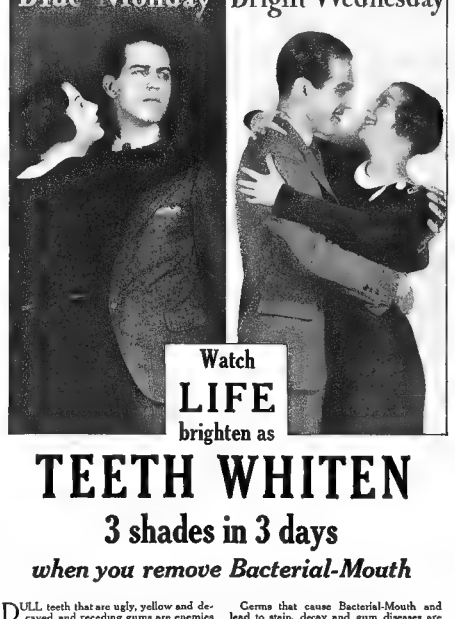
ONLY this I have noted: that in households where there is a preponderance of sons over daughters, the so-called head of the house appears to deserve his title more than where he is somewhat overridden and subdued, in the patient American-father fashion, by too many vivacious womenfolk. Men's "need of a world of men," as Browning put it, is proverbial, and begins, I should say, at home.

James Lane Allen once wrote, long before the psychoanalysts began to make us so nervously conscious of our genders, that "every complete man embraces some of the qualities of a woman, for nature does not mean that sex shall be more than a partial separation of one common humanity." Nor is it, of course: many a woman finds in husband, son, or father that intuitive delicacy of perception which is called "womanly," whereas a man often turns to his girl child for the keen and virile understanding his son may lack.

Nevertheless sex, or perhaps long generations of custom, would seem to have somewhat shaped the brain as well as the body, so that while few people nowadays can regard the feminine mind as inferior to the masculine, it is undoubtedly a different mind. "More sinuous," as Wells has it; if less logical.

In my experience, good straight talk and plain thinking are more usual in family circles where men predominate than in households composed largely of women, even of very intelligent women where conversation is apt soon or late to deteriorate into personalities, harem-chatter, not necessarily gossip, but that terrible "small talk" to which the female generation just passing by was trained as it was trained to the eighteen-inch waist.

On the other hand, I must quote the comment of a very intellectual Oriental who sat beside me at a New York dinner table some years since. It was a surprize, he said, to find women, who in his country served chiefly the domestic and biologic needs, supplying in this country the only real culture he had so far encountered in America. One might converse with American women, he said kindly, quite as readily as if they were men; whereas with American men there seemed nothing possible to converse about.



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TEETH WHITEN

3 shades in 3 days

when you remove Bacterial-Mouth

DULL teeth that are ugly, yellow and decayed, and receding gums are enemies of beauty, health and happiness. They are telltale signs of a condition offensive to all of us—and inexcusable. Germs sweep into the mouth, with every breath and attack teeth and gums. They cause the condition known as Bacterial-Mouth. But Kolynos quickly conquers this foe by killing the germs that cause it. The result is astonishing.

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—fully 3 shades whiter.

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists have long advocated the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dental cream full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Kolynos permits this approved technique.

This highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream is unique in action. When it enters the mouth it multiplies 25 times and becomes a surging, antiseptic foam that makes wetting the toothbrush unnecessary.

You can feel Kolynos work. It foams into every pit, fissure and crevice.

Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are instantly killed. They vanish and the entire mouth is purified. *Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 10 seconds, 424 million in 60 seconds.*

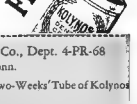
This amazing Kolynos Foam removes food particles that ferment and cause decay . . . neutralizes acids . . . washes away tartar and the unsightly mucoid coating that clouds teeth.

Easily and quickly, it cleans and polishes teeth down to the naked white enamel—without injury. And for 3 hours after each brushing this cleansing, purifying process continues.

So long as you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique teeth will remain gleaming white and sound, gums will be firm and healthy.

Look for results in 3 Days

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Within 3 days teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will tingle with a clean sweet taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos or mail the coupon for a generous trial tube—*sent free*



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KOLYNOS

the antiseptic

DENTAL CREAM

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New Haven, Conn.

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Original from

Those Youngsters of Yours Away at School

You can keep in close touch with them by telephone . . . give them the advice and encouragement they need . . . the cost is surprisingly low.

* * *

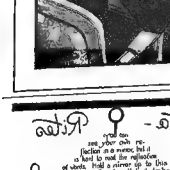
PERHAPS they're a bit homesick. Possibly some problem is worrying them that you could straighten out in a jiffy. Maybe there's a little school triumph they're just dying to tell you about.

Why not telephone them today, and have a little heart to heart chat just as you do at home? And then make it a practice to call them regularly in the future.

There's something intimate and personal about a telephone conversation. And, of course, every telephone conversation is a round trip.

Women more and more are using the telephone to keep up their out of town friendships, just as their husbands do at the office. It's quick . . . you get most places in the space of seconds. It's clear . . . you can hear across the continent as plainly as you can across the street. It's easy . . . all you have to do is give the operator the number, or the name and address, of the person you want.

There's someone, somewhere, who would appreciate a telephone call from you right now!



"It Makes My Skin So Clear and Velvety"

That's what women say who take the Resinol way of caring for their complexions. The daily use of Resinol Soap with a touch of Resinol Ointment for the occasional pimple keeps the skin as lovely and fresh as nature intended it to be. Try it yourself. You will like the clean tonic odor of the soap—the quick healing of the ointment.

FREE Trial size package on request. Resinol, Dept. 4-D, Baltimore, Md.

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The richest child is poor without Musical Training

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The Oriental gentleman meant this for a compliment, but somehow it did not please; instead it gave furiously to think. Whose fault is it if our men have so little time to acquire arts and graces? And where will they acquire them, if not at home?

It is during boyhood that every man establishes not only his moral but his cultural standards of living. Women, having usually more leisure, improve their minds as they go along, "band themselves together in pursuit of culture," as some one rather wickedly puts it, and manage as a rule to bag their quarry—only too frequently, however, outgrowing their husbands in the process. Which is the real American tragedy; for in this mad prosperity-hunt of modern life most men are too preoccupied with earning money to improve their minds, or even their tastes.

What they will do with their leisure, when at last they may have earned it, depends largely and rather pathetically upon what was made to seem desirable to them in childhood—whether books and fine music, or the movies; whether wholesome outdoor sports or the febrile indoor sports of jazz and cards; whether pleasant social contacts or surreptitious and unworthy ones.

It seems to me up to the mothers, far more than the wives, to create a new type of American citizen to fit our newly existing American conditions; men who spend as intelligently as they earn, and lay up for themselves treasure that is not affected by the fluctuations of Wall Street. In so doing, we women shall wield an influence far more significant than any we may have lost by reducing it to the common denominator of the ballot. For it is rather generally conceded as an economic fact that the world-civilization of the future, even of the present, centers in these our United States. On the whole, to be a mother of American men to-day, or even a vice-mother, seems about as ambitious a career as any woman need contemplate.

Which brings me to an important side subject—the vice-parents. I have been speaking as if only natural fathers and mothers were concerned in the choice of boys or girls for the family circle; a choice which, as a matter of fact, concerns them very little, since nature still attends to that matter for them willy-nilly. But there is a large and growing class of people, defrauded by some accident of children of their own, who must contest themselves with being merely aunts, teachers, foster-folk of one sort and another.

Undoubtedly the character best remembered out of Owen Wister's "The Virginian" (we forget our best-sellers in this country almost faster than we create them) is the *Emily* hen, that worthy creature who could not resist hovering, even to madness, various eggs which were not hers to hover, including several of porcelain. The world seems to be increasingly full of Emily hens, eager to assume responsibilities which others drop; and for them, indeed, a discussion as to the relative merits of boys and girls in a household has its pertinence. I offer my testimony, gleaned from both observation and experience, for what it may be worth:

FROM a purely practical standpoint, in matters of dress, education, and associations, boys are far less trouble than girls. They have also fewer whims and megrims; they do not have to be handled with gloves; their needs lie along quite broad and simple lines. Given sufficient nourishment, physical and spiritual; sufficient exercise, also of both kinds; plenty of affection, and a cordial welcome for their friends, and they will do the rest.

A happy boy—barring his natural tendency to mischief and destructiveness—is a good boy. Like roses, they are "strong feeders"; they will take all the humus the soil offers; they require plenty of sun and judicious weeding, not deep enough to disturb their roots; and the results are immediately obvious.

That is one of the satisfactory things about roses and boys; they are so beautifully obvious. Nothing devious or uncertain about the reactions of the average healthy, busy, clamorous young male: no hysterical self-consciousness to be coaxed out of; no inferiority complexes to be soothed away; above all no petty snobbery. The fine, hearty democracy which literally can not see why the butcher's boy isn't quite as desirable a playmate as the judge's son, particularly if he can pitch a faster ball, is something his little sister, from the earliest age of reason, rarely understands. And naturally enough, too, since it is she who must one day select and affirm the social status of her own family nucleus.

The very noises a boy makes about the house are reassuring noises—clumping of boots he has not quite grown up to, slamming of doors, whistlings in the bathtub, squeaky bedtime tiptoeings about the kitchen seeking what he may devour—who could be lonely in a house, or a life, with a boy to it? Even when he has outgrown the first engaging awkwardness—that funny, touching up-and-down of voice, the invariable reluctance to wash behind his ears—there is something unmistakably, almost tangibly, human about a house that shelters a young man; an air of cheery candor and freedom which the daintiest and most artful of all-female abodes invariably lacks.

PERSONALLY, I always urge such of my women friends as have the misfortune to set up housekeeping without the natural excuse of some man to do it for, to beg, borrow, steal, or even buy themselves a good obstreperous dog—nothing discreet and poodlish, a Scottie pup is the very smallest beast that can produce the needful atmosphere of masculinity.

In affection, too, boys seem apt to give the larger return; certainly in demonstrativeness. Through immemorial inheritance, young female things have learned to be cautious in the bestowal of their loves. It is Towser who leaps upon you with devastating paws of greeting, licking your hands, your face, whatever he may reach; dragging forth such gifts as loving fancy may devise, perhaps a bone, a rat, perhaps some discarded family undergarment with stockings embarrassingly attached.

Tabby must make quite sure of her welcome, however, before she takes polite possession of your knee, and needs to trust you utterly before she pays the final compliment of sheathing and unsheathing confiding claws in your person; tho once this act of faith accomplished, no stranger's whistle nor itching wanderfoot can lure her off to pastures new, as may well happen with young Towser.

Women are of course the independent sex, oddly sufficient unto themselves—popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. Observe, for example, how widows, even quite old ones, take up the threads of their lives again, once the shock of loss is over, and make themselves little homes as best they may. They "manage," as the quiet expression goes; whereas a widowed man will wander about like a lost soul the rest of his days, visibly deteriorating in mind, body, and estate, unless he is lucky enough to find another wife to warm over his affections and tuck him in for the night.

No really loving wife ever wants her husband to remain long a widower; hence the prevalent wifely custom, so bewilderingly morbid to the male mind, of picking out one's possible successor.

But it is in one respect, more than any other, that men seem to need our mothering, or rather our womaning; they are—American men particularly—the sentimental sex, the idealists. Anybody whose business happens to be the writing of romance will testify to that. It is not our lady readers who write by their dozens, nay, their hundreds, to demand for the erring heroine another chance, to express stern disapproval of the villain, to beg that the lost child be restored immediately; it is the high-powered necktie salesman, the college don, the Wall Street broker, the retired dry-goods merchant, who can not bear to have their manly feelings lacerated by "the unhappy ending."

There is something infinitely touching in the determination with which such as these pursue, through song and story and the drama, a glamour they may have missed in life but have not quite lost belief in—"the light that never was on sea or land." And women, who are by nature more *"probatisch,"* as the Germans put it, like to protect this innocent male optimism as long as possible, knowing like out of dream-stuff all the important things must come—all progress, all accomplishment, the very continuance of the race itself. It is woman's proud privilege to supply the soap-suds out of which man blows his bubbles.

To return once more to the *Emily* hens: Many a childless household hesitates over the drastic step of permanently adopting strange children into it either for economic reasons, or uncertainty as to future developments, or merely from dread of accepting

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Once you use Kotex you'll want its *lasting* protection ... always

Kotex absorbent is now used in 85% of America's leading hospitals. Once you use it, you will understand why doctors advise this soft, scientifically designed pad.

WHAT a comfort to feel the safety and security of Kotex protection! You'll wonder how you ever managed without it. Because this protection *lasts* ... through busy hours. And it stays soft and comfortable. You will appreciate that.

This unique comfort is due to the Kotex absorbent—Cellucotton. It is *not* cotton, but a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, with 5 times the absorbency, five times the efficiency.

Hospitals use Kotex absorbent

Where the greatest precautions are observed, in 85% of the leading hospitals of America, this very same absorbent is used today. It replaces thousands of pounds of surgical cotton. Last year hospitals used 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! What a tribute to its effectiveness! No woman could ask a safer guide in choosing sanitary protection.

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

There are many ways in which Kotex is better: it deodorizes by a special process; it is shaped to fit; it may be worn on either side with the same degree of protection and comfort.

Best of all, it is disposable. Please try Kotex and test its absolute protection for yourself.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

SAFE, SECURE ...

1. Keeps your mind at ease.
2. *Kotex is soft* ... Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
3. *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
4. *Its hospitals* ... The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
5. *Deodorizes*, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
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Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

So becoming... so flattering

is the new silhouette over this smart step-in

14 inch *only* $5.45

(16 inch—$6.45)

HOW flattering today's styles are to the clever woman who knows how to dress! She wears a Charmode Step-in to give her the modern figure... the slim waist... and the long, slender hip line so necessary with the new silhouette fashions.

Pictured above, is the "Diana"—one of our famous Charmode garments. This is a high waistline step-in with short laces at each side. It fits two inches above the natural waist, is made of very fine, pink brocade and has five knitted Rayon elastic inserts. Every woman finds the new dresses more wearable and more charming over this popular garment.

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Other models range in price from $4.95 to $7.95

You can buy Charmode Corsetry at Sears, Roebuck Retail Department Stores. If you do not live close to one, order direct from your nearest Sears, Roebuck mail order store, giving bust, waist and hip measure.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. *Retail Stores*

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too great a human responsibility. Not only homeless babies, however, need adopting. There are plenty of children of a larger growth, men children particularly, who lend themselves most gratefully to temporary adoption.

THE late War taught us that. Many people who lived in the vicinity of the great concentration camps came to realize as never before that a home is something to be shared; even, perhaps, that we have no moral right to empty chairs at table, and unused bedrooms. Those homesick, rather panic-stricken lads, who did so much gallant whistling to keep up their courage in the dark of that fearful epoch, took a pleasure that was almost piteous in being allowed the run of our houses, the freedom to behave simply as if they were at home. It taught us something.

The War, indeed, made possible a new frank comradeship between the generations and the sexes, especially between young men and older women, which was excellent for both—an outlet on the one hand for the repressed parent-instinct rather mawkishly frequent in a birth-controlled era, and on the other for a sort of shy, romantic veneration, utterly free from what a naive youth of my acquaintance calls "sectappeal," which is one of the finest, most chivalrous gestures possible to man.

In this one thing, if only this, the cataclysm deserves its lately acquired diminutive of "good little old war." And more than one hitherto self-contained family unit has continued to profit by a new realization of the give-and-take possibilities of human kinship. One example may be suggestive:

A wife was faced, at the age of which somebody has said, "The tragedy is not that she is no longer young but that she is not yet old," by the desperate knowledge that her husband was a hopeless and slowly dying invalid, and that upon her unaided self devolved the task of keeping the very roof over their heads.

Rising to her crisis with the strange energy women so often develop at such times—akin to the energy which usually accompanies the period of child-gestation—she began to make use of every possible resource, including the roof itself; turning her home promptly into a living-club for young business men of her acquaintance, four of whom she managed to accommodate in its guest-rooms. This, to her friends, seemed the final straw of misfortune, since she happened to belong to a class of society which greatly values personal privacy.

But war-work had already accustomed her to keeping boys about the house, and she found them a godsend in more ways than one. Their cheerful comings and goings, their jests and horse-play, mingled with funny apologetic efforts to be sympathetic, their frank male tactlessness, even the constant smothered braying of the phonograph in action, had a wholesome tonic effect on her gallant invalid which no amount of pitying tenderness could equal. One had these youngsters to show how a man can take the gaff; and so he showed them.

No girls could have helped in quite the same way; they would have been too sensitive, too aware of the silent tragedy enacting in that house, too ready to mingle their tears with tears which did not dare just then to flow. This woman needed the example of young male hardihood, manly taking for granted the fact that life is a battlefield, not a playground, where people must do what they have to do without "making a fuss." Afterward, so her friends prophesied, she would have her own breakdown, of course; she rather expected it herself.

But often the afterward came, somehow the breakdown continued to postpone itself: how could she break down under the anxious, subdued, friendly gaze of youth too inexperienced in grief to understand? On the saddest night of her life, they registered sympathy by ordering in a freezer of her favorite ice-cream. So she responded—how else?—by turning on the phonograph.

LATER, after the fashion of nettles which are grasped, the financial pressure lessened, and she was able to afford her privacy again, in company of a dear sister; had her house quite to herself once more, none the worse except for a broken chair or two, and some cigaret-burns on the furniture. The breakdown still continues to postpone itself. But when last heard from, the widow had begun to look about her for a few nice, impecunious, noisy boys to disturb the peace of her too immaculate guest-rooms again.

"I miss the pipe-smoke," she explained, "and the smell of shoe-polish mixed with hair-tonic!"—thus voicing unawares the need of hundreds of home-loving, home-making women who can not bear to find the chiefest of their talents wasted.

WIFE OF A VIKING

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back the worn wad of news-clippings she thrust at him.

"Pitchers? *I* know, *I* know. Suffered from pains in the back; used three bottles; now look at me. But listen, Mabel, come off it. You look like a good kid, and I'm only telling you, see? Slim Hatzon there. One of these days the whole of New York city is going to drop on top of him, the way him and the Shoe-lace Gang is headed lately, and when it drops, a good kid like you don't want to get caught in the jam. I tell you I'm just telling you, because you look good. I remember you from last year, when I was on this beat. Only Slim's a different proposition now from what he was then. Get a new boy friend, Mabel; that's a word to the wise. Ta-ta."

Julie stood and stared at a window full of candles and Virgins. Mechanically stuffing the printed clippings back into the purse, her finger-tips made contact with a pellet of gum. As she chewed she began to see.

She had told Slim he was looking good, but that was stewed apples. As a matter of fact, now that she thought of it, he was looking bad, looking kind of twittery and twisted, as if he were beginning perhaps to take an occasional shot of something that wasn't good for him.

A speculation saddened her. "I wonder if it's me—about me—that done it." She was beginning to see how big and dark, for others, life might be.

That night, from the black of a doorway in Orchard Street, near Hester, Slim Hatzon shot down the "secretary" of the Triangle Club, a Greco-Armenian drug-peddler. He came out afterward, put a knife into the man in three places, twisted a leather shoelace around his throat, kicked his skull in, and then, just as the whole of New York city was about to drop on top of him, ran into an areaway, slipped through a cellar window, and disappeared.

As time went by, Julie did not go out so much. More often, when she wanted the air, she went up on the roof and took it, among the chimneys and the wash. This was where she had been snapped by the news-photographers, her hand shading her eyes toward the blue horizon of an imagined sea.

Sometimes she stood so now, for a quarter-hour at a time, her gaze fixed uneasily on half a tower of the Manhattan Bridge, that much of ocean, seen between a tank and a sign-board on the building across the street, far away.

She was working no longer, of course. Doing nothing makes some girls nervous, but Julie was different; she had an almost limitless capacity for simply resting herself. She had thrived on it for a while, ripened, and grown even more beautiful. It was as if the fairies, finding her enchanted, wove a veil of shine and shimmer to keep her in—until the day, that is, when she began to try to think.

That was what made Julie nervous—trying to think.

"Where are we at? Is it all a dream? What's it all about?"

It had begun with Slim, calling her a Jane, like a fresh stranger, and with the cop, calling her Mabel and pushing back her clippings unlooked at, as much as to say, "Don't make me laugh."

Now, some days she could think of things

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TREAT that

corn

kindly

Let Blue-jay end its pangs instantly, gently... and protect the sore spot from pressure while it works its clean magic. Don't allow any corn to keep you house-bound when spring sunshine fills the air.

Mild, yet positive. Blue-jay is certain death to corns. Made in a factory famous for its sterile surgical dressings, each Blue-jay Plaster is a *safe*, dependable 3-day *treatment* for banishing corns. Simple, complete, it quiets their torment, shields them, softens and destroys their structure. Clean, pleasant, bath-proof.

Why nurse a corn when you can buy Blue-jay at any druggist's? Nationally known and approved for 30 years. 25 cents. (In Canada 35 cents.)

Blue-jay
CORN PLASTER

BAUER & BLACK

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CHILDREN are especially susceptible, doctors and hospitals say, to serious rectal ailments caused by harsh, chemically impure toilet tissue.

Millions of careful mothers are heeding this medical warning by equipping their bathrooms with health-protecting Scott Tissues.

And many go still farther in safeguarding their children.

They see that each child, starting off to school, carries a few sheets of these softer, more absorbent tissues.

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are made from specially processed fibres—"thirsty fibres." Crumpled in the hand, they feel actually cloth-like in texture.

Each sheet is extremely absorbent—yet tough and strong. Without this absorbent quality, thorough cleansing is impossible.

Scott Tissues are chemically pure—neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

They are made from the finest materials—and are always clean, sanitary, safe.

Not only your children but the grown people in your family need protection from the more serious maladies that come from inferior toilet tissue.

Be sure of safety! Always ask for either ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. They cost no more than the ordinary tissues. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

TO BE SAFE, toilet tissue must be soft, absorbent, chemically pure. Scott Tissues are specially processed to meet these health requirements.

All three Scott Tissues are closely wrapped to fit the modern built-in fixtures.

Scott Tissues

3 for 20¢
Prices for U. S. only

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NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white tissue [illegible] the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

Were it not for Music, we might in these days say: the Beautiful is dead.

—D'ISRAELI.

THE WEEPING MUSE

IS Modern Industrialism about to deal the Art of Music the saddest blow of its history?

* * *

To blame Machinery as an Instrument of Decadence may seem startling, but it is true that Machinery in the form of Canned Music is elbowing Real Music out of motion picture theatres, thus denying to the masses the cultural influence of a Fine Art.

* * *

Surely, if machine-made music displaces the artist in thousands of instances, the incentive for any individual to improve his talent—so necessary in all art—is minimized and music can no longer hold the cultural value that it has possessed. Any art is dependent for its progress upon the number of its enthusiastic executants.

* * *

Do *you* find the pleasure in Mechanical Music that you do in Real Music?

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AMERICANS PAY MORE GENEROUSLY FOR ENTERTAINMENT THAN ANY OTHER RACE ON EARTH. ARE THEY NOT, THEN, ENTITLED TO THE BEST?

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If you believe that Real Music should be saved to the masses who attend Motion Picture Theatres, make known your opinion. *Sign the coupon below.* Then mail it.

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Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

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she might have said, sneering comebacks for that policeman. "Why don't you get a little education? Read the news a little. Get wise to what's going on in the world." But other days she was too weak and the odds too big; as she stood shadling her gaze at nothing but chimneys and wash-lines and dirty cornices, it seemed as if all the voices in the hidden streets below were giving her what they called the "raspberry."

"Where do you get that Swan Dragg stuff? Snap out of it. Wake up."

She was foolish enough to argue. "Well, you seen him yourselves."

"Who seen who?"

"You seen it in the papers."

"Papers! Half you see in the papers is bull; didn't you know that?"

"Well—you know so much—you wait till he—he comes back."

"When? Where is he? How long since you had a letter from this guy?"

ONLY the lesser poets write; the great ones live their poetry. Dragg never cabled, never wrote; it had never occurred to Julie that he should.

April passed, and so did May. The old people could only pray to the saints enough for the way their daughter had been. Remembering the look in Dragg's eyes at his leaving, they had trembled to think of the months to come; they knew something about the world; Spring was on the make, and they had once been seventeen.

A mother's instinct told Rita that trouble was coming when Julie bought the new dress and things. It was fooled that time. Even so, both parents sighed with relief when Slim Hatzon went to earth; they recollected better than Julie did, it seemed, how crazy after the girl the wayward kid had been. It was a terrible thing he had done, and they were all shocked and saddened in the neighborhood; still, for two hearts at least, the adage of the ill wind had never been so true. After that they began to see how silly they had been to be nervous; Julie was so quiet, so content with her mysteries and musings, so good.

IF THAT wasn't irony! She was almost too good. After all, a girl of her age needs exercise and distraction. Where Rita had begun by watching her daughter with one mistrust, she ended by watching her with another.

"What if he comes back and finds her like a rag, her shoulders stooped, and all her pretty color gone?"

But it was more than just her lassitude and fading. It was the way she took things. No temper, no fight. One morning in mid-June, when Julie was washing the dishes, her wedding-ring fell off the shelf into the sink and went down the drain. Where another girl would have gasped, wept, or taken on, Julie did nothing of the sort. She simply stood and stood and stood, and looked at the hole.

"That's nothing," Rita reassured her. "A plumber can get it out." But then, getting around where she could see her daughter's eyes, she lifted her voice and stamped her foot. "Don't I *tell* you? Stop looking so. As soon as your father comes home he shall go and get a plumber—" But then Julie ran into her bedroom, shut the door behind her, and turned the key.

Rita went and pounded. "You want *me* to go, myself, I suppose."

All the answer she got was silence. When Julie did come out, tho, she came like walking lightning.

"Where's that coat? That overcoat was hanging in my closet. *Where?*"

It was an extra one of Dragg's, the one thing of his that he had left.

"The moths got in it, Julie. Saturday I took it to Rose to could mend it a little. I'll get it to-morrow. Yes, yes, I'll get it to-day."

Julie went back into her room and stood. She looked at her ring-finger. She looked at the closet. She looked at the bureau. On top of it the old picture-paper clippings were strewn. But now no one could have said whether they were slips of printer's ink or rags of wrapping-paper; they were all worn out. In Julie's room there was nothing that was not Julie's. Of a sudden there was no proof at all.

Julie put on her hat.

"Where are you going?" Rita called as she went out and down the stairs.

"I want some air. Couldn't I have some air without getting jumped on?"

Julie walked rapidly and aimlessly. Coming to a subway entrance, she went down like any scared rabbit into its burrow. They pushed her into a train. When she came above ground again she was in a strange country. She walked out into Central Park. It was hardly walking. She floated out into the park and around and around, wanting ballast. She had lost the last of it, the clippings and the wedding-ring. She couldn't believe any more.

Looking at a piece of soap, it is absurd to be asked to conceive of a soap-bubble. Afterward, after the bubble has burst, it is as absurd again.

Even the chastely, classy clothes were not what they had been. There were runs in the stockings, the toque's rim began to waver, like scallops, and the dress was turning different shades in different places.

Julie had to sit down. A lady in riding-habit came and sat down next to her on the bench and, waiting for her horse to be brought, read the *Times*.

To the girl from Elizabeth Street the *Times* was a foreign paper. The *Times* and the papers like it which one sees lying like big gray blankets of lead on the stands (unchanged, apparently, from day to day) had always been a sort of joke. People only bought them to carry about, so they could look like college professors or Wall Street men. There was certainly nothing in them a person would *want* to read, and the pictures were far between.

But now, up here in the park, it was different; it was suddenly quite natural. The lady with the fine, long, strange black dress, the hat like a man's, the clean, sensitive hands, and the face at once plain and full of class, seemed to know what she was about. In her interest, as she turned the dun sheets as big as sails in the wind, there was not the slightest trace of affectation. A doubt began to grow in Julie. Perhaps, after all, the *Times* was news. Perhaps the only reason she had never realized it was that it was news of another, a rarer, and more important world than hers.

The lady, always with half an eye on the gates, where the groom was tardy, passed her attention from page to page. Sometimes she followed an item down a little way. Sometimes, caught by a phrase that intrigued her, she read the end of a story whose head-lines she had missed pages before. She was interested in shipping. When she had read—"of the survivors some, still in a grave condition as a result of their ordeal, were transferred to the coast-guard cutter *Fox* off Key West last evening, allowing the freighter to proceed"—she turned back to page three to find the beginning.

CAPT. SWAN DRAGG HERO OF SEA DRAMA.
S. S. CLOUDRIM RESCUES SEVEN FROM GULF DERELICT

Battles Unseasonable Hurricane Twenty Hour, Survivors Say. Before Taking Them from the Ill-fated John S. Pyke.

KEY WEST, Fla., June 14.—Seven of the crew of the three-masted schooner *John S. Pyke*, landed here to-day by the cutter *Fox*, told a story of stubborn courage and brilliant seamanship on the part of Capt. Swan Dragg of the Doyle freighter *Cloudrim*, bound for New York from southern Asiatic ports. Early last Monday morning, due to a sudden shifting of cargo, the schooner——

THAT was as far as the lady got. A hand from nowhere hid the column, and a finger, not too clean, picked feverishly at the head-line.

"That—that's my hu-hu-husband."

"I beg your pardon?" The lady looked around, a crease of annoyance between her brows. The annoyance turned to wonder, tho, when she had studied the girl beside her, and the wonder to pity.

"Th-that's my hu-husband. Look-it. S-w-a-n D-r-a-g-g. I'm Missis."

She was young, a street-girl by the cut of her, and already paying.

In her large eyes there was something bedevilled, half doubt, half imploration.

"F' Heaven sake, don't you—*F' Heaven sake, don't you believe me?*"

Moved, but more and more ill at ease, the lady looked her over, from the funny tight hat to the runs at the knees of the stockings.

"Haven't you any one—isn't there some friend here with you—that is looking out for you?"

But at that the girl was up, hurrying away, her face white over a shoulder, her eyes two black spots in it. And the lady's horse had come.

Julie did not stop till she got to Forty-second. There, at a stand near the Grand Central, she found her picture-papers. She

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Having lovely hands at all times on less than 5 minutes a day

by Doris Lee Ashley **Beauty Editor** *of Pictorial Review*

4 Advantages *busy women have discovered in the new* Liquid Polish

"JUST LOOK at my once beautiful hands!" wailed a bride friend, displaying broken nails, a painful hangnail or two, ragged cuticle and roughened skin. "I am so ashamed of them," she ended pathetically, hiding them quickly beneath the tea table.

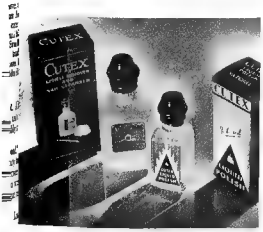
It actually hurt me to look at this heritage of neglect, especially when I knew that daily care would have prevented it.

Today every woman is expected to have well-cared-for hands. There is no alibi left for ill kept hands, for we are constantly getting new and better manicure preparations and they do their job so quickly and efficiently that any woman can very satisfactorily be her own manicurist.

The new liquid polish has contributed four wonderful advantages to busy women. It takes only a few moments to apply. Its delightful lustre keeps the finger tips gleaming for days and days.

It does not peel or discolor, but serves as a splendid protection for the nails, keeping them smooth and gleaming under all conditions. And there is no fear of its making the nails brittle.

Now, with an application of this new liquid polish at the weekly manicure, the nails are exquisite throughout the entire week—with just a few minutes' care each day to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tip!



Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢. Regular Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN
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_____

_____

Always brush liquid polish on evenly. Do not allow any of it to touch the "moon" or the tip of the nail.

It is surprising what little care is required to keep your finger nails lovely! Scrub them with warm soapy water. Never cut the cuticle. Mould it with an orange stick wrapped in a bit of absorbent cotton. Many women find that by saturating the cotton-wrapped orange stick in cuticle remover they get better results. Gently wipe off the loosened skin.

A good cuticle remover is an excellent bleach and cleanser for under the nail tip. Always finish by massaging a bit of fine cuticle cream or oil into the cuticle.

It is fun to keep doing things in this interesting world we live in—but unless you are wise your hands will suffer. Are you ashamed of yours?

■

The Manicure Method Women with Famous Hands are Using . . .

1. *Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser — to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips*

Scrub the nails with warm soapy water. Apply Cutex Cuticle Remover, to remove dead cuticle and bring out the pale half-moons.

Pass orange stick, wrapped with cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover, under nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers in clear water.

2. *The new Cutex Liquid Polish that protects and flatters the nails*

Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from the half-moon toward the finger tip.

As a finishing touch, a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and then a touch of Nail White under the nail tip.

ETHEL BARRYMORE, the best loved actress on the American stage, says: "To get the full effect of personality, everything must flatter us to our very finger tips.

"The hands particularly must be sparkling. I find the new Cutex liquid polish keeps my finger tips radiantly fresh and crisp—gives them just the necessary touch of flattering sparkle. I take along a Cutex Manicure Set on all my tours."

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At the lovely beauty salon in New York's famous ST. REGIS HOTEL, they say:

"Our clientele consists of exquisitely groomed women who will have only the very best preparations at their manicure, so, naturally we use the Cutex products exclusively. These women like the clear lustre Cutex Liquid Polish gives their nails and the fact that their hands will keep the well groomed look for days and days because it does not peel or discolor. And Cutex Cuticle Remover keeps their cuticle so trim and brings out the pale, even half-moons!"

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Continued from Page 102

bought the four she knew. One after another, careless of the train-catchers that bumped her, she ran them through with a dry thumb, princes, drownings, baseball, adultery, all the familiar things of the little world where she lived and breathed. But of that happening in the dim geography beyond the crust, where gods sail oceans and goddesses ride horseback and the *Times* is news, there was not a picture, not a word. As she had known there would be none.

THERE used to be a saloon on a corner in Orchard Street. Now the windows are boarded up, and there is a for-rent sign. Inside it is still much as it was before.

"That skirt in the back room," said the waiter to the barman, "don't look too good. It's getting late. Should I bounce her, do you think?"

"No, it's all right. I know who she is; she's an old friend of Slim's. Out of luck, I guess. If she wants another small one, slip it to her."

"Who's an old friend of Slim's?" Johnnie the Badger, near them, was intrigued. Coming out back to have a look, he had to gape. Julie's eyes, bright as fever, caught him before he could make his getaway.

"I been looking for one of you," she said. She patted the table for him to sit down, which he did, on the edge of a chair, mystified and embarrassed.

"What's the game, Julie?" And when, instead of answering, she began to carry on in silly-sounding laughter, he nodded. "You're pie-eyed," he said.

"Where's Slim?"

"How should I know where is Slim? What you here for? What's the game? They gone and got you stooling for them?"

"Listen, take me where Slim is. Can't you see?"

Slim Hatzos was in a room on the top floor of a house in Henry Street. He was fit to murder the Badger for bringing Julie there. As for the girl, the names he called her need not be printed. He grabbed her wrist and bent it to make her say something, twisted it to make her cry. But all she would do was look at the floor and giggle, till it dismayed him, she was so dumb.

"Where's your swell Swede? Where's that blond stiff of a sailor you was so hot over little while back? I thought you was married to him."

"That's out of my class, Slim; somebody was stringing me; it was bunk."

"Yeah, and so now you're coming around, wagging around here after——"

"Go on hurt it! Twist it harder!" Her wrist in his grip implored a wilder brutality. Tears rolled down her nose, leaving her eyes as dry as glass. "Only le' me stick where you are, Slim; le' me stick——"

Slim began to frown. He began to stare at her. He began to feel solemn and to swallow.

"Gosh, now, what do you know! The kid loves me. What do you know!"

HALF past seven the following morning. Joe Miro should be at his work uptown by eight; it was a long walk and half of the three hundred had vanished, no one seemed to know where. He put on his vest and derby and took his coat under his arm, walked out dead-footed to the stairs, then came back. His head still on his head, he sat down on the sofa. He looked at his wife with his hot, grainy eyes. He had not had them closed all night. Neither had she had hers.

As the sun rose higher and shone into Elizabeth Street the day grew stifling. It grew noisy too, as if all the Italians, Greeks, Czechs, and Jews within a mile were lizards, not half alive until they roasted. Voices by hundreds. Trucks rolled and echoed. Clatter of iron, thump of weights, and smell of tar, from the street being mended at the crossing. Schools were out for the Summer; children screeching. A fire somewhere. A siren.

But the the windows were open, none of this hullabaloo entered the room where the Miros were. It was as if the bars of the fire-escape had a sign on them, saying, "No Noise Allowed to Disturb the Animals."

In the dead hush, through the forenoon, through the afternoon, they listened for steps on the stairs. But no Julie came.

When either moved, the other hastened to say, "There's no use being worried. Any minute now, you will see, she will come."

"No, no use doing anything. You will see, it will be all right."

When the sun had gone down and dusk came in through the bars, Joe jumped up and ran and closed the door into the hall. Ghosts come with twilight. There was no foolishness about it; both of them saw in the darkening rectangle the huge, vengeful shoulders, the blue eyes with the viking devils in them, the curving hands with the long, blond, silky down.

"I give my wife to you, old people; you look out for her good."

When Joe had shut it out he lit the gas. Neither he nor Rita had eaten all day. They swallowed some cold risotto, dry bread, and drank some wine. The wine cleared Rita's head.

"We should have got a plumber. It is all because of that ring." She went on to tell her husband about the ring that had gone down the pipe, but before she was half done he began to run around the room, calling her all different kinds of a fool.

"And you must wait till now to tell me!" It was suddenly all plain. What more reasonable, if the girl's wedding-ring slipped down a hole and disappeared, than that the girl should slip down another and vanish too? He bellowed at Rita. "Stupid! You think we need a plumber for that? Ho-ho! Stupid!" In two minutes, with a hammer and a carving-fork, he had the nut off the drain-pipe and the greasy ring in his palm. Rita grabbed it and fell to polishing it, first with her apron, then with her best silk handkerchief. The brighter it shone, the harder they listened, holding their breaths.

By and by there were footfalls on the stairs. They came up and along the hall till they were outside the door. There was a knock.

THE knock changed everything. They stood there petrified. Presently the door swung in, and they saw it was Lew Katz, the tailor's son, with a Western Union capon.

"Where's Julie?" he demanded. "I got a telegram for her. Say, come to life, wops. Where do you get this deaf-and-dumb stuff? Where's Julie?"

Before Rita could stop Joe, the blunderhead had his mouth open. "She wasn't here since yesterday morning. We don't know." Then he began to grow crimson, and as he grew crimson, Lew grew wise. He peered about inside.

"So! Who's she gone and beat it with now? Slimsy Hatzos? Well, what do you know! Say, what's the matter for this, wops of you; yeh, on that line there. All right, take it! Take it! What? Of all the dumbbells. Oh, I get you; can't read American, eh? Can't read it; listen . . . It's from *S. S. Clondrim*, wherever that is. Oh, I see, it's a radio. Well, it's from a guy named Swan —why, surest thing, it's from Candy Papa, of course. It says he'll be here by Thursday, and she should meet him at the dock. Oh, my! And her gone and beat it. Some comedy! Wops, if I was you I'd move."

They both slept a little toward morning, from plain exhaustion, Joe on the sofa, Rita upright in a chair before the window. Early in the forenoon, driven at last to sanity, Rita took the ring and the telegram and set out to see the *mago*, who lived in a shack in the rear of a warehouse on Forrest in Mott Street. She perceived at last that whatever had happened, she and Joe had asked for it; the fault was theirs. Innocents and fools! Their eyes had been open when Swan Dragg and they had seen the shadow of disaster ahead, and vividly enough to make them trouble.

If they had gone right then, for ten little dollars of that squandered three hundred, the wife-man would have known how to turn things off and make things safe. That was the worst of this confused, faithless foreign city; people themselves grew faithless and careless and let themselves be lulled by smooth-looking fortune and fair skies. At home in Policastro they would never have been waiting till the eleventh hour and the last minute to be going to the *mago*. A candle to the Holy Mother if it were not now too late.

IT WAS too late. The door of the shack was padlocked; the witch-man had gone to Atlantic City for these few days of unseasonable heat.

Coming out of the alley, fate settled now, the poor woman's eye fell on Johnnie the Badger, loafing there. He was a straw, and she was drowning.

"You know our Julie—do you know where she is?"

"Me? Now, how the —— you think I would? You cuckoo, or what?"

Continued on Page 106

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Continued from Page 104

"Is she with the Hatzon, that murderer, like the Katz boy says?"

"What Hatzon? I don't know no Hatzon. Where do you get this——"

"Only this, only this, only this! Find Julie if you can find her, and find her quick, and give her this paper to read."

The Badger eyed the telegram she thrust into his hand. He was getting nervous; too many people were coming to him about Slim. He gave her a push. "You're cuckoo!" Making a ball of the paper, he threw it away.

Rita began by cursing him, as she poked around everywhere in the alley, desperate to find the thing. She ended in a whimper. The reason she failed in the search was because he hadn't really thrown it. All the while it lay snuggled in his palm.

At the street door, at home, there was an angry man from Joe's place.

"Sick nothing! Tell that to the birdies. More likely drunk, the bum! Tell him to get his money any time he's up that way. He's through."

In the room, above, there was a cop, just as furious.

"How the earth you expect us guys—Here's a girl missing for days, and I got to get it from a telegraph kyke. Would you wops open your traps?"

ONCE in that night, Wednesday night, Joe Miro started up from his ragged sleep on the sofa, went quickly, as if to catch nightmare off its guard, and looked into Julie's room. For a moment, surveying its emptiness, he was a father, not a father-in-law. Julie! Julie! Grief got into his throat; he sucked his sour mouth and swallowed and swallowed. Daughter! Little Julie!

But then, wider awake, reality and fright returned. Even locked, the hall door could no longer keep the wraith of vengeance out; the ice-blue eyes were painted on the panel and the furred hands were in the air. It would have been better if Julie were dead; never born, better still. Darn her! to kill her old parents, who had been good to her. What a wicked thing!

Joe went into the kitchen and drank a lot of wine.

"The devil! This is the U. S. A. I'll tell the police. Let this fellow try to get funny with me. There shall be a dozen cops here when he comes."

The courage of the wine was gone by daylight. As the heat waxed, resolution waned. The two old people sat empty-handed, roasting, growing weaker and duller, watching the door. Shadows entered, picked at them with silly queries, bothered around, passed out. But these shadows did not count.

Dinner-time came. Supper-time came. The pitiless sun went out of the tops of the windows. Dusk, like hope reborn, brought Joe to life.

No, he darned, they didn't catch *him* like that. He wasn't a rat, to wait quietly in the trap. Grabbing his hat, he kept his eyes away from Rita's.

"I will come back in a little while. I am going out to see a—I am going out to buy some bread at Jppoloto's."

He was hardly on the stairs when the street below was filled with noise, alarm of motors, feet running. He came back blanched and wizened; already the hubbub was in the house, mounting higher. Joe's legs were no good; he went down on the sofa beside the old woman, wove his fingers, frowned at the door.

Vengeance entered alone, and shut the door. They saw the legs out of the tops of their eyes, the feet planted apart, the hands with their yellow dog-manes hanging in the air, the short, thick fingers working.

WHERE was the use in killing these two old people? They were as good as dead already, with their knotted foreheads and their pouted mouths.

A taxi honked Some one was practising on the trombone, blocks away.

It was too long. Joe hiccuped. A sigh broke out of Rita's mouth. They could no longer help it, they had to look up. Dragg spoke.

"You already know, then, old people? I see that."

His face, where they had expected to see it murderous, was transfigured by sadness, luminous with pity. He was a poet and a dramatic one; for once, with the mist over them, his blue eyes looked large.

"Somebody told you already," he said. Turning back, he threw the door open. "Somebody told them already. You boy, come in."

Slim Hatzon carried the body of their daughter. A policeman, distracted between two minds, one instant hard-boiled for duty the next fumbling at his cap in Irish awe, half barred the way and half did not. Hatzon, his eyes like glass marbles, his jaw set, his face the color of ashes, came straight past with his burden. Dragg closed the door again.

The dead girl lay on a table, her feet in a chair. So she was nearly level with the old one's gaze as they sat on the sofa, glued and dumb.

It began to grow dark. Presently a soft, rhythmic concussion was heard, a drip of water through the cane bottom of the chair; only then did the dumb ones perceive that Julie's clothing was sodden. And then that Hatzon stood in a blur that widened on the floor.

The gangster's face was cut from the gloom by its pallor. But Dragg's, across the table, was illuminated from within, and tho his voice was husky with affliction, it was vibrant with something more.

"She tried to walk to me."

He laid his hand on Julie's crossed hands. Tears welled between his lids. But under the tragedy of his words there was exaltation, a triumphant chiding.

"You were too much in love with me, you beautiful. I was away too far, wasn't I? I was away too long. You never saw a thing else then, when you saw Swan waving. What is ten foot, twenty foot of open water, when you see your love there? You put your hands out. You tried to walk to me."

As soon as it got through their heads that Swan Dragg knew nothing, it was as if the weight of hell was lifted from the old people's souls. How Julie got the news, how she came to be on that dock in Brooklyn, they could twist their brains on all that later on. Now there was simply a wind that blew a cloud away and let the sunshine of pure sorrow in. Now it was their baby that was gone. Their eyes puffed out between two winks; water rolled from them; they began to beat their breasts; they rocked and wailed.

To the poet in Dragg the sound was discordant; it cut across the beauty of the tragedy of true love; it made of a thing that was as big as he a thing no bigger than they were. Like a man ruefully awakening, he scowled at those snivelers. He glowered at Hatzon, erect and mute across from him He struck the flat of his hand against his forehead, recollecting.

"You! You are the boy went in after her. I remember. I couldn't go; I was too far off. You did. And yet you don't swim any too good."

HATZON said nothing. He might have been a figure cut in slate.

"You were running after her," Dragg wondered. "I saw that."

Slim opened his mouth quickly enough then.

"I seen she was going to jump. I seen it—I knowed it—somehow."

"What shall I do? I say thank you. What's that? Hear me. I must give you whatever I got you want. I will give you my boat. (The boat was not his, but what matter?) Listen. See!" He drove his hands through his pockets; found a sheaf of bank-notes, pulled it apart. "Ten—no, twenty—no, by Heaven, fifty dollars! Yes! yes! I won't feel good otherwise. *Take it!*"

Mercurial, he forgot the hand with the money which Hatzon made no move to take. He remembered the hand that lay on his dead love's hands. Now he sobbed. For a moment he was all over. A Titan's anguish. He bent deep and kissed the upper one of the swollen wrists.

"Good-by, my little girl! Good-by, Julie! Good-by!"

He stood up straight. He passed his hand slowly from his Swede-hay forelock down over his eyes and nose and mouth. There is this about the poet; when the tale is finished it is all finished. Then he closes the book.

He put on his hat and went toward the door. Rita, knuckling her eyes, jumped up.

"You go get your trunk, son? Yes? You be back soon? Yes?"

If it had been lighter they could have seen on the sea-god's face an expression of surprize, incredulity, and remonstrance.

"Me? Back here? Why?"

Continued on Page 108

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"I have my proof of Eagle Brand from babyhood to manhood, and just feel I want to shout to every one about it!"

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Every letter and picture published by the Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful mother.

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Continued from Page 106

They were bewildered. There is nothing so bewildering to the ordinary mind as the ways of the rational. So they were lost.

"I got nothing here any more," he reminded them. "There was Julie, but Julie is not here. I got no wife here to love me. I have been thirty-eight long days at sea. Now I am ashore. What you think I am?"

"Say, fellah, forgetting something, ain't you?" It was Hatzon, whining like a file as the golden widower passed. "Absent-minded, ain't you?"

"What?"

"The cush, fellah; the fifty in your mitt there. You talked so loud."

Dragg was shocked. What a place! What people!

"The money? For Heaven's sake—" He crushed the bills into the beggar's hand, and, turning his mouth, spat on the floor. He was disgusted. He made haste to get away.

They had turned up the gas in the outer hall. When Dragg opened the door its light fell in across his lusty shoulders and made a living halo of his hair. He had been looking forward to seeing the lovely Julie for long weeks, pent up in a ship. So, doubly and trebly, he had been stirred by the brutal beauty of her tragedy. He had whipped his heart with grief and cleansed his eyes with tears, and now his heart beat higher and he saw the city full of light. The dead are dead, and people who are half dead go on moaning forever. Swan Dragg was alive. Moving out, he closed the door.

When it was dark in the room again, Slim Hatzon let out the breath he had been holding. He lost an inch of his stature. He was missing his cocain; his nerves were ragged. He had come out of his trance; he was scared. Soft on his soles he moved toward the nearer window. But then he remembered. His knees knocking, his teeth chattering, he reached back and laid the banknotes in the chair beside Julie's feet.

"There, wops, that'll help to bury her. I pulled that one pretty, didn't I?"

For a moment they saw him in silhouette against the night-light, bent double on the fire-escape outside the sill. They saw him listening for sounds below. They heard him exulting. "What them cops think—I'll come walking out the door to them? The suckers!"

But when he had vanished, and after the iron ladder had given over its creaking, the echo of a single pistol-shot came thudding up between the buildings. The cops are not such suckers after all.

SPRING LUNCHEONS

Continued from Page 35

Strawberry and Rhubarb Tarts

1¼ Cupful Parboiled Rhubarb
½ Cupful Halved Strawberries
2 Eggs
1¼ Cupful Sugar
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
Grated Rind 1 Orange

SLICE the rhubarb and bring quickly to a boil; drain thoroughly. Add the strawberries, beaten egg yolks, dry ingredients, and grated orange. Bake in tart shapes lined with pastry in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) for 10 minutes, and at a moderate heat (350 degrees F) for about 15 minutes. Cover with meringue made of the 2 egg whites and 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, and brown in a slow oven (300 degrees F.).

MENU 3

A GLIMPSE of the luncheon-table with the Spring cocktail on it is temptingly Springlike. A very few strawberries will suffice to give color and flavor if they are halved or quartered and discreetly mixed with cubes or thin slices of the other fruit—pineapple, peach, or pear. A new note is given by mashing mint jelly with a fork into tiny pieces and combining with the fruit. A whole perfect strawberry or two will grace the cup for a final touch.

Veal-Rolls with Mushroom Sauce

BUY slices of veal cutlet ¼ inch thick and pound to ¼-inch thickness. Cut into pieces about 2½ inches by 4 inches. Rub with salt and pepper, and place in the center 2 tablespoonfuls of dressing made as follows:

½ Cupful Mushrooms
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
½ Cupful Fine Bread-crums
1½ Teaspoonful Minced Parsley
½ Teaspoonful Poultry Seasoning
1 Tablespoonful Grated Onion
Salt and Paprika

SAUTÉ the mushrooms in the butter; stir in the bread-crums and seasonings. Fold the meat over the dressing, and skewer with toothpicks or tie with a string. Sprinkle lightly with salt and brush with melted fat. Bake in a hot oven (500 degrees F.), reducing to 400 degrees after 10 minutes, until brown and very tender. Baste as necessary with boiling water and melted fat. Serve with a mushroom cream sauce made with 1½ cupful of white sauce and ½ cupful of sliced cooked mushrooms.

Green Salad with Roquefort Dressing

THE choice of the green for salad is limited only by the market. Escarole chicory, watercress, endive, lettuce, dandelion, celery-hearts—any or all of them. Tender young dandelion-leaves are particularly good with this menu. A French dressing has the Roquefort cheese mashed into it.

Pastry-sticks are crisp and light and of any shape or size.

Brown Rice (Southern Style)

BOIL the rice in plenty of salted water until tender, for about 45 minutes. It should be well drained and steamed dry over hot water in a sieve or strainer.

Rhubarb Cream

COOK 3 cupfuls of rhubarb in a small amount of water until very soft, and press through a purée-sieve. Cook with ½ cupful of sugar (more or less to taste) until thick. Stir in 2 beaten eggs without cooking further. Chill and add a few drops of vanilla or lemon extract. Fold in 1 egg white, beaten stiff, and ½ cupful of cream or evaporated milk that has been whipped solid. Serve in parfait-glasses and sprinkle with chopped salted nuts.

MENU 4

THE jellied sardines are appetizing for the fourth menu, which is light in character and emphasizes the egg of Spring fame. Make a jelly aspic with 1½ cupful of bouillon (using 2 bouillon-tablets if you wish) seasoned with grated onion and lemon-juice. Stiffen with 2 tablespoonful of gelatin softened in 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Strain and pour a little in a shallow pan.

When jellied, arrange drained sardines on it in groups of two or three—the number you wish to serve per person. Cover with the rest of the jelly. Serve on a few leaves of cress, and garnish with horseradish mayonnaise.

If the clam velouté is served, make it as a cream of clam soup, and top with a spoon of whipped cream blended with mashed pimiento.

Eggs au Printemps with Bacon

Toasted, Buttered Baking-powder Biscuit
Poached Eggs
Asparagus-tips, Buttered Bacon-curls
Mushroom Cream Sauce

ON a platter arrange the biscuit with the poached eggs, and pour the mushroom sauce around them. Garnish with bundles of the asparagus and the bacon-curls. If poached eggs can not be managed at the last moment, use stuffed eggs, kept very hot, and pour the mushroom sauce over them.

Strawberry and Celery Salad

CUT berries in halves lengthwise and let stand in honey dressing for an hour. Drain and mix with half the quantity of thinly sliced, crisp celery. Serve on lettuce with the honey dressing. This is made by combining the following ingredients and beating until frothy:

6 Tablespoonfuls Olive-oil
2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Paprika
¼ Cupful Honey

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CREAM MAYONNAISE
—splendid for fruit salads.

½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon Karo, Red Label
1 egg
3 tablespoons vinegar
2 cups Mazola

Put the seasonings in a small deep bowl, beat in the egg, add the vinegar, stir until mixed and gradually beat in the Mazola, using a wheel egg beater. Start with one-half teaspoon oil—when the mayonnaise has begun to thicken, add it a tablespoonful at a time. When done, beat in one tablespoon boiling water. Then add to this mayonnaise an equal quantity of plain cream or slightly sour cream whipped and seasoned further with paprika. Stir in a little Karo Syrup.

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THE PARIS DECREE IN EASTER FROCKS

CHÉRUIT. 5188—Puffed sleeves add piquancy to this quaint afternoon and garden-party frock, pulled in at the back with a soft bow. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch printed material.

CHANEL. 5157—Tiny cap sleeves with circular ruffles and a belt that ties at one side are chic details of this simply modeled frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yds. 39-in. fabric. Width about 3⅝ yds.

JANE REGNY. 5212—The blousing silhouette is shown in this classic model. The cowl neckline and front tucks are distinctive features. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yds. 39-in. Width about 2¾ yards.

YVONNE CARETTE. 5165—The princess silhouette is softened in this frock by front shirrings and the youthful capelet. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 39-inch material. Width about 1¼ yard.

AUGUSTABERNARD. 5197—The capelet is shirred on the shoulders and accented by a turned-over collar and bow. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 39-inch material. Width about 3⅛ yards.

MADELEINE. 5211—The asymmetric lines at collar and lower skirt, and bows are flattering and wearable. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yds. 39-in. fabric—2 yds. 3-in. edging. Width about 3¼ yards.

PARIS INDIVIDUALIZES NEW EASTER STYLES

GOUPY. 5166—The pointed band above the circular skirt molds the hipline and lends chic grace. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric for frock—1 yard 39-inch print. Width about 3 yds.

RENÉE. 5191—Gay-hued binding is smartly used to simulate a jacket and accent the cuffs. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch print for frock—3⅝ yards contrasting binding. Width about 1¾ yd.

CHANTAL. 5184—Short sleeves are an important fashion, especially when finished with flaring cuffs. Note the V-pointed motifs. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material. Width about 2¼ yds.

LUCILE PARAY. 5170—Shoulder capelets are favored for long-sleeved or sleeveless frocks. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material—2¾ yards contrasting binding. Width about 2½ yards.

MARCEL ROCHAS. 5164—The "windbreaker" jacket suit is new for sports events. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch material for skirt and jacket—⅞ yard 39-inch contrasting for blouse.

BRANDT. 4776—Polka dots, especially in twin prints, are high in chic this Spring. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch dotted fabric—2 yards 36-inch for blouse. Width about 2 yards.

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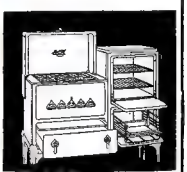

Private Feeling

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GAY PRINTS AND PASTELS LEAD FOR AFTERNOON

5187—A typical version of the modern silhouette with a scalloped capelet doing double duty as sleeves, as well as an attractive detail of the bodice. The scarf-collar outlines the V-shaped neckline in chic manner. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

5201—This filmy afternoon frock flaunts a flatteringly shaped collar with ruffling detail. The triple flounces describe an upward curving line in the center-front. Note the floral detail of the bodice. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 6¼ yards 39-inch print.

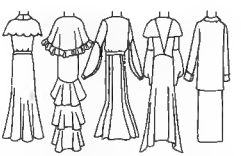
5187 5201

Paris—Patou
5175 5182

5175—Feminine detail and contrasting puff sleeves harmonize with the long slim lines of the skirt, with low-posed fulness obtained through shaped gores that start at the normal waistline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch novelty material—¾ yard 39-inch contrasting for sleeves. Width about 4 yds. Transfer 13128.

5182—One of the new prints in a two-tone effect affords vivid contrast to the flattering capelet that finishes in shirred fashion above a matching jabot. Shaped sleeves add new interest. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch print—½ yard plain to trim. Width about 2⅝ yards. Smart in a semi-sheer crêpe or a plain flat crêpe.

5180—Three-piece ensemble consisting of a two-thirds length jacket with button-trimmed revers, tuck-in blouse and skirt. An asymmetric line is established in the detail of the blouse and skirt with buttons and buttonholes. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch fabric—1¾ yard 39-inch contrasting. Width about 1¾ yard.



5187 5201 5175 5182 5180

Paris—Talbot
5180

SPRING VARIES SKIRT FULNESS AND NECKLINES

5188—A sash at the normal waistline ties in a bow at the back above the pointed hip-yoke. The skirt dips in back. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch material—2¾ yards 5-inch ribbon for bow. Width about 4⅜ yards.

5165—Short sleeves accented by perky bows are a new fashion gesture. Note collar detail, with tab-ends. Double flounces fashion fulness. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch print—⅝ yard 39-inch plain. Width about 1¾ yard.

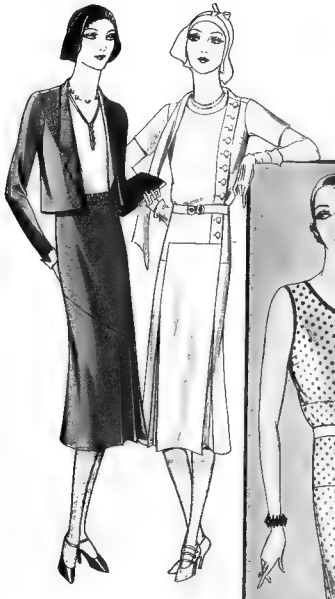
5161—Pleats at the neck in back provide room for the elbows, and shirrings at front lower edges give the chic upward curve. The front bandings form a draped collar with chic tie-ends. Designed for sizes 12 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch material.

5201—The long molded bodice and tiered circular skirt are smart details of the prevailing mode in formal attire. Designed for sizes 14 42. Size 16 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch print for frock—¼ yard 9-inch lace for vestee. Width about 1¼ yard.

5156—Capelet sleeves are important, and godets and gores give skirt fulness in the new way from the waistline to the uneven circular hemline. Designed for sizes 12 to 38. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch material for frock. Width about 2⅝ yards.

5197—The deep capelet collar is shirred at the shoulders for softness, and provides a smart contrast to the snug lines of the hips. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch dotted fabric—⅝ yard 39-inch plain. Width about 3¼ yards.

GORED SKIRTS SHORT SLEEVES ARE FEATURED



Paris—Vteb
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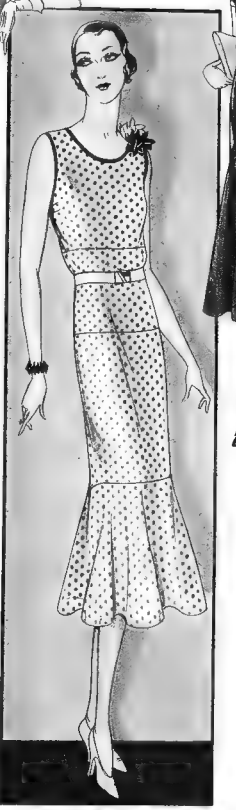

Paris—Chanel
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Paris—Champcommunal
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5091—The bolero version of the Spring ensemble is an important highlight. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material—1⅜ yard 39-inch material for blouse—1¼ yard 39-inch lining for jacket. Width about 2¾ yard.

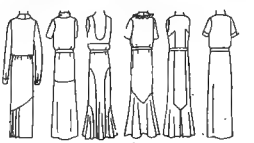
5088—The neckline treatment in this frock is interesting and distinctive, as are the smart cap sleeves. Buttons and buttonholes trim the slim bodice. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch material. Width about 1¾ yard.

5167—The interesting treatment of the waistline and back of the skirt marks this frock of 1930 vintage. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width about 3¼ yards. Smart in a plain or printed material.

5159—Ruffle-trimmed collar and cuffs are featured in this model, with low-posed circular fulness. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch plain material—⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting to trim. Width about 2⅝ yards.

5168—White or off-white pastels trimmed with bright colors are stressed for sleeveless cotton frocks belted at the normal waist. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material—1⅛ yard contrasting binding. Width about 2 yards.

5093—Another version of the white frock accented with a vivid color; red, brown, green or navy is suggested. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch plain material—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting to trim. Width about 1⅝ yard.



5091 5088 5167 5159 5168 5093

SPRING COATS - COSTUME BLOUSES

5096—This smart blouse features the new raglan sleeves introduced for Spring wear. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch material—⅛ yard 39-inch contrasting for bow.

5189—Capelets provide the smart short-sleeved effect. A straight band at the lower edge ties in bows at each side. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch material.

5200—The bib collar is featured in the smart new Spring neckwear fashions, for new blouses. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires ¾ yard 39-inch dotted material —2 yards 39-inch plain material.

5138—Blouse. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. 5190—Skirt. Designed for sizes 27 to 36 waist. Size 16 requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch material for blouse—1¾ yard 54-inch for skirt, 4¼ yards braid to trim.

5155—The smartest way to wear one's belt now is buckled at the side. Cap sleeves are very new. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material—⅞ yard binding. Width about 1⅞ yard.

4868—The postilion cape is the cape of 1930. In this coat it is expressed in a triplicate version that is jaunty, with smart fabric contrast. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch material.

5185—Scarfs in the Spring mode take the place of furs. Raglan sleeves are smart in this jaunty model. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material—1 yard 54-inch contrasting to trim.

4833—The double-breasted coat of a novelty spongy woolen affects the redingote note. Seamings lend interest. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material—2¾ yards 39-inch lining.

BOLERO, CAPE & CARDIGAN TYPES

5090—Note smartly decorative skirt seaming. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch fabric for suit—1 yard 39-inch material for scarf. Width about 2¼ yards.

5229—A bolero jacket makes a smart ensemble with a new lengthened frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material for ensemble. Width about 1¾ yard.

5116—Capes are important now. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch for cape and skirt—2⅛ yards 39-inch for the blouse and lining. Width about 2¾ yards.

5100—Jacket suits are in favor. Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 13 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric for jacket and skirt—1¾ yard 39-inch check for bodice—¼ yd. 39-inch plain.

5206—Scalloped button closing. Godets distinguish the skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch plain for frock—2⅛ yards 36-inch print—5 yards binding. Width about 2¾ yards.

5222—Coats that fit in at the waist and flare at the hips are chic. The frock flares subtly. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch fabric—⅔ yard 39-inch plain. Width about 1¾ yard.

5153—Circular sections inserted at the back give this coat the fitted, flared lines which are the cachet of chic. Smart in one of the new tweeds. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material.

5103—Short sleeves and boleros are smart for the junior at school or for general wear. Designed for sizes 10 to 16. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch plaid for frock—1 yard 36-inch plain for bolero and trimming.

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

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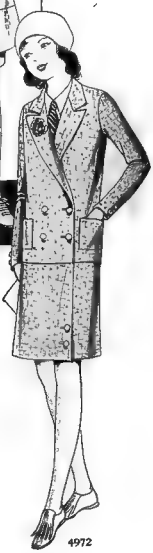

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VARIED DESIGNS FOR JUNIORS

5070—An adorable design with long sleeved Eton jacket. Designed for sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 32-inch—1⅛ yard check.

4907—A swagger suit with trousers buttoning to the blouse. Designed for sizes 2 to 6. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch light —¾ yard dark.

4642—Shirts and a collarless jacket add swagger to this model. Designed for sizes 4 to 8. Size 6 requires 1½ yard 54-inch plain material.

4355—A sturdy coat, well designed with raglan sleeves. Designed for sizes 6 to 16. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch for coat and cap.

5174—Semi-fitted frock with a deep V-shaped collar. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch print—⅜ yard plain.

5178—Youthful and girlish for school or general utility wear. Designed for sizes 6 to 16. Size 12 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch plain—⅜ yard trim.

4972—This trim tailored two-piece suit is suitable for juniors. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch novelty fabric.

5173—The V-shaped neckline is finished with a chic capelet. Designed for sizes 10 to 38. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch print fabric.

5172—A sash at the front of the frock ties smartly. Designed for sizes 12 to 38. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch sheer fabric. Width about 4½ yards.

5070 4907 5178

4642 4355 4972

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COLORFUL FABRICS FOR SPRING

5178—Three-piece Ensemble. Designed for sizes 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards 36-inch plain material —1⅜ yard 36-inch printed material.

5179—Very attractive. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch printed—3/4 yard 36-inch plain fabric—1½ yard frilling.

5183—French in detail. Designed for sizes 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 32-inch printed material—½ yard 32-inch contrasting for trimming.

5171—Attractive frock and panties set. Designed for sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires ⅔ yard 32-inch light —1⅜ yard 32-inch dark material.

5177—Contrasting colors. Designed for sizes 4 to 12 years. Size 6 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch dark—⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting for bodice and collar.

5169—Quaint. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting—1⅛ yard binding.

5176—New puff sleeves. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch dark material —⅞ yard 32-inch plain for trimming.

5162—A graceful design. Designed for sizes 10 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material for frock—¾ yard 39-inch sheer for cape.

5160—With new shoulder capes. Designed for sizes 10 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards 39-inch printed—⅜ yard 39-inch plain—2¾ yards ribbon.

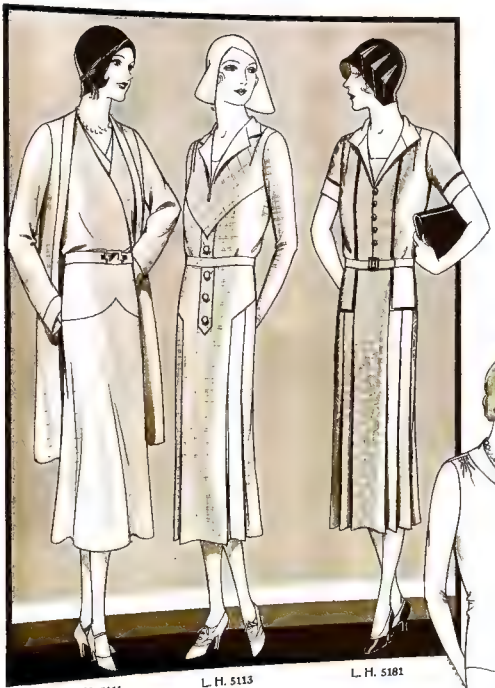
5177 5178 5179

5169 5183 5171

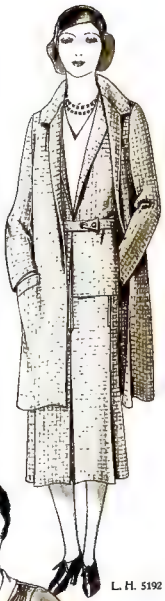
5162 5160

5162 5176 5160

MADAME FINDS CHIC DIGNITY IN SPRING FROCKS



L. H. 5111 L. H. 5113 L. H. 5181



L. H. 5192

L. H. 5150 L. H. 5193
Transfer 13166

L. H. 5111—The slenderizing diagonal lines are smart. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 6¾ yards 39-inch material for frock and coat—⅝ yard 39-inch plain for vestee. Width about 2½ yards.

L. H. 5113—Pleated skirt side sections provide fulness. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch plaid for frock—⅛ yard 36-inch plain for collar and vestee. Width about 1⅞ yard.

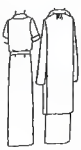
L. H. 5181—Short sleeves are high in fashion this Spring. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4 yards 36-inch print for frock—¼ yard 36-inch plain—2½ yards binding. Width about 2 yards.

L. H. 5192—Ensembles are newly important for Easter 1930. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 5⅞ yards 54-inch fabric for ensemble—⅜ yard 36-inch material for vestee. Width about 1⅞ yard.

L. H. 5150—Long princess lines are slenderizing in this frock which indicates a normal waistline with shirring. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 2⅜ yards.

L. H. 5193—The picturesque frock with large puffed sleeves, prettily beaded, is very chic. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 5⅜ yards 39-inch fabric for frock—⅜ yard 39-inch material for collar. Width about 3½ yards. Transfer 13166, blue or yellow.

L.H.5111 L.H.5113



L.H.5181 L.H.5192

L.H.5150 L.H.5193

...including Pictograf—"Step-by-Step" Directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 138.

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FILLING THE COOKY-JAR

Continued from Page 31

well. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased baking-sheet and bake in a moderate oven (325 to 350 degrees F.).

Chocolate Nut-Cookies

½ Cupful Shortening
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
2 Tablespoonfuls Milk
2 Squares Chocolate
½ Teaspoonful Soda
½ Teaspoonful Salt
2½ Cupfuls Flour
¾ Cupful Chopped Nuts

MIX like a butter-cake and drop on a greased baking-sheet. Bake at 350 degrees F.

Rocks

2 Cupfuls Brown Sugar
3 Eggs
½ Cupful Butter
1 Cupful Flour
1 Cupful Chopped Raisins (if Seeded)
½ Teaspoonful Cloves
1 Teaspoonful Soda in ½ Cupful Hot Water
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
2 Cupfuls Chopped Nut-meats

MIX as you would a butter-cake and drop in small bits from a spoon on a greased baking-sheet. Bake at 400 to 450 degrees F.

Bostons

1½ Cupful Brown Sugar
2 Eggs
1 Cupful Shortening
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Teaspoonful Ginger
2½ Cupfuls Flour
½ Cupful Sweet Milk
1 Tablespoonful Molasses
1 Cupful Raisins
½ Cupful Nuts
½ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
1 Teaspoonful Soda in ¼ Cupful Hot Water

CREAM the shortening, sugar, and molasses. Add the eggs, and then the milk, seasonings, soda, and flour. Add the raisins and nuts last. Drop on a greased baking-sheet and bake at 400 degrees F.

Coconut Cookies

½ Cupful Shortening
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
½ Cupful Milk
1½ Cupful Flour
¾ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Lemon Extract
2 Cupfuls Fresh Grated Coconut

CREAM the shortening. Add the sugar and beaten egg. Mix in the milk slowly. Sift the flour, baking-powder, and salt, and add to the first mixture. Add the seasoning and coconut. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased baking-sheet and bake in a moderate oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

Chilled Cookies

½ Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Cupful White Sugar
½ Cupful Butter
½ Cupful Other Shortening
2 Eggs, Well Beaten
2¼ Cupfuls Pastry-flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Soda
½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Teaspoonful Ground Cloves
½ Cupful Chopped Nuts

CREAM the butter, shortening, and sugars and add the well-beaten eggs. Sift together 1½ cupful of the flour and the salt, soda, and seasonings. Add this to the first mixture. Gradually work in the rest of the flour and the chopped nuts. Form the dough into a roll and chill overnight. Cut in thin slices and bake at 400 degrees F. until brown.

Butter-Scotch Cookies

2 Cupfuls Brown Sugar
2 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Soda
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Shortening
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
1 Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
4 Cupfuls Flour

CREAM the shortening with the sugar. Add the beaten eggs and vanilla. Sift the salt, soda, and cream of tartar with the flour, and add gradually to the mixture. Mix at night and make into a long roll. In the morning cut into slices and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.).

Oatmeal Cookies

½ Cupful Shortening
½ Cupful Other Shortening
1 Cupful Sugar
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Milk
2 Cupfuls Flour
½ Teaspoonful Soda
½ Cupful Raisins
½ Cupful Currants
2 Cupfuls Rolled Oats

MIX the ingredients in the order given and drop on an ungreased baking-sheet. Bake slowly at 300 to 325 degrees F.

Peanut Macaroons

2 Egg Whites
1 Cupful Confectioners' Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Peanuts, Coarsely Chopped
¼ Cupful Pastry-flour

BEAT the egg whites until they are stiff and dry. Add the confectioners' sugar, then the flour, to which the salt has been added. Stir in the peanuts and drop from a spoon on a greased baking-sheet. Bake at 400 degrees F. for about 10 minutes. These cookies spread in baking.

Filled Cookies

Filling

1 Cupful Chopped Raisins
½ Cupful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
Juice ½ Lemon
¾ Cupful Boiling Water

COOK together until thick. Cool before using.

Cooky-Dough

1 Cupful Sour Cream
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Well-beaten Egg
4 Cupfuls Pastry-flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Soda

MIX the cream, sugar, and beaten egg. Sift the dry ingredients and add to the first mixture. Add 1 teaspoonful of lemon extract. Chill, roll thin, and cut in rounds. Place 1 teaspoonful of filling on one-half of the cookies and cover with the remaining cookies. Press together slightly, sprinkle with sugar, and bake at 400 degrees F. for about 10 minutes.

THE DUEL OF THE QUEENS

Continued from Page 23

"A dream of heaven and as far out of reach!" the queen said. "What would the world say, and my own heart, if I handed the prince's father to Elizabeth? Think better, Mary Seton."

True. They sat with clasped hands, trying each to draw strength from the other's love and courage. Rizzio came in sallow and worn, with papers for the queen.

"It is cold, cold!" he said, shuddering. "I would I were in the sunshine of Italy." And Mary looked despairingly at Mary Seton when his back was turned.

Meanwhile Randolph was writing to Dudley, now Earl of Leicester.

I know now for certain that this queen repents her marriage, that she hates him and his. And I know that there are plots in hand contrived by the father and son to take the crown against her will. I know that David Rizzio, with the king's consent, shall have his throat cut within ten days. Many things worse than this come to my ears of things intended against her own person which I think better to keep secret.

But that was not the whole. Randolph might have added, what he would not put on paper, that he himself was art and part in the pact of murder. As honest Melville was to write later, "Cecil was director, and Randolph executor"—and Elizabeth still hard at work at the machine while Moray and others lay under her apparent displeasure. Darnley played into their hands, one and all. They throve in his madness of vanity, which served their turn as no wisdom on earth could have done. He seldom saw his wife, now fleeting the time with his paramours in Edinburgh, and few words passed between them.

Lounging on the tennis-ground where he was an adept at the game, George Douglas, the postulate, one of their lesser tools, came up to him in haste, bowing to the ground before his majesty the King of Fools.

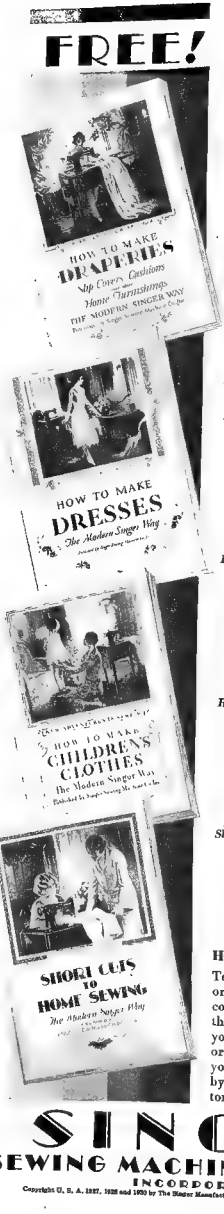
"News for your grace that shall make you split your sides for laughter! News, news! Have I your gracious permission to tell it?"

"Tell on," Darnley answered, driving a steady stroke, and then turning to attention. "Nothing wrong with our device."

"Nothing, but a strange thing withal. With your grace's permission shall we stroll? Ears are everywhere."

They strolled out into the garden under the great yews, with an easy air for lookers-on.

"Davie—Davie Rizzio!" half whispered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the postulate, otherwise known as the "Bastard of Angus." "What does your majesty think? He went to have his fortune told by the French astrologer Damien. His fortune—a short one if he knew it!"

Darnley paled.

"Christ's passion! He told him!"

"Your majesty, after a fashion, and yet in a deceiving way. I wager my new velvet doublet against a groat that you chuckle when you hear. And the top of the joke is that Davie told himself. He said Damien told him the planets were very adverse to him and beyond that he could not see, but he had a warning for him come straight through from the spirits. 'Beware of the bastard, for in him lies your fate,' he said. My brave Rizzio perks up. 'The bastard Moray,' he says, 'he is in England! I will take good care he never treads Scots earth again!' And so came off laughing to tell me. *Me*, the bastard of Angus, who will spit him like an ox if it be God's will."

"One could laugh," says Darnley. "But you do not judge Damien had any back knowledge?"

"Not he! Such cattle get drifts from somewhere like a smell on a wind. But I have more news, your majesty. The English queen is behind us. She will have you on the throne! Randolph declares to us that she said, 'It is a thing contrary to nature that the hen should crow before the cock, and against the law of God that a husband should be subject to his wife!' Fine, is it not? Therefore in full confidence we have now mapped out our plans for your majesty's royal approval. Will you graciously hear?"

THEY were pacing up and down the yew walk and not a soul in sight, but at this point Darnley halted and looked about him.

"David Rizzio to be stabbed as agreed. And why not when he plays his game of tennis with your majesty next week? Would it not be well if your majesty struck him down in the game for all to see, crying that he has mastered the queen, but not the kingdom? This would be politic for England, and the English queen well pleased. Or we can set on him as he leaves the court."

Darnley shrank a little.

"No, no! Not death enough for him nor her. I will have him taken with the queen at supper that he may be taunted in her presence. Consider that fixed and continue."

"If your wisdom judges it so, it will be best. It is fixed, as your majesty knows, that all the nobles who forbade the granting of the crown matrimonial to your majesty shall die. Mary Seton and three of the other false ladies to be drowned. But will your majesty have it before or after Bothwell's marriage with Lady Jean Gordon?"

"I will have it after, that all may go down together! But not a hand on the queen—not a hand!" he said sternly. "In Lochleven Castle she will be harmless, and the child will be a pawn in our game."

"True. We need your majesty's head always!" said the postulate obsequiously. But the thought in his mind was one which might or might not have escaped Darnley's attention—that for a scene of wild bloodshed and horror to take place about a woman in her condition was a way as sure to end her and the child as any dagger. And so best, for it would open Moray's way straight to the throne.

"It is but a fortnight to delay!" added the postulate, "and here comes Bothwell dreaming of his lady with his ugly, one-eyed face and poisonous heart. Greet him with a jest, your majesty. Keep in with our foes till we fall out for good and all."

THEY met Bothwell with a coarse jest on his marriage, which he received in kind, but it would have been difficult indeed to have fathomed his dull silence. He went his way; they theirs.

The queen was deep in preparation for his marriage those last days. She loved the Gordons, her cousins, and owed them a long score for Moray's persecution. Nothing was too much to do for Bothwell's Gordon bride. More than once he himself had angered her, but to Mary's mother he had been stanch.

The rich stores of her wardrobe were brought out and displayed before the queen and her Marys that she might choose her gift of a royal wedding-gown for Lady Jean —great waves of splendid velvets and brocades stiff with Venetian splendors of gold.

"No, with her pale gold hair and eyes blue as forget-me-nots we must not overwhelm her with color. It must be silver. Silver, Jane Kennedy—of the best," the queen demanded.

The woman of the bedchamber unrolled a scroll of flowing silver, burnished to brilliance. The ladies clapped their hands.

"Perfect! Exquisite! Perfect for the sweet Gordon. Call her—call her!"

The bride came shyly in. Her soft eyes worshiped the queen, and as she knelt to kiss her hand Mary's eyes were motherly. Too delicate a flower, she thought, for Bothwell to carry off to his rough Border castle. What would he do with a girl like a lily in that harsh Debatable Land? A Catholic, too, and he the stiffest of political Protestants. He had refused to honor his bride by any intrusion of Romish rites. If she wanted him she must take him as he was.

AND this she did, and the banqueting and justing at Holyrood were such as to heap the Gordon bride and grim earl with honor. And those were the last untroubled festivities, the last merriment that Mary Stuart was ever to hold at Holyrood. The sky was darkening as that dreadful day drew near—that ninth day of March to be long remembered in Scotland and in England.

Darnley had sulked apart from the queen since the last meeting of parliament. He loathed their joint sovereignty. He would reign alone and would not accompany Mary to the opening of parliament unless he opened it himself and she sat by him silent. And since she declared this to be impossible, he took himself off to Leith and left her alone to steer her ship of state.

"He is neither to hold nor to bind—the fool—the fool!" said Bothwell, mounting to ride from the Parliament House and watching the heavy sadness on Mary's face. It was days before the fool returned, sullen, half stupefied with drink. But the ninth of March was come.

Outside old Holyrood in the twilight men-at-arms assembled silently and without tuck of drum. Morton had slipped a goodly band of them inside the gates. They waited in stern readiness. A supper-party was held in a ground floor of the palace, headed by Darnley. Lord Lindsay of the Byres, Mary's bitter enemy Ruthven; the Bastard of Angus—a deadly four, indeed.

Up-stairs the queen, unsuspecting, supped in her little cabinet with the Countess of Argyll, Lord Robert Stuart, her illegitimate brother and sister, the master of her household, an equerry, her French doctor, and one or two more—Rizzio among them in a gorgeous coat.

They had been singing, and music strewed the side table, with Rizzio's lute lying upon it, a quiet evening with such talk and song as formed a little harbor of refuge where Mary's tired soul might rest.

NOW they ate and laughed. Rizzio, as not of high enough rank to sit at table with the queen, stood at the sideboard eating a sweetmeat and making him. She leaned back, resting her head against the purple velvet of her chair, weary with her condition, but at rest.

Darnley entered alone.

She had not seen him for some days, and as he took the chair beside her leaned over its side to kiss him as he put a false arm about her.

"My lord, have you supped?"

"I thought you would have finished your supper by now, and——"

The words were interrupted. The arras hangings were thrust aside, and Ruthven stood by the secret door that led from Darnley's chamber. The queen cried out—such a death's-head glared on her. Then composed herself.

"My lord, I was coming to visit you in your chamber, hearing you were suffering. Yet now I see you in armor. What does it mean?"

He dropped into it with a livid sneer.

"Ill I have been, but well enough to come here for your good."

"What good can you do me? Your fashion is not that of a well-wisher."

The queen's voice was steadying on an undernote of alarm, but her heart fluttered wildly.

"There is no harm intended your grace nor to any one but yon poltroon David. It is he with whom I have to speak."

"What has he done?"

"Ask the king, your husband!"

She turned her face to Darnley, who leaned on the back of her chair to steady himself.

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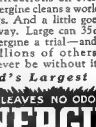

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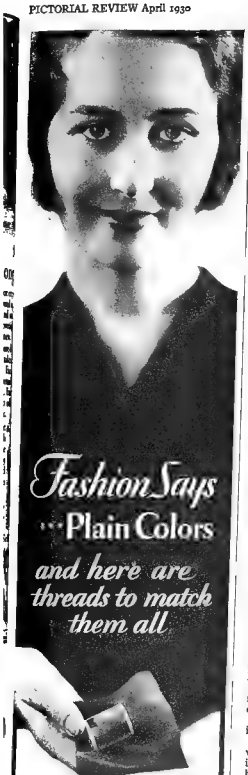

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"What is the meaning of this?" she asked sternly, and with choking voice he answered:

"I know nothing of the matter."

She turned on Ruthven.

"Leave my presence on pain of death! Go!"

Keith and Erskine advanced upon him, but he was on his feet, sword at the ready, shrieking like a woman.

"Lay no hand on me, for I will not be handled!" and as the his cry were a signal the secret door belched in assassins into the midst of the frozen party.

"The meaning!" cried Mary, on her feet. "Do you seek my life?"

UNLEASHED and ready for the spring, Ruthven yelled in her face:

"No, madam, but we will have out yonder villain," and so made to Rizzio to run him through. He would have done it, but the queen flung herself between them with a cry.

"If my secretary is guilty I will exhibit him before the lords of Parliament that he may have justice."

"Here is our justice, madam!" shouted the postulate, flourishing a rope.

And suddenly the gathering broke into passion and mad uproar. The woman Janet of Argyll screamed and sank fainting in a chair. Mary Seton would have sprung to the queen, but a man thrust her back. Mary stood like a rock among the surging men, while Rizzio, on his knees, clung to her robe. She bent for a moment above him, panting.

"Have no fear. The king will never suffer you to be slain in my presence."

Darnley clung to the chair. Had he been mad; was he waking to reason and honor? They saw that for their purpose he was useless. Ruthven caught the queen and thrust her into his arms.

"Sir, take the queen, your wife and sovereign, to you."

Yells and shouts arose outside in the palace. Morton's men advancing to attack the queen. They forced the door of the presence-chamber, and flung into her bedchamber with torches flaming. They flung over the dining-table violently upon Mary as they centered on their victims. Stunned for a moment with agony, she fell under the men's feet, and so would have been trampled to death if Ruthven had not thrust her again into Darnley's arms, swearing that her husband was the doer of the whole, and at that word a cry burst from her stricken heart.

"My traitor that came with a kiss!" and she flung him from her, turning on the murderers.

"Traitors, I will protect the man, for he is true."

"Have out that gallant!" yelled Ruthven, pointing with his sword to the shuddering figure clinging to her robe. Darnley, baser than all, muttered in her ear.

"Let him go, madam; none will harm him."

A shriek broke from Rizzio:

"Save my life, madam; save my life for God's dear sake!"

But it was the end. As she stooped to guard him the postulate stabbed him over her shoulder. The bursting blood sprinkled her dress from the dagger stuck in his side. Darnley, mad with fear, dragged her to a chair and held her there with all his strength. And still she struggled to be free. Andrew Ker held a cocked pistol to her side.

"You are a dead woman if you stir! Hold you still!" And the cold butt chilled her gown, but her rage dashed all her fear.

"Fire!" she cried. "Fire! if you respect not the royal child in my womb."

Patrick Bellenden thrust with a dagger at her bosom, and Standen, her page, parried it with a dash of a lighted torch. And still she faced them lion-like.

NOW as they dragged Rizzio through the bedchamber he clung to the queen's bed with the grip of a dying man until one of the devils struck him with a clubbed gun. They stabbed each other in their dreadful haste of raining blows, and shriek after shriek broke from his lips.

"My good David. My good and faithful servant. May God receive your soul!"

A choking, dying moan was the answer, and still she prayed and prayed until a long moan ended his torture. But not hers. The postulate, gripping Darnley's dagger from his belt, drove it into the corpse, crying aloud, "The king's blow!" and left it sticking, and with a cord they tied the feet of the corpse and so dragged him down the stair and away. And then fell a great silence. Husband and wife were alone.

They had turned the key on them, trusting the man no more than the woman. She sat mute; he babbled fool's protestations that no harm was intended. Lost in a dream of despair, she did not hear him. An equerry stole in an hour later. That roused her.

"Is David in ward? And where?"

"Madam, it is useless to speak of David, for he is dead."

And as he spoke Mary Seton followed, escaped from the men who had dragged her off, crying aloud as she ran, and pointing to Darnley.

"Madam, I have seen the murdered man and his murderers, and they swear all was done by the king's order. The king!"

Mary turned on him then.

"Traitor and son of a traitor, this is my reward for the gifts I have given!"—and would have said more but she swayed aside, fainting, and Mary Seton caught her, repelling Darnley with a back thrust of her foot as to a dog. She dragged her back into the bedchamber as the murderers trooped in, headed by ghastly Ruthven, the room still vibrating to the murdered man's cries. Staggering with weakness, Mary turned on her traitor.

"Why have you done this wickedness to me—me who took you from low estate and gave you all?"

He stuttered out his taught lesson.

"I have good reason, for since yonder fellow David came in credit with your majesty you neither regarded nor entertained nor trusted me. And when I came to your chamber you kept me little company unless David was a third." And this and more until she cried aloud:

"With such a man I will live no more, and if my child and I die of it I leave my revenge to my royal kindred in France and Spain."

Ruthven broke in with a jeer.

"These noises are too great to meddle with a poor man like myself. And if you and your child die blame your husband and none of us. The more you mourn the worse you make your case!"

She laughed aloud—a dreadful laughter.

"I trust that God, who beholds it from the high heavens, shall avenge my wrongs and move the child which shall be born of me to root out you and your posterity."

LONG years afterward Mary Seton was to remember the queen's laughter and Ruthven's answering jeer, when he had gone to his account, and her son, James the Sixth of Scotland, burned out that nest of traitors as Mary prophesied.

A great clash and shouting without. Cries of "A Bothwell! A Huntly!"—the loyal lords charging to the queen's defense. She would have flown to the window and called, but Ruthven threatened to cut her in collops and fling her down to them.

They thrust Mary Seton back, and they shouted to the rallying citizens that it was only the queen and her husband making merry, and then, all hope gone, she fell into a state of delirium and was at their mercy. Doubtless they would have murdered her then but for the royal child they needed for their game.

How she lived through it is still a world's wonder, but she lived.

A little later Moray and her rebels arrived in secret from England on Darnley's treacherous summons and were brought to her chamber. For a moment they thought she would turn from him, but kindred blood cried in her, and she flung herself into Moray's arms. Surely he must pity and save her at last.

"Brother, brother! If you had been here you would not have let them handle me so cruelly!"

Moved beyond his own comprehension, nervous tears stood in Moray's eyes as she clung to him. Tears soon dried.

For the next day two things happened which made Darnley's blood run cold in his veins. His new friends trusted him no longer. And if the queen were a prisoner in Holyrood so also was he. Appalled lest she should lose her child and life together and leave him shelterless, compelled to face the men whose tempers he knew too well, he besought that Mary Seton—and another lady should be admitted to tend her, and met a stern refusal from Ruthven and Morton.

"Let her take her chance like another woman. What is it to us?"

Then Darnley turned to the queen, despairing for his own fortunes.

"Mary—*ma mie*"—he was kneeling be-

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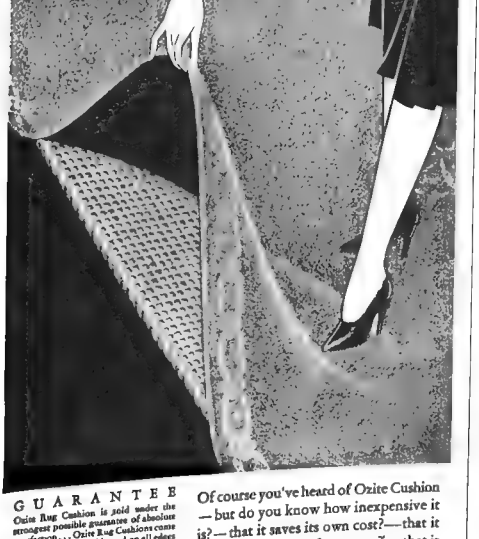

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side her, where she lay in what seemed a deep dream of grief and pain. "Listen to me. I have sinned, but I have learnt my lesson. Advise me. Trust me and we will beat them yet. Open your eyes. Hear me. Hear me."

She opened them. Her lips shaped a name:

"Mary Seton."

Once more springing to his feet, he sent a message to the lords, demanding not only Mary Seton, but Jane Kennedy. Moray, after a few moments judged it desirable, provided they would undertake to open no communications for their sovereigns with the outer world. Mary Seton swore with dropped lashes. She would have sworn allegiance to the devil if she could come at her heart's love no otherwise. In a few minutes she was holding the queen to her bosom, and waving Darnley imperiously to the door.

"Look up, my heart's heart, I have good news for you. Mary Sempill has stolen your ciphers from Rizzio's chamber. She ran when she heard the tumult, and Jane Kennedy and I have them. Drink this wine, eat, and recover yourself that we may send out letters to those that love you! We will raise Scotland as you did before when all the world wondered! Up!"

Between them they fed her starved lips with morsels of bread dipped in wine until faint color flowed into her wan cheeks. Mary Seton's brave arms were about her.

"For yourself you can not fight, but for the prince you can do all. Now you are strong. Lay your dear head on these high pillows while Jane Kennedy and I write in cipher to your trusty servants."

THEY wrote, supplying Rizzio's place as well as they were able. Summons they issued to Bothwell and more—"Ride, ride with speed, with speed," smuggling the notes from the palace and sent them on their way. And as they wrote the queen responded to the call of hope.

"I am well!" she said, sitting up at last and looking them in the face. "God bless you, Mary Seton, and you, Jane Kennedy. There is nothing I can not do now. What must it be?"

"Escape! What else? I will tell you now that the rebel lords voted this day on whether you should live or die, and the traitor Moray gave his vote for death. Some would let you live until the prince is born—some not. But we will outwit them, for your good days are at hand."

She sat a moment in thought and bid them call the king, but on that the women hesitated and with reason.

"I am right, girls, right! I may shape him yet into a strength for the child. Call him!"

With delaying feet Mary Seton went to the door, strong and true instinct warning her that once more the queen was climbing with a broken bough.

She lived and moved on intuitions guided by her heart. Because she loved Darnley she must believe that he was lovable. Elizabeth would have flung him to the rebel lords and escaped to safety. Mary could not.

He came in shamefaced, disarrayed. He too had had news of the lords, and knew by now that her death-warrant was his. At the look in her eyes he flung himself on his knees and wept with his face in her lap.

"I have been mad. I have never wrecked our ship. Is there any forgiveness? Already I have told you I repented, and you made no answer. Is there an answer now?"

As for Mary Seton, she could have dashed her fist in his handsome, foolish face. Here was the better counsel. But Mary Stuart had loved him.

"First appeal to God in penitence and prayer for a foul murder and more—oh, much, much more! And that done you have my forgiveness. Even the bitterest of all when you cast shame on my name and the fatherhood of my child. Surely devils drove you!"

He sobbed at her knees, with Mary Seton's fixed face of scorn above him. And they plotted an almost hopeless escape, and there the Seton aided.

Word was sent to the lords that the queen was too weakened with shock and terror to see them. Rest she must have or die.

"She can scarcely stand for weakness. It is thought she may miscarry. And I, the king, will be answerable for her safe-keeping."

Ruthven sent for answer:

"If in this you mislead us, whatever bloodshed and mischief comes of it be on your head and your children's."

"They trust all to the queen's weakness of body—that she can stir nowhere beyond her chamber door," was Mary Seton's shrewd comment, and turned again to her preparations.

Night fell over Holyrood, the long March night, helpful for secret deeds. The attendants were summoned for their supper, Mary lying on her day-bed, while the king ate with appetite at a solitary table placed beside her. Looks of pity were cast upon her as the men went to and fro, for not one in the household but loved her, and this thought was, "She can not live."

SUPPER done, her women supported her with Darnley's help, and laid her in the great velvet bed, drawing the curtains but that the leaner women of the service might see and spread the sorrowful story of the queen's danger.

Later, attended by his gentlemen, Darnley went to his own bed, yawning, irritable as a thwarted man. All in Holyrood slept, wearied, forlorn, with the scenes and horrors of the past two days, and many a prayer went up for the queen in her dark hour. Who could guess that when midnight was heavy over Edinburgh, the streets empty, no star shining, a light foot stole into Mary's room—a light hand warned her, and she rose, fully dressed, to find Darnley at the door—he only? Who would believe that the three crept like mice down the secret stair, unlit, feeling their way step by step to a little postern-door that Mary Seton knew and Darnley had used for love on his secret pleasures?

A horse at the door, his fleetest, with his equerry to hold it. A little group of horses in deepest shadow of the walls. Erskine, the queen's equerry, well mounted, and behind a saddle a pillion for a woman's use. Behind him Traquair, captain of the guard, with another.

Were Moray, Morton, and Ruthven troubled with evil dreams and gliding from as Darnley lifted the queen to the pillion and Traquair took Mary Seton behind him? Darnley sprang to his saddle, and Standen and Bastian behind.

From the precincts of Holyrood they paced, Erskine trembling with loyal fear as the queen's arms clasped him, yet tense as steel. Could she bear it after all she had endured? She heard his thought, and whispered:

"Ride—ride for freedom! Death or freedom!"

And he set his teeth, and let the great horse go, Mary clinging to him for life. But he heard her laugh in his ear and knew all was well.

For Seton House first, the loyal house, the loyal Setons. There she might rest, but could not stay. What matter? Lord Seton waited with two hundred armed men to escort them to Dunbar.

"Lift me down!" the queen cried when she saw them. "The sight of the Setons is medicine for mind and body. Bring me a horse. I need no support. I will ride with Lord Seton beside me to Dunbar."

Judge if Mary Seton flamed with pride, for if Lord Seton rode at the queen's right hand she would ride on the left. Let Darnley ride where he would, that was her post when the Setons were out with swords.

And so with Mary Stuart in their midst they swept on gallantly to the stronghold of Dunbar. Out rang the shout "The queen!" as the company swept up to the portcullis and raised the drawbridge. "The queen!" and the twenty miles were done.

SHE dismounted with only a helping hand, her face glowing with the March chill.

"A fire, a fire to warm us, and eggs for our breakfast, my lord! I ask no more, but I ask that—and plenty of them!"

So she cried, laughing for joy and freedom, and they lit the fire and brought her eggs, and with her own hands she set them on to cook, and they ate and were satisfied.

Scarcely was it eaten when the thunder of horses' hoofs and the shouting of men drew them to the ramparts, and there a noble sight for royal eyes; Bothwell and Huntly, galloping at the head of thirteen hundred horsemen. To arms for the queen and Scotland!

"And the king!" put in Darnley from his seat beside the queen. But nobody marked him. They knew his was no cry to unite all Scotland. He sat frowning and biting his nails while the queen and Mary Seton, with Bothwell, Huntly, and Seton wrote letters, proclamations, summons to arms. Swords about the crown, horsemen speeding to every quarter! A great day!

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Mary laughed aloud when it was done, thrusting the papers from her hands and stretching them above her head for relief.

"I would give my last jewel to have seen my traitors' faces when they found the bird flown, and Elizabeth's when the news reaches her! Yesterday I signed myself 'A queen without a kingdom' to my French relatives. To-day, 'Queen of the bravest, loyalest country in the wide world.' Oh, the joy of freedom! What shall I give to those who have given it to me?"

SHE turned a beaming face on all, raining love and thanks and joy.

Darnley muttered jealously behind her:

"I gave you freedom. Without me there was no escape for you from the lords and death. And now I am nothing!" Mary Seton heard him, and her lip drew in sharply. Oh, to be able to pack him back to England to sink or swim with Elizabeth!

Oh, that it had never been done! A girl's foolish passion to wreck so royal a life! At that moment of joy and hope breaking upon them like swelling waves, she could with her own hand have stabbed him to the heart.

Men came pouring in. Mary had eight thousand men about her before the proclamations were issued. The story of Ruzzio was roaring through Scotland like flame, and men loathed the dastards who had so used a woman and their queen.

But the consternation when the lords entered Holyrood to take their prisoner and found the bird was free! Darnley!—the liar—the traitor! Her flight with him had saved not only her crown but her reputation, for how impugn a woman for faithlessness when she had fled with her husband to safety from their daggers and their lies?

And what did not Darnley know of their schemes that he would not now publish to the world?

"May God do so unto me and more also," said Moray between clenched teeth, "if I do not wring the last drop of blood from Darnley's heart for this devil's work."

"But now, what now?" That was the cry of the others huddling round him, their brain and counsel.

"Flight! Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. But we shall come back. Darnley will sink her yet and his follies drive her to me, and a woman with a child is easy game in body and in mind," said Moray.

"She has not so shown herself!" said Ruthven. "God knows the fright should have killed her, let alone the escape! But flight, flight! Waste no words!"

THEY scattered, riding for life as Mary had done for freedom. Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, Ker, and the apostate over the Border to England—to Newcastle. Lethington and John Knox to the wilds of the country there to shelter. Scotland still loved its queen, and the traitors' devices against her were broken.

But they could still turn the knife in her heart, for if Darnley was to reveal their secrets they could be shrehwd and reveal his. Morton wrote folios to Mary—folios of humility and venom. He was a sinner—yes!—he owned it at her feet, but he had been seduced from his allegiance by Darnley and his father. These were her traitors. It was her husband and his father who had doomed her and her child to death. Mary had thought she knew their windings, but as plot after plot unfolded, her wrath overcame her and shame that such men could live.

"Send for my Lord Darnley and stay that you may hear my words to him," she said to Mary Seton, who could have shouted for joy to see her anger. Pack them back to Elizabeth and let them go. The ax and the block for both!

There was that in the air of both women that preluded storm as Darnley walked in with bravado.

"Early to work this morning, madam, and I am no secretary. My sword is yours, but my pen I can not promise."

She passed it by, striking her hand upon the papers.

"Letters are brought me post from Morton. Letters in which he gives chapter and verse for your doings and your base father's. Noble blood! Churl's blood is in your veins that you could so lie and deceive me and my people." But know this—you I must keep for my curse and reminder of folly that death will not wipe out. Him I disown."

She stopped, breathless with passion. On Darnley the storm had broken so suddenly that for a moment it stunned him.

"You gave me your forgiveness and amnesty for past offenses," he stuttered at length. But she interrupted.

"For those I knew. I know more now. For those—the waters of the oceans could not wash out."

"Send that woman away. I must speak with you alone." He motioned to Mary Seton where she stood fixing him with scornful look.

"She shall not go. She is true as truth. Speak if you will or be silent. I care neither way. Who can trust a word you utter?"

But on that small encouragement he spoke. Wild invectives against Morton and the lords. Wild pleas for pity and for forgiveness.

"Go on," was all she vouchsafed. "I will hear and you shall have my mind. But be brief, for I have more to think of than your child's folly."

Child. He caught at the word.

"Ah, there is that too. My blood that you despise is the child's. Divorce us you can not. No, my blood is in him to the end of time."

Could the child ever forgive her for the father she had given him? She wondered.

"You are right there. I must bear with you, for you are the fruit of my own deed as the child is its fruit. I will give you what honor you leave yourself. But in private I take no counsel from you. That is ended. And tell your father to flee for his life. I will see his face no more."

HE SLUNK from the room stumbling. She turned to Mary Seton.

"Was it well done?"

"Well. But not enough, Mary Stuart. Will you have the child know such a father?"

"God may be good to us!" she answered, sighing.

Next the queen reshaped her ministry, including Huntly and Bothwell. She stripped her traitors of the rich lands she had heaped them with. Darnley rained revelations upon her that fixed their punishment in the withdrawal of these ill-got riches. At last she bid him hold his tongue for policy's sake. "For some I must keep," she said. "to please a certain part of my people. Therefore I will close my eyes where I can and hope for future service."

"Not Moray!" he pleaded. "That man is poison to the heart's core. Forgive all others that you will, but make him shorter by a head, for he is the devil himself."

"That is mine to me!" she answered briefly. "He is my blood. Not yours."

For indeed she believed that Darnley could not speak truth if he tried, and Moray might be better than he allowed him. At least he had not murdered Rizzio. And he had at least counseled her against Darnley. He wrote almost frantic letters imploring pardon, disowning with scorn the brutes who had committed "the late odious crime." Meanwhile he was privately recommending the English refugees to Elizabeth's good graces as his "dear friends."

Yet because Mary longed to believe him she found it possible so do so. Knowing Darnley a liar, she argued womanlike that in the man who scorned him must be truth if only she could win him and convince him of her own love and trust. Darnley wrecked her there as everywhere.

She signed Moray's pardon, and Darnley, sullen, fierce, and jealous, muttered only: "As she has brewed so let her drink," little realizing how that bitter cup was to be held to his lips also—and how soon. But she did all that was possible to hide the shame of her child's father. She proclaimed his innocence, and on penalty of treason all were forbidden to charge him with the late crime, and over him she threw the strong shield of her own popularity.

Thus with her foes at her feet she set out to Edinburgh Castle to visit her childbirth and what God might send her.

BUT she believed that if there was life left for the child in the struggle there would be none for her. Always, when the most needed calm, some new surging emotion swept over her and stranded her—a woman weary to death of the tossing seas.

Now, secluded in her chamber awaiting her hour of travail, she made all preparation for the end, and for that she could not grieve. It would mean refuge from Darnley, from Moray, from myriad griefs, in some dim golden heaven where prayers and incense should blot out the memory of a troublous world. She spent hours in dreaming of it.

In the intervals she wrote her will as to

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Some wives keep romance in marriage forever—isn't one secret the trousseau habit?

"Wives . . Keep the Trousseau Habit," says ELINOR GLYN

HOW to hold a husband's love—that is the problem put up to me constantly by innumerable wives.

Can it be done? Fortunately the answer is yes. How? By being always feminine—colorfully, daintily feminine.

One of the surest ways for a wife to gain perfect confidence in her lovely femininity is to wear charming lingerie and negligees.

Wonderful colors, soft, shimmering materials, lace-edged underthings! They just make a woman believe in herself—feel her inherent charm as a woman.

If a woman but keeps all this loveliness at its very best—as beautiful as when it came, new, from its tissued box, she is captain of her fate—irresistible.

Keep Colors Charming

But, women tell me, it is so difficult to wear lovely underthings always and keep them looking as wonderful, as colorful, as when they were new. Frequent washing (and we must be dainty) takes some of the lovely color and charm out of the garment.

This need never be so—never—if women faithfully use that invaluable product, Lux—which is made especially to cleanse without disturbing the vibrant loveliness of colors. If a garment is safe in water, it is safe in Lux.

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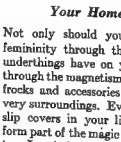
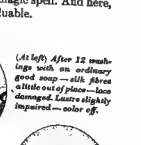
Not only should you express your femininity through the effect dainty underthings have on you—as well as through the magnetism of color in your frocks and accessories—but by your very surroundings. Even the curtains, slip covers in your living room can form part of the magic spell. And here, too, Lux is invaluable.



(At left) After 12 washings with an ordinary good soap—silk fibres a little out of place—lace damaged. Lustre slightly impaired—color off.



(At right) After 12 Lux washings—every thread in place, silk and lace fibres intact, color intact. The garment retains all of the charm of new.

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A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

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Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

her jewels and remembrances for her friends. She thought of the dear dead days in France and those who had cherished her in childhood—the loyal hearts divided from her now by a deeper sea than the leagues of cold, gray water.

Darnley—yes, with death between them she would not forget him. To him she left a ring. "It is that with which I was espoused." To Lennox—she hovered long in writing that name, but the chill purity of death made even his name clean, and she wrote against it a ring, with the same to his wife. To Bothwell, in memory of trusty services, two mourning-rings of diamonds set in black. Yet would a man so rough and coarse of grain value them? After Jean Bothwell's name she wrote a rich coif embroidered with rubies, pearls, and garnets; a collar of the same, and wide, splendid sleeves wrought sumptuously with jewels. That would please Bothwell also. None were forgotten.

A message from Elizabeth, wishing her short pain and a happy hour, fell into her dream of peace like something distant. Elizabeth could not wish her any good. What matter? The world was receding, as the forces of life relinquished her. But suddenly her gentle dream was rent with ghastly pain and the sharp agonies of motherhood assailed her. For hours her life hung in the balance, as Moray hoped and Darnley feared, and the anxious nobles who crowded the city waited.

Suddenly, a roaring thunder of guns from the ancient castle on the hill and all Edinburgh stopped to hear, as you and me a son whose fatherhood is of none but you."

Silence, all 'staring on Darnley's confusion. She lifted her arms weakly with their little burden and offered it to Darnley.

"My lord, here I present to you, God, and child. She lay on her pillows white as a lily and as quiet. Seeing him standing by her bedside, Mary Seton laid the child in her arms, and, thus holding him, she spoke: "My lord, God has given you and me a son child. The last of her gifts to her people. Civil war spread its wings and fled bat-like to the darkness of night.

That evening Darnley, now, as he hoped, truly a king, was brought to see his wife and child. She lay on her pillows white as a lily and as quiet. Seeing him standing by her bedside, Mary Seton laid the child in her arms, and, thus holding him, she spoke: "My lord, God has given you and me a son whose fatherhood is of none but you."

Silence, all 'staring on Darnley's confusion. She lifted her arms weakly with their little burden and offered it to Darnley.

"My lord, here I present to you, God, and I shall answer to Him at the great day of judgment, this is your son and no other man's son; and I am desirous that all here, ladies and others, bear witness. For he is so much your own son that I fear it may be the worse for him hereafter."

His face flushed a deep scarlet as a murmur, deep and menacing, ran through the room. He stooped and kissed the child, replacing him in her arms.

SHE held him tenderly and addressed the equerry Standen.

"This the prince whom I hope shall first unite the realms of England and Scotland." Standen looked down in astonishment.

"Why, madam? Shall he succeed before your majesty and his father?"

She answered slowly:

"Alas, his father has broken to me."

In the grave silence of all present Darnley was compelled to most unwilling words.

"Sweet madam, is this your promise that you made to forgive and forget all?"

She flashed at him last:

"I have forgiven all, but never can forget. What if Ker's pistol had shot! What would have become of him and me? Only God knows, but we may suspect."

"Madam, madam, these things are all past."

She relaxed on her pillows with a sigh.

"Then let them go," she said and closed her eyes.

For Scotland it was the greatest of her triumphs, an undisputed succession and one which should unite England and Scotland and end the age-long quarrel. Edinburgh shouted herself hoarse, garlanded herself with June roses, and on her myriad knees thanked God for the new-born hope.

The Kirk Assembly—Reformers tho they were—sent their proctor to lay their joy at the queen's feet, and she, placing the child in his arms, listened with worship while he prayed for all blessings on his head. Left to herself, she could sway even the Reformers to her own tolerance for each man's faith. It was the lords who would not so allow it.

Lying in her dream of peace, she wondered faintly what difference the great birth would make between herself and Elizabeth. It must surely alter their relations. She had sent her true Sir James Melville to bear the news, and he made such speed to London as never was known.

Let him tell his own story of that strange encounter with her English majesty.

"The fourth day I was in London and met with my brother, who advertised Secretary Cecil of the birth of the prince, desiring him to keep it hid until my being at court to show it myself to her majesty, who was for the time at Greenwich, where she was in great merriment and dancing after supper. But so soon as Secretary Cecil sounded the news of the prince's birth in her ear, all merriness was laid aside for that night, every one that was present marvelling what might move so sudden a change, for the queen sat her down with her hand upon her temple, bursting out to some of her ladies how the Queen of Scotland was the mother of a fair son and she but a barren stock."

HE WENT down next morning by boat to Greenwich, expecting an unpleasant interview, but was met by some friends in great merriment.

"Go with a light heart, Sir James. Her majesty has got counsel from Secretary Cecil to behave herself and put a good face on it—to swallow the pill with sugar; therefore you shall have a great reception of it, unlike her temper last night."

He put devout hands up to heaven, and so went on his way to the palace, where little Mr. Secretary Cecil met him in a new doublet of pure satin slashed in honor of the great occasion.

"And never shall you see greater joy, Sir James, than that which our sovereign lady has expressed in lively mirth at your good news. She has prepared a jewel for the queen, your mistress—but I say no more. Yourself shall judge her by her deeds. Come this way, Sir James. This way!"

When they approached the royal presence Melville's eyes were dazzled indeed. The queen's dress was always a state harness rather than human clothing, and she blazed sumptuously in cloth of gold distended over a vast farthigale. It was sewn with spangles and diamonds in devices of coiled serpents and peacocks with tails outfanned, the former representing her wisdom, the latter her beauty. Four necklaces, each with an appropriate pendant, decorated her bosom, the last nearing her knees

A horseshoe-shaped tire of gold illuminated her golden wig, with points turned upward, and adorned at the utmost height with a small crown-royal blazing with diamonds. She extended a hand, the fingers stiff with jewels, and as Sir James knelt to kiss it she honored him with an astonishing leap into the air to testify alike to her youth and joy.

"God's death, man, but I am rejoiced with the news from Scotland! I tell you this for truth; it hath delivered me from a heavy sickness that held me for fifteen days and was better to me than any medicine, so that I have reason to thank you for your diligence. Give me your letter of credence and then tell me how do the queen my sister and the child."

He waited with deep respect until she had read it, and, still on his knees, he spoke:

"I might well use diligence, madam; so did my queen hasten me to your majesty with the news, whom she knew would be gladdest of all her friends at her birth. But, alas, your majesty, it was dear bought with peril of life and such pangs that she wished herself never married. Such perils do all women endure from the highest to the lowest."

The astute diplomatist sighed to the heels of his perfumed boots as he knelt before her with bowed head. She bid him stand and give her the news, which, done, he requested her, again on bended knee, to stand godmother to the royal child.

"Aye, that I will with a heart and a half, Sir James, and the christening gift shall be worthy of him and me. Oh, the glad day! My sister's loving letter is a sight for sore eyes! God grant her a swift recovery, with joy for her physician."

Melville considered a moment. Not for nothing had the prince's birth reverberated through England. For if that child, sprung of royal Scots and English blood, had what the Protestants considered a decent upbringing, free from French and Spanish influence, why, then, he might convert his lovely mother; and when Elizabeth slept with her ancestors England might rejoice in a sweet-natured Protestant queen, with a hopeful heir to succeed her.

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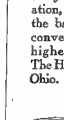

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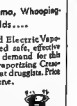

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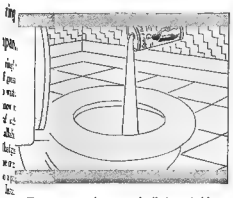

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These thoughts flashed through Melville's mind, together with the eager English faces which had welcomed him along his road. Yes, he would venture.

"And, madam, I humbly suspect that your christening gift is the declaration of my queen as your heir in the face of all men, and what better than have it so with such a mother and such a hopeful child?"

If he hoped to take her unawares he was mistaken. She too was an old hawk, and her smile might have been either geniality or pleasure in his discomfiture.

"Well said, trusty Sir James. It was partly in my own thought, tho the gift shall be apart from that. This great birth gives me another urgent reason that I should put my lawyers on searching the rightful claims to the crown of England that I may come to a proper understanding as to whose is the best right. Rest assured. And now tell me, what exercises does your queen use to preserve her shape?"

"Riding, madam, the chief. Not pacing through the town on a palfrey, but galloping as if for her life, hawking, hunting, leaping! Her majesty is lissom as a man. That and shooting with arrows at the butts. But, thanks be to God, your majesty is so straight that other ladies have cause to ask what exercises your grace uses, and I would be glad to advise my queen thereof."

"You shall hear, good Sir James. But I take such rough riding to be a danger for royal persons. Is there no more?"

"Why, as to that, madam, when my queen has leisure from the state she studies much in good books, such as histories and the like, and she will play also on the lute and virginal."

"And like a musician? With skill?"

"Reasonably well for a queen!" he answered with a twinkle.

"Small praise!" said Elizabeth. "you shall hear my performance to-morrow and form your judgment on that, Sir James!"

He was graced next day with a performance which threw him into ecstasies of courtly delight. "Such a band! Such a touch! In this indeed my queen is exceeded!" Might he kiss the fair instrument of his bliss? and so ventured a somewhat lingering kiss on the really lovely hand she instantly extended.

"And you shall see me dance, Sir James, and say which excels, my sister or I!"

AND forthwith dance she did, alone in a stately measure, and again with her cousin Lady Knollys and others of her ladies, Melville beating time softly with his hands to the music. She stopped, flushed and flattered.

"Your verdict, Sir Knight. Your verdict!"

For an instant Melville saw Mary in his mind's eye leading the dance at Holyrood, in flowing robes and the transparent veil. She moved as much to some inner harmony as to outward expression graceful as the queen swan leading her fleet. Elizabeth's farthingale bounced with the energy of her movements. She walked in stately fashion, but undulations were leaps with her in sharply beaten time. Melville smiled and prepared his compliment.

"And which dances the best. I or your queen?" asked Elizabeth again.

"My queen is a graceful dancer, but does not dance so high and so disposedly as your majesty. No!"

She smiled with satisfaction. Very shrewd were the eyes he kept upon Elizabeth and affairs in England, very certain his opinion that she was a deadly enemy and that her early jealousy of Mary had grown into so strong a tree that not even reasons of state could uproot it. She would never acknowledge Mary as heir, nor the boy while Mary lived. She would fall back on one of the minor pretenders now under her thumb in England, cheating Mary with promises to the last. It was not in her to do otherwise. Yet there was hope in England itself if Mary's intolerant views threw them, meanwhile, keep well with the English queen, distrust her every act and word, relying stedfastly on her sure hatred. Such was the summing up which Melville carried back to Mary, pressing it upon her that the English were no enemies, might even be made stanch friends so long as she kept her head above water in Scotland.

That, however, was the problem. There

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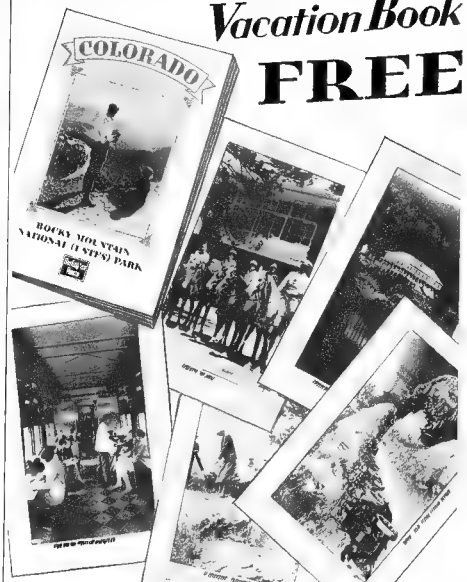

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was always Darnley. Melville returned into the heart of a storm, Mary Seton snatching a word of warning in the anteroom of Edinburgh as he entered.

"Sir James, the queen bid me prepare you. The king——"

"What news of him?"

She touched her lips with a finger.

"Moray is with her majesty, wild with wrath. Darnley came storming here from Leith swearing he distrusted Morny's very shadow, and that since Moray was head of one faction and Bothwell of the other the king was held of no account. Therefore he would have Moray slaughtered, and had chartered a ship at Leith that he might shake the Scots dust from his feet. Would to God he made good his word! if only he got rid of Moray first. Without the two of them we should do well."

"What said the queen?" asked Sir James, profoundly interested.

"She cried out when he said it, 'Are you not content with Rizzio's murder but you must dip your hands in my brother's blood? And if he be false have I not justice on my side to punish him by law instead of a bloody deed? I warn you I will warn Moray of his danger!'"

"And she did? O Lord, how long will she believe in that base man, and spill her sweet self to save him?"

Mary Seton grasped Sir James by the hand in a feverish, trembling clasp.

"I know not if I am fey, but I have awful dreams. I dread to sleep. It is my heart's prayer that the fool may sail for France, for I have dreamed a dreary dream. I saw a dead man win a fight, and it was Darnley in his death destroying the queen as in life he was never able. Sir James, speed him to France, and we will deal with Moray single-handed."

"It can not be!" he answered. "You are brainsick, Mistress Mary. That the lords will slaughter Darnley is sure. They talk of it in England. But the queen will stand clear. If they rid her of him she is well rid and no harm done."

"Sir James, no. I dream of her far from Scotland and her own folk that love her. I dream, but I dare not tell."

"Dream no more and all shall be well!" he said. "She needs your strength, not your fancies. We will force the fool to declare his grievances before the council and so shame him."

So said, so done. Darnley retired into his sulks at Leith, and only emerged to face the Lords of the Council with his reasons for threatening to leave the queen and kingdom. Mary saw him first privately, and with tenderness asked an explanation and, being harshly refused, desire he would speak his mind in the presence of the Lords of the Council and of the French ambassador, Du Croc, his personal friend.

If he had not been stone-blinded with vanity, drink, and folly Darnley might have read his doom in the stern gravity of that circle of men, every one of whom he had at some time mortally offended. Unwavering looks fixed his vacillating speeches. Their words were humble, but in their manner was wrath and scorn.

WOULD he condescend to understand that a cause of their coming was to inquire into the cause of his intended departure? Would he state his grievances? They should be remedied to their best ability, they said.

Silence.

"Surely it must be something very serious which could induce him to leave so beautiful a queen and so fair a realm."

Silence, obstinate and sullen.

"Can it be ourselves, the Lords of the Council, who have had the misfortune to offend? If so we are prepared to submit to anything reasonable. As for her majesty, it is impossible she should offend."

The Frenchman Du Croc, watching that singular scene, wrote that night to Catherine de Medici:

The queen then made a beautiful speech and prayed him to declare in the presence of all if there were any occasion she had given him for flight. The lords also. And I, for my part, told him that I could not fail to give my testimony both as to what I had formerly seen and now saw. At last he declared he had had no cause given him for such a resolution.

Yet Darnley rose and went out without kissing her, saying only:

"Adieu, madam. You shall not see my face for a long time," and so took himself back to Leith in high dudgeon.

Sir James looked sadly at Mary's exhaustion as she lay back in her great arm-

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chair. Stung to the heart by rejected love, it seemed that in casting her off before all, he had dealt her the most shameful blow in all her miserable life.

EVEN in Mary Stuart's own heart a dread of her twenty-fifth birthday was looming. In others it was a terror, for it was a part of the law of Scotland that a sovereign might at that age revoke any grants of land made by their regents during their minority or made by themselves before that age—a measure of protection against youth and inexperience. Mary had been lavish after reaching Scotland, and her regents more so.

Thus the crown was poor and the nobles bursting with ill-gotten gains. So what could be expected but that she must take advantage of this legal provision on reaching that fateful birthday. On the other hand there was scarcely a lord of either party who did not desire another long minority during which their broad acres would be secure. That consideration had saved her life until her son's birth, it hurled her now helpless to the wolves.

Men noted with secret looks that Moray and Bothwell, the two heads of the great factions, were drawing together; that the old foes Bothwell and Lethington were accepting arbitration — Bothwell graciously relinquishing a part of the Lethington lands to his foe. And they knew Lethington was as subtle as hell.

Suppose he had a plot to destroy Bothwell and Darnley together? Men believed that Mary's beauty and character could guard her through any tumults. They loved her also for her courage. Her exploits in hunting down her traitors had given her a mighty hold on the popular enthusiasm. She was the nation's darling. She would worst the nobles yet.

She knew it, yet was sad at heart, sick in body also, riding to Jedburgh to administer justice to the Borderers and to visit Bothwell, who lay at his castle of Hermitage sorely wounded in an effort to arrest the head of the lawless Elliots. She took with her her court, her ministers and law officers. But the king was absent. Darnley still held aloof at Glasgow, whence he could embark if the fancy took him. She must crawl to his feet and accept all his whims if she wanted him back.

But he was teaching her to live alone, to act alone, and gradually to taste the relief of it. Yet the bitterness was not quite past, therefore she went sadly.

SHE mentioned it to Bothwell when, with Moray and other nobles, she rode to Hermitage to settle her Border business with him as warden. "The king goes from madness to madness! And of you two who know him I ask, Will he ever learn? Shall I ever have comfort from him?"

"That is as it shall please God, madam," said Bothwell gruffly, darting a warning glance at Moray. But he was stirred by her languid beauty as she leaned back in her chair, still wan from childbirth, ill at ease in mind and body, but no rose for his or any other man's plucking. She had always been hedged by dangers, distractions, and discussions of state matters in their meetings at Holyrood and Stirling; neither love nor lust had room to spread a wing-feather or move a hoof. Now he saw her, a fair lady reclining under the shelter of his roof-tree after a long ride, tasting his wine by his bedside, crumbling his cake, his guest. It struck a new chord, and he turned uneasily in his bed.

"You suffer, my lord?" she asked.

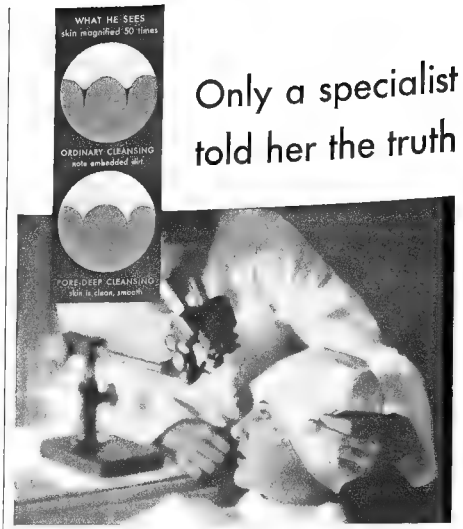
"It is a twinge, madam, the Elliots thrust straight, but all will be well. Now as to the hunting of them—"

And so went on and put his folly by. But when the time came for her to go and the others crowded about his bed to say good-by, his lips were hot on the hand she tendered, the tone noted musings. Her thoughts indeed were on the absence of Lady Bothwell and on a bold brown face that peeped from a door as she passed the long corridor. A coarse jest of Moray's on the impudence of Bessie Crawford enlightened her as to the housekeeping at Hermitage Castle. She held Moray's arm the closer as they went down the stone stair.

"He is a bad man. I weep for my little Jean Gordon that we gave to so rough a hand tho a brave one. What did he say, brother, when he called you back?"

Moray shot a sidelong look at her.

"He said, 'The queen grows old from the troubles her fool brings on her. He will [illegible] yet.'"



Only a specialist told her the truth

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AGREE: "Doctors always use liquid solvents for thorough cleansing."

SOMETHING had to be done. Her skin was showing the signs of age that women dread—enlarged pores, tiny wrinkles, sallowness.

DIAGNOSIS—Regardless of cost she felt she must learn the cause of these blemishes — see if they couldn't be corrected. She visited one of New York's greatest skin specialists. After a microscopic examination, he said:

"Madam, the surface of your skin is thoroughly clean but the pores are clogged with impurities—filled with an oily mixture of greasy dirt from the outside and bodily secretions from within. This condition interferes with circulation. The life of the tissue is impaired. To remedy this you must cleanse the pores: dissolve out the embedded dirt. A clean skin is a healthy skin which will remain young for many, many years."

TREATMENT — With her new liquid solvent she did as he had advised. At once she experienced a delightful sensation of renewed life in the skin itself. She noticed that the natural coloring and the fine texture of her complexion were being restored. Before long her friends began to ask her what new beauty treatment she had discovered... "It's a very simple thing," she said, "it's just a matter of pore-deep cleansing with Ambrosia."

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JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

She answered bitterly: "He said true. There are days when I am old in heart, tho I have no wrinkles or gray hairs. He said true. And more?"

"More, sister. He said, 'Why not a divorce? Easy got. Sound her on it with the lords. They will favor it, I swear, for he wrecks the kingdom with her.' Shall I sound the lords, madam?"

"No—no!" she said sharply. The father of her child, the husband her Catholic training taught her was flesh of her flesh till death them did part! That could not be. She dropped his arm and staggered, and he supported her to her horse. He observed a strangeness in her manner and pallor.

Next day the long strain took its revenge on her body, and death was at her throat in a deadly fever. It seemed to Mary Seton that all the woes of life fell upon her when Mary Stuart lingered on the borderland of death.

The queen was in France again, looking down on the water of Chenonceaux from the great window, with the dead Francis beside her, conscious that he was dead—yet living.

"You can not be here, dear heart. You were buried with mass and bell. Why have you come back? I will go too. Oh, the rest and silence of the grave! I could wish to be dead!" Her voice would sink, then rise into a wild cry.

"Rizzio! Rizzio! He clings to my robe, and I can not move. My feet are weighted. Lift me, Almighty, lift me. I need help. It is Darnley that turns the dagger in his heart and mine. Oh, my child, my little one, let us die in peace. Death is less dreadful than life."

THAT passed, and, like a drowning woman who floats to the surface of deep waters, she recovered consciousness. She bid them summon the lords, and so declared her will as one who bids the world farewell.

"May God of His mercy pardon my sins and grant me a penitent and contrite heart. May He deal with me in pity to my weakness and be not extreme to mark what I have done amiss."

Moray, kneeling at her head, thought in his crooked soul, "Is this the end?" But she gathered voice and went on:

"I believe that a few hours will remove me from this world to a better, and the I have loved life dearly, yet I find it no hard thing to accept death, acknowledging God as the Supreme Creator and Lord of all things, and I a little work of His hands, desiring His will to be accomplished in me."

Then, turning her mind earthward, she prayed for peace and unity among those who should rule the kingdom during her son's minority, and sent forgiveness to her husband, and to the banished lords. Her child she committed to Elizabeth's keeping as to her nearest in blood, praying her nobles to guard the nobility of his soul. And summoning her fast-failing strength for a last effort, she implored Moray to observe toleration in matters of religion as she herself had done, saying:

"It is a sore thing and a sharp to any one to have the conscience pressed in such a matter," as indeed few knew better than herself. The men who had persecuted her knelt beside her. One laid his hand on hers a moment and wished his work undone. When he heard her words even Knox's iron heart was touched by the serenity of her resignation and patience. There was a spring of pure water somewhere deep in his nature which she had reached, and, hearing these things, he thought of her as a daughter to whom he had been unduly harsh but most surely for her good and betterment. Therefore words to spoor survive and speak for her and for himself also.

"I trust God of His infinite goodness, through the prayers of many made for her at this present, has preserved her to the advancement of His glory and the comfort of the people committed to her care, whom I hope may be yet well governed for many years. My Lord Bothwell is here, who convalesces well of his wound. I shall do diligence to collect the queen's grace's exhortations and latter declarations of her will that so godly and virtuous sayings may not perish."

Then again the fever took her and softly and swiftly she spoke, counting her dead friends, as one who longed to be with them.

"My mother, worn to death with the cares I thrust upon her, toiling alone, dying alone! My Francis—dead, dead! Chasteland smiling at the block. The block—oh, cruel, cruel! Is Moray dead? Then how to rule the king alone—" [illegible] until

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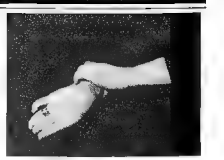

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Dennison-craft

in utter exhaustion she sank into unconsciousness.

Nau, the skilled French physician, touched her pulse, raised her eyelid, and drew back with dropped hands as a man who relinquishes the battle.

"It is done, mademoiselle. This is death." He crossed himself, and his lips moved.

The ladies in the room knelt, weeping, in the silence that greets the majestic approach of death.

Mary Beton uttered a cry. She sprang to the bed. She caught the hand of Nau, the physician.

"She is not dead. She shall not die. Drive out these women and to work!"

When men or women speak thus they are obeyed. The room was emptied, and she and Nau gave restoratives; and fexed the queen's arms, her knees, and feet; sending the feeble life along the chilled veins with all the strength of their own love. It seemed to Mary Seton that she drove her own strong life and health through every nerve and fiber of the dying woman. They did not weary; for three steady hours they worked. And at last the black lashes lifted and looked love at them, then sank again in sleep.

LATER the lords stole in, some glad, some sorry that Nau gave hope of her life, faint tho it might be.

It was only when the flame of life burned more strongly that Darnley came to Jedburgh, to the little gray fortress-like house —still surviving—where the queen fought for her life. Yet even then she could not have rest. Darnley taking himself off again, angry, insulted in his vanity because her state needed precaution, wrote her letters so bitter that, reading them, she said to herself, "Rather than live to endure such sorrow I would slay myself It is more than my heart can bear."

The English had a glimpse of her later when she was recovered, and what with the tales of her beauty and sovereignty they flocked like sheep to see her, huddling and crowding when she rode over the Bounds Road that divided England and Scotland. And Sir John Foster rode forth with a gallant company to meet her and wish her well.

On they came with pennons flying in armor of the best, burnished and glittering in Winter sunshine, not a young man of them but wishing to test his love of beauty and its worship by those most conquering eyes.

She wore a habit of dark-green velvet, and with it a little hat embroidered all over with gold, and a gold band about it, with a feather hung over one ear. Illness had left her lovelier than ever, with clear, pale cheeks, lips faintly coral, and great eyes shadowed in glooms of lashes. Indeed a face to win hearts and hold them. Du Croc, the kindly French ambassador, wrote of her at this time:

She is in the hands of her physician, and I do assure you far from well. I believe the principal part of her disease to consist of deep grief and sorrow, nor does it seem possible to make her forget it. Still she repeats those words, "I could wish to be dead."

Yet nothing is more winning than melancholy shining through a rainbow smile. They saw her as a thing remote yet infinitely to be desired, and rejoiced when she came, the English guns of Berwick-on-Tweed roaring welcome. These Englishmen crowded to hear her voice as she spoke.

"I am thin bold to presume upon my good sister's favor to enter into her bounds, not meaning any way to offend her or any subject of hers." That good sister would have liked it ill enough if she had seen the earnest eyes fixed upon the queen who might one day be their queen also; looks of pleasure and wonder running from one man to the other. A queen of romance in some story written in gold and bordered with royal colors of amethyst, sapphire, and ruby. They were the poorer when she went, waving her hand and smiling to hide the hurt she had had from the iron hoof of Sir John's rearing charger that had struck her on the knee.

So queens should smile—a jeweled flame of beauty.

But new troubles were assembling black on the horizon. Her safety lay in the differences of the two great parties of the nobles, Moray's and Bothwell's. Bothwell she trusted; Moray she loved. Bothwell rejected the English gold with which Moray filled his bursting pockets, but what Elizabeth could not give him Moray could.

He was now thirty-six, a rough, hardy man, a shield and buckler to the throne if

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A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Arm or Leg Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

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That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

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It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60¢ size.

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he were honest, a deadly danger if otherwise, and Moray knew it well. Set on Darnley's death, set on the queen's ruin, he had learned his lessons.

"For, look you!" he said to Ruthven and Lindsay of the Byres in the strong council-chamber at Craigmillar Castle. "My sister, the queen, has bound the people yet more strongly to her by her courage and piety. Look back, both of you—what could we ever do against her? And why? Because the people love her. A wise man reckons his foe's strength before he goes forth to warfare, and she has taught us hers."

Lindsay frowned. "For my part I see little in the face of any woman to turn a man from his purpose. She has the whip-hand of us with her sweet face and dainty ways. If we were painted puppets like Darnley we should have more chance."

"If you will follow counsel you will have chance," Moray answered, "Not otherwise. The time is come that we must speak frankly among ourselves, for it is life and death with us. Darnley must go! Surely a wife so wronged must sooner or later compass his death, for there is no divorce for Catholics."

"You tried her?" Ruthven asked.

"We tried her. Bothwell would have it. Therefore Huntly, Argyll, Lethington, and I passed into her chamber when she was enough recovered and there recited the intolerable offenses that the king had done her, and so offered to make divorcement between her and her man. But she answered she would not unless it were done lawfully and without hurt to her son. Otherwise she would endure all torments and perils."

Lindsay shook his head.

"If she were not herself a fool as women are she would leap at the offer. And then?"

"She said, 'He may change. Let him go to France as he wills and there consider matters.' And presently she looked up and said, 'You shall do nothing whereby my honor may be spotted, and therefore let the matter lie as it is until God finds the remedy.' There she ended, and therefore it is now needful that we should take strike for her protection and ours."

"Protection!" said Lindsay. "Will Bothwell aid us to protect her?"

"He will aid. But the matter is more dangerous than can yet be conceived, and a bond for the king's death, to which we all bind ourselves, will be drawn and signed so that together we stand or fall, however her grace may take it."

"And how will she take it?" Ruthven asked.

"That will be seen in due time," Moray answered. "Now know that Bothwell comes with the others of our faithful friends in two days from this. And note this in Bothwell: He is the bull who charges but not the dog who reasons; therefore speak to him of nothing but what is in the bond. Each man of us must speak only by what is fixed between us, remembering that so long as the people believe that the queen's grace loves her man they will not bear a finger laid upon him. Therefore every man-jack of us must spread it abroad that her heart is bitterly changed toward him. If she had taken a lover it would more easily fix belief."

MORAY spoke gravely, but Ruthven laughed.

"There is Bothwell!" said he. "A fine lover to caper in a lady's chamber with his one eye and his black nails and bull-neck! Or shall it be you, Lindsay, with your sweet temper and voice for a song?"

Lindsay turned a withering look on him.

"Let be with your jests! As to Bothwell, women are so light that an ape will command their love as well as a man. Look at Darnley! Bothwell is more of a man. What is your counsel, my Lord Moray?"

"God forbid that any man should handle the queen's grace's name lightly, and I hope her liking for Bothwell is honest, as becomes a married wife and a great queen. More I can not and will not say," Moray answered.

They knew they would get no more at that time. But they had got enough to set them doing, for before they left Craigmillar Castle they had one and all signed their bond for the king's murder as a person noxious to queen and state, and so rode with hearts weighted with secrecy to the prince's baptism.

"And she will have trouble there, God knows, enough to make her rejoice at our bond if she knew it, for the Queen of England is godmother, and she refuses to call

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the fool king, and our queen must needs please her, so it is a pretty rumple among them all."

But Mary grew lonelier and sadder. Mary Seton, weary of Randolph's absence in England and his silence on the essential point of marriage, bestowed her handsome face and false smiles on Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne, yet with her usual adroitness preserved her place about the queen. Mary Fleming wedded the false Lethington.

The days were far gone when Mary and her Marys had played as happy children in the sun-glit garden at Inchmahome. Life was slowly unveiling her tragic countenance to them as lovers changed into careless husbands and harsh realities pressed upon them instead of the bright imaginings of youth. And the saddest of all was the Mary of Marys.

"COME to me. Send to me. The great sickness has overtaken me," was the cry of terror from Darnley's heart when, still sulking in his retreat at Glasgow, he was attacked by the smallpox. Terrified for his life, he sent messengers speeding to Mary at Stirling for the skilful physician Lusgere, whose prescriptions had saved her life and lovelieness years before.

When the message reached her Moray was at her ear with a lying tale that Darnley and his father were again concerned in a plot to imprison her and set the little prince on the throne with the prospect of a long regency for themselves. It was not true, but former experiences made it easy to believe, and she knew at least that he spied on her for causes of offense. She wrote of the matter sorrowfully to her ambassador in Paris.

As for the king, our husband, God knows always our conduct toward him, and his behavior and thankfulness to us are also known to God and the world! Always we perceive him spying on our doings, which, God willing, shall be such as he shall be offended with them or report of any way but honorably.

And then, turning back to her heavy burden, she sent Lusgerie to him with a message that she would come to him as soon as she was a little recovered. Mary Seton heard the promise with dismay.

"Sweet madam, consider! I own the law of God forbids the parting of man and wife, yet surely when a kingdom, the prince's life and your own are at stake, no less say you may well forbid him your presence. You have other duties than to wait on his whims. And I will tell you unsparing truth—were he to die under your hands or Lusgere's the lords will say you killed him. Madam, I know it."

Mary laid a tender hand on the brown hair. To her Mary Seton's eyes were the most beautiful she had ever seen for the clear spirit that looked out of them. They had drawn even nearer together since the queen's illness at Jedburgh, and now were never apart, night or day. No word that Mary Seton uttered could fall lightly on the ear of Mary Stuart.

"Is anything known to you?" she asked at last, sighing. "There are few I can believe, but I believe you, my Mary, *ma soie*."

"I know nothing, but I suspect all. Think, madam! Can Moray know peace while the king lives? Can any of the lords be deaf to his threats of vengeance that shall leave them landless and headless? I know beyond proof that if the king dies they will rejoice and say it was the work of your physician or your majesty."

Mary shook her head.

"It is impossible that men should be so base. And think, Mary Seton, what would be told of me, and rightly, if I refused my presence or my physician to my husband and he in sickness that may be mortal? No, we are in God's hand. The life He makes me lead is so strange that sometimes it would break my faith if I did not see beyond it.

"Yet your provision may be true, tho I can not tell from what side the blow is aimed. Listen here, Mary Seton—a letter from the Archbishop of Glasgow in Paris:"

Madam, I am especially requested by the Spanish ambassador to warn your grace to have care of yourself, for it is whispered some plot is in agitation to surprize you. He urges me to lose no time in hastening to you with you of your danger. Finally I would beseech your majesty to cause the captains of your guard to be diligent in their office, for I can not be out of fear until I hear your news.

"I said it, I said it. There is a plot afoot, and you shall not go. Maybe it is the king's plot to seize your grace. Oh, madam, stay!"

They were groping in the dark, tho Mary Seton's bitter distrust of Moray set her

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GREAT NORTHERN

near the truth. The queen would not listen. She put the warning away from her, and physician and message went.

Meanwhile the plot ripened steadily. Bothwell was the hand to slay, the purpose of Moray and Morton holding firm that he should carry out the slaughter, while they, hiding in darkness, should reap the reward. Moray's ultimate schemes were kept for Lethington and Bothwell, but Bothwell blundered forward, with desire for his guide.

If the queen were to be freed by Darnley's death they must find her a husband. She must have a man of the Reformed faith, for that would widen the way to her hopes in England. He must be capable of daunting Moray and trampling Morton and holding Ruthven and Lindsay in check, and already Bothwell was confident and blustering in the tone he took with them in their fatal conferences. As for Lethington, he was a man of peace and would be easy to handle by fear. So thought Bothwell, little guessing that Lethington was the deadliest of them all excepting only Moray. Those two fooled him to the top of his bent and laughed as they went their separate ways.

OVER Darnley meanwhile at Glasgow Castle had come a change. His servants one to another whispered that the king was "fey"—that strange Scots word which expresses a sure, instinctive sense of the over-shadowing wings of death.

He lay suffering, but more patient than his men had known him, very silent often when they believed him asleep, viewing all the faultful past. Through his political mistakes he could not see, but as he lay he promised himself that with health he would be more generous in his relations with his wife. It came home to him with power that she had been right, in pleading that united they could stand, apart they must fall. Well, if she would grant him his proper place as king and husband, how strong and peaceable their united force would be!

It should be different now—very different. He could not tell her all his heart, for a husband must not humble himself to his wife, but he would do more wisely. That resolve strengthened each day in his convalescence. Then with the romantic blood of the Stuarts stirring in his veins as he thought of the loveliness and fragrance of the rose he had worn in his breast and cast so rudely away, he put pen to paper and wrote some words that should express his yearning for better things:

> The turtle for her mate
> More grief may not endure
> Than I do for her sake
> Who has my heart in cure—(keeping)
> —My heart, which shall be sure
> With service to the deed,
> Unto lady pure,
> The weal of womanhood.
>
> Yet no mirth till we meet
> Shall cause me be content,
> But still my heart's lament
> In sorrowful sighing sore
> Till that time she's present.
> Farewell. I say no more,
> Quoth King Henry Stuart.

He read it over with satisfaction. She would like it if he permitted her to see it—she who wrote such verses of her own that Ronsard himself had stooped to praise them. Again and again he read them until his weakness dissolved in tears and he wept quietly.

"I want her—I want her to come," his heart said passionately.

She came, and to his disgust the tears flowed again when her tender arms clasped him. At first she would not let him speak.

"No, you are wearied and weak, and I have much to say and tell you of our child."

That was her voice again, clear, low, distinct, with its beautiful speech worthy of a queen and the greatest lady in the world. No, he was not ashamed of his tears nor of his marred face. He lifted his head from her shoulder and looked into her eyes. Resting against the day-bed he lay on, she held him thus for a while, his head in the hollow of her neck, her face shadowing him in tenderness and pity.

"There are words I would say," he hesitated at last. "You shall not think I ask forgiveness. That may not be, and you need humble me not, for I shall be talked of. But I know now that henceforth we must hold together to fight the lords. Had you been more biddable, much mischief would have been spared."

"Much mischief," she assented softly.

"And I say this—if you will be said by me in all that is my due, I will be a good man and loyal to you."

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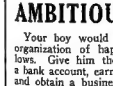

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Her large eyes held him with their light of hope.

"Then if that be so, we may yet do well. Now, since I can trust you, I will tell you. At the request of Elizabeth and the French court I have pardoned my traitors and assassins in England, all but three, the postulate, who stabbed Rizzio first; Ker, that held a cocked pistol to my side; and Bellenden, that aimed at my heart. Have I done wrong? Give me your true mind, remembering who pleaded."

His eyelids sank for weariness.

"You have done wrong. You are arming Moray, but—I am weary. What will be will be, and what use to fight with fate? It is done. Talk of it no more—the world is too loud for me. Love, stay with me now. I have been lonesome. Stay with me here in these rooms."

She moved his head that it might rest at ease upon the pillows, and took both hands in hers.

"Love, I will stay, but not in these rooms. Reason good. There is still contagion, and the nobles and their ladies must see me now I am come to Glasgow. But I am in the archbishop's palace, close at hand, and I will be with you daily."

He was the petulant boy at once.

"Go if you will. But for me I say if you will not share my room as a wife, I desire to rise never more from this bed!"

SHE captured his hands again.

"Love, I am near, and now you will be well swiftly. And listen! You must be purified from the contagion and you must gain strength, and I have had rooms made ready for you at Kirk o' Field, close by Edinburgh, and there you must come, and I be with you and our child not far, until we can safely return to Edinburgh. And listen still! I have brought my own litter that you may travel easily and be moved the sooner. You are glad?"

He answered a little grudgingly:

"If you will not stay with me, so best. Yes, I will go. I will go where you will on condition that we shall be together at bed and board, and husband and wife once more."

"Love, my coming was for that, and were it not so I had not been here this day, I promise all shall be as you desire, and I give you my hand upon it and the faith of my body. Doubt me no more. All is well. And now, what is this paper?"

She took the poem in her hand and read it to herself while he closed his eyes in bliss upon her shoulder, then softly aloud, and, folding the paper, put it in her bosom.

"Verses from my own true love! They bring back to me the stormy castle of Wemyss, where you came to me and we wrote verses together for play. Have I your leave to keep them?"

"Keep them, sweetheart, and God's grace go with them. I have a touch of music, have I not?"

"More, and the child shall have it from the two of us. And now a short farewell, beloved, for I am weary with riding, and I will come again and be merry with you."

GREAT tenderness was in her heart as she left him, for she knew well that henceforth and forever he would be her child—no king or knight or lover, but only the boy whose manhood was in her hands to guide as best she could.

Then later, moving him in her litter, slung between two horses and wrapped in furs, riding beside him to watch over his weariness, she had him carried to the provost's house of Kirk o' Field, outside Edinburgh. Craigmillar would have been her choice for its fine air, but he had taken some disgust at it and must be master. Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood were not possible until contagion was past, and were, besides, too cold and damp for his weakness, and so the provost's house was chosen by Moray and Lethington with careful regard for the king's betterment.

"And because that house was once Our Lady's sanctuary may it be a sanctuary for us both in peace and quiet until you can ride strongly into Edinburgh—a prisoner of disease set free!" she said, laughing as she told him their destination.

Now, this house was strongly built in stone, two stories above the basement, and with a narrow, winding turret-stair, easy to defend in need. Such a house would not have been Moray's choice had Darnley's death been determined by assassination. His plan lay deep and more warily out of sight. Mines were dug and gunpowder rammed into the corners of the foundations, Bothwell and the others contributing the gunpowder at their own cost and risk.

And so, escorted by Bothwell as sheriff of the Lothians and a great guard of nobles, the queen came riding to Edinburgh and halted by the house in Kirk o' Field, dismounting and taking Darnley by the hand to lead him to Hamilton House hard by, which she believed to be their goal.

Smooth Moray was hovering behind her.

"That is not the house, madam; it is here, and a very delectable place for such a convalescence as his majesty's. You shall

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see how speedy shall be his recovery here, and bless God and the good air for it! And your grace's orders were forthcoming, and I trust you shall see all done as you would have it."

So she brought him into the house of death. But since the Fates blind the eyes of their victims she entered in a little hurry of pleasure, eager that he should see the generous plenishings and know that she treated him as king indeed.

The bedroom and presence-chamber were both decked for a king's use, altho their size was by no means magnificent. A dais with royal double seat and canopy, covered with silk in the royal colors, turned the presence-chamber into royalty's reception-room, the walls hung with splendid draperies of velvet. The bedroom was magnificent also, a great bed of violet-brown velvet, cloths of velvet for the tables, high chairs, and all that a mighty prince should need in a temporary lodging.

She spent each day with him, returning to Holyrood at night, but because he loved her company, and time passed quickly in music and soft talking and the city gates would close early, she had a bedroom made for herself on the ground floor beneath his so that he might come to her when he would, as in the old happy first days of marriage. Had she known that the house stood over mines of gunpowder she would not have rested there.

YET she and Darnley had their warning, for Lord Robert Stuart, Moray's brother and her own half-brother, came one night in a cold sweat of hurry to Darnley and found him playing chess with the gentlemen in waiting. Bidding the gentlemen go, Lord Robert, standing over the king, pale as a messenger from the grave, spoke in brief words.

"Sir, I bid you leave this evil house, for it is within my knowledge that there is a deadly plot against you, and unless you escape from this now you shall never carry your life out of it. Flee, flee while you may, and take the queen with you."

For all answer, Darnley shouted for the page.

"The queen, the queen!" staring at Lord Robert like one aghast until she came running up the stair.

She found the men face to face, Lord Robert demented at Darnley's folly in revealing his secret errand to any—the queen of all others. He would have said something, but Darnley drowned his voice, loud and vehement in his story to the queen.

"And if it be so let us leave this moment as we stand. That Moray chose the house is enough—come let us go. To me, all honest men! A trap—an ambush!"

He raised his voice to a shout until the queen, rushing forward, set her hand on his mouth.

"What is it, Robert? Speak!"

"It is nothing!" he answered sullenly. "I came to sit with the king. I told him of a dangerous brawl in one of the Wynds, and he cries out and says his death is decreed. I believe he is a madman—no better."

"What! you eat your words?" shouted Darnley.

"I eat no words. Let me go—fool and madman!"

The queen caught her brother's hand.

"Robert! What is it? A plot, and whose?"

"There is no plot. Let me go. I tell you he dreamed it. What—you will have it?"

For Darnley's dagger was flashing against his eyes. His own flashed in swift answer, and in a moment the two were clashing in a life-and-death struggle. The guard streamed in, the queen calling wildly on Moray, and presently he entered, cool, unburried, as tho a queen's cries were part of every day's drama.

"Be still—you fright the queen. What is it, madam?"

And, held apart tho struggling still, the two listened as she told the story. Moray shot one deadly glance at his brother.

"Madam, the king's brain is weak from his sickness. Robert, what guilt is yours—brawling in a sick-chamber? Go, or these true men shall speed you. Madam, be calm. All is well and the house guarded like Holyrood. Sleep in peace. The whole nation assures your safety."

His quiet calmed Mary as always, and she set herself to soothing the wretched boy.

But as Moray descended the stair and met Bothwell in the garden outside, he was thankful to meet him and breathe in his ear:

"Suspicion once roused is a dog that wakes. We must advance the enterprise and swiftly! Can it be Sunday night?"

Bothwell reflected a moment.

"Sunday let it be. Least said soonest mended," and so turned off and vanished in the dark.

That Sunday night was to ring through Christendom with terror. For the queen it was one of her rare nights of pleasure, since at Holyrood two marriages of faithful servants would be held with merriment and honored with her presence. For Bastian Pages, master of the revels, would wed the flaxen-haired Christilly Hogg; and Margaret Cawood, John Stewart of Tullyuit. And to Margaret Cawood and Bastian Pages she owed more than any honors would repay, since they had sped the escape of Darnley and herself from Holyrood after Rizzio's murder.

She provided the wedding-robes of both brides in recognition. And to complete the honors and the gift of a rich pension to Margaret, the queen had promised to put the brides to bed in the old Scots-English fashion. Her hand would throw the stocking for luck and draw the curtain after the dancing and masking, which were to crown the evening of rejoicing.

Until the last moment she sat with Darnley, who was in a more subdued mood than usual, having heard mass that day. They sat side by side, speaking little, but content, and when she would have risen he held her hand.

"Stay a little, *mon amour*; the quiet pleases me," resting his head upon her shoulder. She humored him as always, lingering on until eleven, and then rose.

"Love, I would stay, but I must not break my promise to Bastian. You would not have me do that?"

"But I come first, *ma mie*. If you will go, give your true lover a pledge of return. Give, or I hold you!"

He clutched her dress, and, laughing, she drew a diamond from her finger and pressed it on his.

"My pledge. To-morrow I come to make your majesty merry with the joy of our faithful servants. And now good night. Sleep well and dream—"

"Of my heart's heart!" he said, and kissed her tenderly. He stood a while listening to her light foot descending the stair and the martial clank of the guard without. An order was given by the officer, and they tramped away into the distance.

All sounds died and the darkness and silence of night engulfed the house like a rising tide. After due prayer he composed himself to sleep, and Taylor, a faithful English servant, extinguished all lamps but a faint cresset and lay down in the small bed provided for the attendant in the king's bedchamber. Night possessed the house but in itself was neither nor rest. Bothwell roamed about with a cloak flung about him, whispering, ordering, seeing gunpowder stacked in the queen's empty bedroom to make sure of the room above.

THEN silence, dead silence. The night went onward soft-footed.

A roar as of hell let loose that shook the whole city. Men and women rushed to doors and windows. An earthquake—the roar of coming judgment. It shook the banqueting-room at Holyrood, where the queen sprang to a westricken attention. God in heaven, what was it? The city sprang awake like a beehive overturned, and madness and suspicion possessed the air. Men rushed to Kirk o' Fields on the queen's order; the city rushed with them.

The deadly house existed no longer. It lay a shapeless heap of ruin—"dung into dross," finished and done with forever as a habitation of man.

The grooms of the king's chamber and two page-boys were found mangled and broken beneath the stones. But where was the king? None knew. They sought in panic. Had he escaped, fleeing for his life? The February dawn showed like a gray rim on the sky, when loud cries of terror broke from the orchard—"The king! The king!"

All rushed to the spot, stumbling and climbing, mad with haste. And there, lying beneath a tree eighty yards from the ruins, they found his body clad in a nightshirt only, and beside him his old servant Taylor, dead also.

The fourth instalment of "The Duel of the Queens" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published April 15th. If you prefer to read this serial-novel all at one time keep those issues in which it appears and read the whole story later on.

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